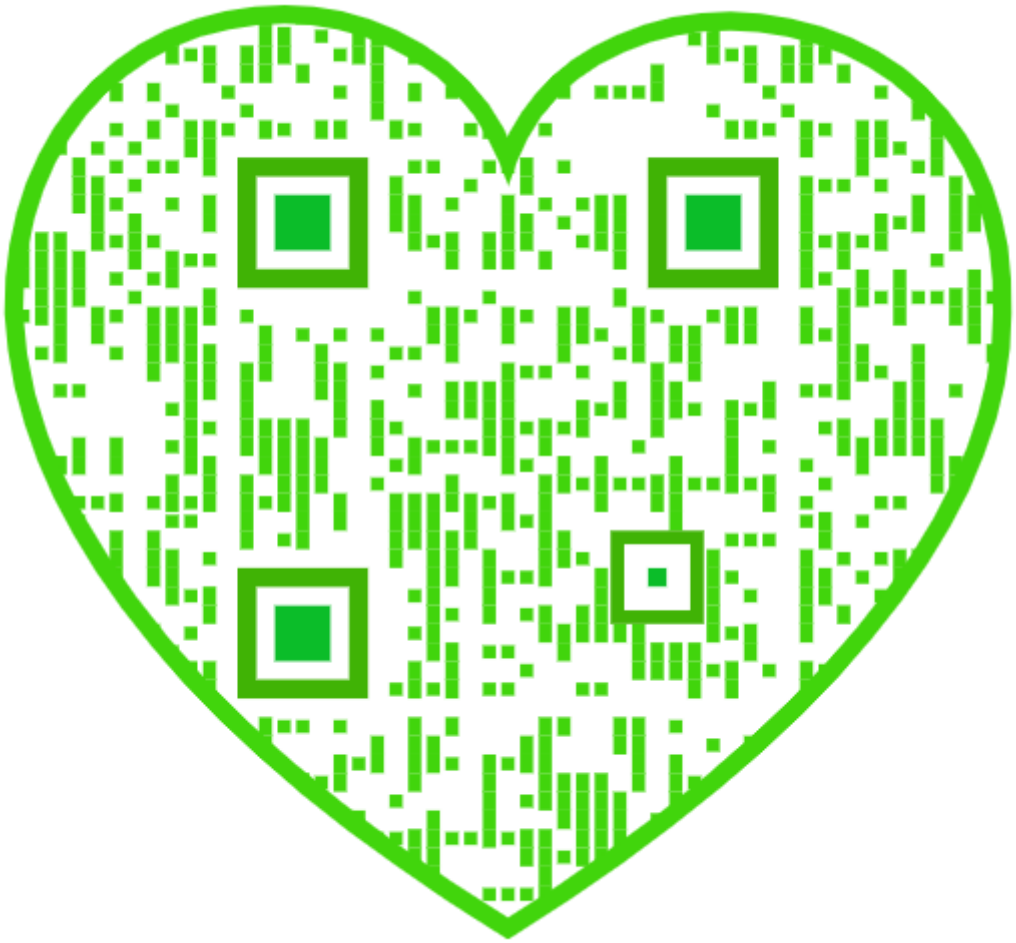

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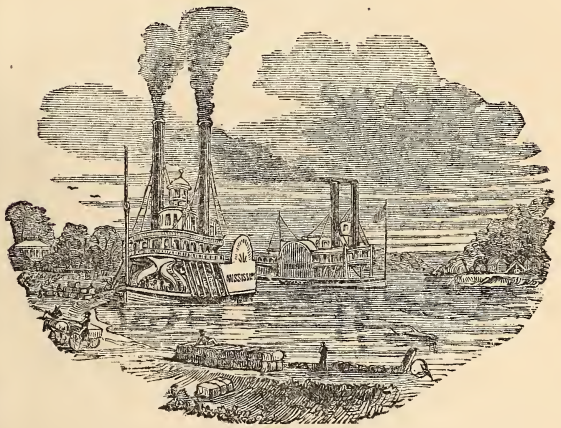

BY

RICHARD STERLING, A.M.,

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New-York:
OWENS AND AGAR, 110 WILLIAM ST.
GREENSBORO, N. C.:
R. STERLING & SON.

1866.

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PREFACE.

The favor with which the public have kindly received the former numbers of Sterling's Southern Readers has stimulated the author to exert himself to complete the series as speedily as possible.

The present volume, though carefully fitted, like each of its predecessors, to the place which it holds in the series, forms also in itself a complete progressive Reader. The chief difference between it and the Third Reader is, that we have given more extended and specific instructions in the art of reading; and the selections have been made and arranged with special reference to the known wants of learners. The mind of the pupil is presumed to have expanded as he has advanced through the preceding numbers of the series. He must expect, therefore, that greater demands will be made upon his powers of thought in the lessons of this book.

The special purpose we have had in view in the preparation of this volume is to facilitate the acquisition of the art of reading; while, at the same time, we have sought to plant the precious seeds of virtue, to cherish and protect them in their growth, and to supply the means of moral culture; to enrich the mind with useful knowledge by mak-

ing it familiar with noble sentiments and elegant diction; and to bring it into communion with many of those master-spirits that have by their works most adorned and elevated English literature.

We have made many selections from authors, who hitherto have had no place in any similar works, because we deemed their style and talent not inferior to the best authors in the English language. We have drawn copiously from the Sacred Scriptures—the source of all true piety and morality, if not the very spring and fountain of all that is sublime, beautiful, and pathetic in style.

With the hope that our labors may prove valuable to the young and acceptable to those engaged in the business of Education, we commend this volume to the favorable regard of the public.

Greensboro, N. C., 1865.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

	PAGE
Articulation,	12
Tones,	12
Inflection,	13
Rising Inflection,	14
Falling Inflection,	14
Both Inflections,	15
Circumflex,	15
Accent,	16
Emphasis,	16
Absolute Emphasis,	16
Relative Emphasis,	16
Emphatic Phrase,	17
Pauses,	17
Rhetorical Pause,	17
Poetical Pause,	18
Address to Teachers,	18

LESSONS.

LESSON		PAGE
1. The Three Readers,	*Madme Vinet, Fr.*	19
2. Benjamin Franklin,	*Bancroft, Mass.*	23
3. The Just Judge,	*Anonymous.*	26
4. The Bible, the Light-house of the World,	*Rev. T. V. Moore, D.D., Va.*	30
5. The Two Roads,	*Anonymous.*	32
6. The Righteous Never Forsaken,	*Anonymous.*	34
7. Death of Jasper,	*R. M. Charlton, Ga.*	38
8. History of Prince Arthur,	*Charles Dickens, Eng.*	40
9. The Fukeer's Reward,	*Mrs. Mary A. Miller, N. C.*	45
10. 2d Samuel, Chap. xviii.,	*Bible.*	46
11. A Mother's Influence,	*Ladies' Magazine.*	50
12. An Indian Legend,	*Charles Gayarre, La.*	55
13. The Mocking-Bird,	*St. Leger L. Carter, Va.*	57
14. All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night,	*Anonymous.*	59
15. No Excellence without Labor,	*Willliam Wirt, Va.*	61
16. My Life is like the Summer Rose,	*Hon. R. H. Wilde, Ga.*	63

LESSON		PAGE
17.	Death of R. H. Wilde, ... *Hon. A. B. Meek, Ala.*	64
18.	Christ and the Blind Man, (John ix.,) ... *Bible.*	66
19.	Abandonment of the Aged by the Indians, ... *Anonymous.*	69
20.	Home, ... *Anonymous.*	72
21.	It is Somebody's Child, ... *Anonymous.*	72
22.	Apostrophe to Light ... *Milton, Eng.*	76
23.	Bingen on the Rhine, ... *Mrs. Norton, Eng.*	78
24.	The Ducal Palace—Venice, ... *Rev. J. Leyburn, D.D., Va.*	82
25.	Death of the Year '59, ... *Mrs. S. P. Atkinson, N. C.*	84
26.	The Folly of Complaining, ... *Rev. C. F. Deems, D.D., N. C.*	86
27.	Father Deruelle, ... *Mrs. Mary A. Miller, N. C.*	89
28.	Voyage of Sir George Somers to Virginia, ... *R. R. Howison, Va.*	92
29.	A Rest for the Weary, ... *Montgomery, Eng.*	96
30.	Portrait of a Patriarch, ... *Addison, Eng.*	99
31.	A Pleasant Surprise, ... *From the German.*	101
32.	Washington, ... *Hon. John Marshall, Va.*	103
33.	Dr. Franklin's Conversational Powers, ... *William Wirt, Va.*	106
34.	The Tutor and his Pupils, ... *Aikin, Eng.*	109
35.	Queen Isabella's Resolve, ... *Anonymous.*	115
36.	The Return of Columbus, ... *Anonymous.*	119
37.	Reception of Columbus, ... *Lamartine, Fr.*	121
38.	Charles II. of England, ... *Macaulay, Eng.*	123
39.	Battle of Fort Moultrie, ... *W. Gilmore Simms, S. C.*	128
40.	Beyond the River, ... *N. O. Creole, La.*	133
41.	Remarkable Preservation, ... *Prof. Wilson, Scot.*	134
42.	Ecclesiastes, Chap. xii., ... *Bible.*	139
43.	Apostrophe to the Ocean, ... *Byron, Eng.*	141
44.	Lieut. S. P. Weir, ... *T. C., N. C.*	143
45.	The Sacred Writers, ... *Rev. George Howe, D.D., S. C.*	145
46.	Battle of New Orleans, ... *Anonymous.*	147
47.	Horrors of War, ... *Rev. Robt. Hall, D.D., Eng.*	151
48.	The Maid of Orleans, ... *From the French.*	155
49.	The Peaks of Otter, ... *So. Literary Messenger, Va.*	158
50.	The Shadows, ... *Sophia H. Oliver, Ky.*	161
51.	The Rainbow, ... *Campbell, Scot.*	164
52.	John James Audubon, ... *Anonymous.*	166
53.	John James Audubon, ... *Anonymous.*	170
54.	Matthew, Chap. v., ... *Bible.*	174
55.	Matthew, Chap. vi., vii., ... *Bible.*	177
56.	The Sunbeam, ... *Mrs. Hemans, Eng.*	181
57.	The Vulture of the Alps, ... *Anonymous.*	183
58.	The Women of the Revolution, ... *Charles Botta, Italy.*	186
59.	The Temporal Blessings of Christianity, ... *Rev. J. M. Sherwood, N. C.*	188
60.	The Destiny of Man, ... *Massillon, Fr.*	190
61.	Filial Duties, ... *Hon. Charles Manly, N. C.*	192
62.	Battle of Hohenlinden, ... *J. S. C. Abbott, Me.*	193
63.	Eighteen, ... *Charlotte Brontë, Eng.*	197
64.	The Dying Soldier, ... *Anonymous.*	199
65.	Buena Vista, ... *Gen. Albert Pike, Ark.*	200
66.	Marriage of the Sun and Moon, ... *H. S. Ellenwood, N. C.*	203
67.	Three Summer Studies, ... *James Barron Hope, Va.*	205

LESSON		PAGE
68.	Isaiah, Chap. lv.,	*Bible.* 208
69.	Daniel, Chap. ix.,	*Bible.* 209
70.	Farewell to the Dead,	*Mrs. Hemans, Eng.* 212
71.	Festina Lente,	*So. Lit. Messenger, Va.* 214
72.	All His Works Praise Him,	*From the German.* 217
73.	Peter the Great and the Deserter,	*Anonymous.* 219
74.	Peter the Great and the Deserter,	*Anonymous.* 222
75.	The Hill of Science,	*Aikin, Eng.* 226
76.	Oconee,	*Gen. H. R. Jackson, Ga.* 231
77.	La Fayette and Robert Raikes,	*Grimke, S. C.* 233
78.	I know thou art gone,	*Anonymous.* 237
79.	Lines in a Cemetery,	*William R. Wallace, Ky.* 238
80.	Descent of the Ohio,	*John James Audubon, La.* 241
81.	Liberty and Greatness,	*Hugh Swinton Legare, S. C.* 243
82.	Integrity the most Important Element of Character,	*Hon. William Gaston, N. C.* 244
83.	The Blind Preacher,	*William Wirt, Va.* 246
84.	Midnight Musings,	*Young, Eng.* 250
85.	A Portrait,	*Paul H. Hayne, S. C.* 252
86.	The Star above the Manger,	*Theo. H. Hill, N. C.* 253
87.	William Tell,	*Knowles, Ir.* 256
88.	William Tell,	*Knowles, Ir.* 265
89.	The Window-Panes at Brandon,	*J. R. Thompson, Va.* 269
90.	Swannanoa,	*Asheville News, N. C.* 272
91.	Pompeii,	*Anonymous.* 274
92.	God's First Temples,	*William C. Bryant, N. Y.* 277
93.	Death at the Toilet,	*Diary of a Physician.* 281
94.	Natural Bridge, (Va.,)	*Eng. Journal.* 284
95.	To my Daughter Lilly,	*Philip P. Cooke, Va.* 287
96.	A Hebrew Tale,	*Mrs. Sigourney, Ct.* 290
97.	Party Spirit,	*M. B. Lamar, Tex.* 293
98.	The Exploits of General Taylor,	*Hon. Jeff. Davis, Miss.* 296
99.	The Reward of Hospitality,	*Idle Hours.* 299
100.	Divinity of Christ,	*Bible.* 304
101.	Faith in Christ,	*Bible.* 307
102.	Psalm civ.,	*Bible.* 308
103.	Revelation, Chap. xxi.,	*Bible.* 310

INTRODUCTION.

To read well is an accomplishment acquired by comparatively few; and yet no other attainment can be made to contribute as much real pleasure in the domestic and social circle. Every body listens with as much delight to a good reader, as to a skillful performer upon the harp or piano-forte. Were a moiety of the time and labor spent in obtaining a knowledge of mere accomplishments devoted to the study of the simple rules of elocution, the result would greatly augment individual and social enjoyment.

The great object to be accomplished in reading, as a rhetorical exercise, is to impart to the hearer a clear and accurate idea of the thoughts and feelings of the writer. In order to do this it is of the first importance that the reader shall thoroughly understand and appreciate those thoughts and feelings. This must claim the very first attention; without it the most elegant and eloquent sentiments will make only a feeble impression upon the hearer. To read well, a person must be able to assume the place of the writer, to feel as he feels—and to utter the sentiments of the book with the same earnestness with which he would press his own ideas upon his hearers.

It is of the first importance that the pupil be taught to pronounce correctly, and to pronounce correctly requires a thorough knowledge of the elementary principles of *Spelling*. The art of spelling then becomes one of the most essential parts of a good education; "it is the corner-stone; and the strength and symmetry of the superstructure depend much upon it." The pupil should be thoroughly drilled in the rules of orthography. Too much care and judgment cannot be shown in the selection of books for this purpose. The pupil should be taught the nature, power, and sound of letters; and should be made to enunciate all these different sounds, and classify them, until he has fully mastered this department. He may then learn the rules of spelling, be required to tell the accented syllable and vowel, the vowel sound of the accented syllable, the other vowel sounds, and the sounds of the consonants, the rules of syllabication, etc. A clear idea of the exercise here recommended may be obtained from the Analyses attached to the lessons in "Sterling's Southern Elementary Spelling Book."

After a thorough course of this kind, the student is prepared to understand and apply the rules of reading. These are neither hard to learn nor difficult to understand. They may be classified under the following heads: Articulation, Tones, Inflection, Accent, Emphasis, Pauses.

ARTICULATION.

Articulation is the art of uttering distinctly and properly the letters and syllables constituting a word. Without a clear and faithful articulation, there can be no good elocution. Distinctness of articulation contributes more than mere loudness of sound to an audible and intelligible delivery. As soon as the student begins to read, he should be taught to enunciate his words with a full, round, clear voice.

Common errors in articulation may be avoided by observing the following rules:

RULE I.—*Do not omit or obscure the sound of unaccented vowels in a word or syllable; as, B'lief for belief; hist'ry for history; sep'rate for separate; mem'ry for memory; partic'lar for particular; 'pear for appear; ev'dent for evident.*

RULE II.—*Sound distinctly the consonants at the end of a word or syllable.*

Much of the indistinctness of articulation is caused by the neglect of this rule. The following are examples; as,

Readin' for reading; swif'ly for swiftly; an' for and; ban' for band; comman's for commands; weps' for weptst; thrus' for thrusts.

RULE III.—*Avoid the substitution of one sound for another; as,*

Willer for willow; produx for products; com-per-tent for competent; mem-er-y for memory; win-e-gar for vinegar; tem-per-it for temperate; chil-drin for children; par-tic-er-lar for particular.

RULE IV.—*Avoid blending the last syllable of a word with the first syllable of the next.*

Examples.

A tanchor la dremo fro mome,
At anchor laid remote from home.
Here—res e zed upon th' lapper verth,
A youth tofor turnan tofa munknown,
Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.

TONES.

By close attention to ordinary conversation, we will discover that scarcely any two words are uttered in the same tone. They vary from some one point, ascending or descending like the notes of the scale in music. This is called the *key-note*. The position of the key-note varies in the scale according to the subject and the emotion of the speaker. It may be High, Middle, or Low.

The range of the voice from extreme low to extreme high is called the *compass*, while the regulation of the voice as to pitch, pauses, etc., is called the *modulation*. The degree in which the pitch is changed, and also the direction of that change, whether high or low, must depend in a great degree on the taste and judgment of the reader. A

low key is naturally adapted to the expression of solemnity, reverence, awe, fear, or sadness, when under the influence of any depressing passion. The *high* key is used in calling a person at a distance, or when the speaker is under the influence of strong passion, as in levity, joy, boldness, anger. The *middle* key is adapted to simple narrative, and is used to express ordinary thought and moderate emotion. Any continued address in the same tone should be avoided.

RULE I.—*Let the reader or speaker choose that key-note most natural and easy to himself, and above and below which he has most room for variation.*

RULE II.—*Avoid monotony or the continuation of the same tone throughout the sentence.* This is one of the greatest and most common faults in elocution.

It is proper to remark, however, that sometimes sentences occur that require a violation of this rule; as the following from Job, "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake."

RULE III.—*Avoid an abrupt transition from a low to a high pitch when the language and sentiment do not warrant it.*

There is sometimes a regular sort of variation which has no connection with the sense. A sentence is commenced vehemently, and then the voice tapers down word by word till it reaches an almost inaudible pitch. A similar fault is often seen in the *sing-song* habit so common in reading poetry, where the variation has no reference to the sense.

RULE IV.—*The tones of the voice should always correspond with the nature of the subject.* Thus, *persuasion* requires soft insinuating tones; *commands*, full and strong tones; *anger*, harsh, irregular, and sometimes grating tones; *pity* and *sorrow*, soft and plaintive tones.

All the errors in tone which have been mentioned will be avoided, if the reader, guided by the *sense*, gives that *emphasis, inflection*, and *expression* which are necessary to bring out the full meaning of his author.

The human voice is susceptible of almost unlimited improvement, in strength, compass, and flexibility. And the student must, if he would become perfect in the art of elocution, give it that time and attention which its importance demands.

INFLECTION.

Inflections are the bendings or slides of the voice upward or downward in reading or speaking.

There are two inflections, the *rising*, marked (′); as, Did you speak′? And the *falling*, marked (`); as, I did speak`. Sometimes both these inflections occur in the same question; as, Will you go′ or stay`? In general, the rising inflection denotes that the sense is incomplete; the falling, that it is complete. These slides may be exhibited in writing

the word, as follows: Did you say ball or fall?

In the following sentences the first member has the rising, and the second the falling inflection: Is he rich′ or is he poor`? Will the wounded man live′ or will he die`?

In the following the first member has the falling, and the second the rising inflection. He acted properly`, not improperly′. He is well`, not sick′

Though these marks always indicate the same kind of inflection, they by no means show the extent of the rise or fall. In some the voice has a very slight, and in others a very marked upward or downward movement depending upon the nature of the sentiment expressed, No definite rules can be given for the extent of the inflection. We must in all cases be guided by the intent of the utterance, rather than by its rhetorical form.

RISING INFLECTION.

RULE I.—*Direct questions, or those which can be answered by* YES *or* NO, *require the rising inflection; but their answers, the* FALLING.

Examples.—Will you send me those books′? Yes`. Does the law condemn him′? It does not`. Is he the God of the Jews only′? is he not also of the Gentiles′? Yes`, of the Gentiles also`.

Exception.—If these questions are repeated with peculiar emphasis, they take the falling inflection. *Example.*—Where did you find these flowers`? In the lawn`. Where did you say`? In the lawn′.

When, however, a word or sentence is repeated as a kind of interrogatory exclamation, the rising inflection is used according to the rule.

Example.—He is called the friend` of virtue. The friend′! ay! the enthusiastic lover`, the elevated protector` rather.

RULE II.—*The pause of suspension, in incomplete sentences, generally takes the* RISING *inflection.*

Example.—The young′, the healthy′, and the prosperous′, should not presume on their advantages`.

Note.—Direct address made to a person or thing falls under this rule; as,

Officers′, soldiers′, friends′, Americans′, our country must be free.
Fathers′! we meet again in council.

RULE III.—*Expressions of tenderness, as of grief or kindness, commonly take the rising inflection.*

Example.—O my son Absalom′, my son′, my son Absalom′! would to God I had died for thee′, Absalom′, my son′, my son!

FALLING INFLECTION.

RULE IV.—*Questions which cannot be answered by* YES *or* NO *take the falling inflection.*

Examples.—How many lessons have you learned`? Three`. When did he go`? Yesterday`.

Note.—Answers to questions, when expressive of indifference, generally take the *rising* inflection.

Example.—Which do you prefer? I have no choice'.

RULE V.—*The falling inflection is generally used when the sense is complete.*

Examples.—Men generally die as they live`! Keep thy heart with all diligence`!

Note.—As a sentence generally ends with the falling inflection, the rising inflection is employed at the penultimate pause, or the last pause but one, in order to promote harmony and variety of sound.

RULE VI.—*Language expressive of strong emotion, as of anger or surprise, of authority or reproach, require the* FALLING *inflection.*

Example.—Begone`.

Run` to your houses, fall` upon your knees.
O fools`! and slow of heart` to believe all that the prophets` have written concerning me`.

RULE VII.—*An emphatic succession of particulars and emphatic repetition require the* FALLING *inflection.*

Examples.

Hail` holy light`!, offspring` of heaven first born.
The tear`,
The groan`, the knell`, the bier`,
And all we know` or dream` or fear`,
Of agony, are thine.

BOTH INFLECTIONS.

RULE VIII.—*When questions are connected by* OR *used disjunctively, the first requires the* RISING, *and the second the* FALLING *inflection.*

Example.—Does Napoleon merit praise' or censure`?

RULE IX.—*When words or clauses are contrasted or compared, the first part usually has the* RISING, *and the last the* FALLING *inflection.*

Example.—I have seen the effects of love' and hatred`, joy' and grief`, hope' and despair`.

Note.—When one of the members of such clauses is negative, and the other affirmative, generally the negative has the *rising*, and the affirmative the *falling* inflection.

Example.—Show your knowledge by your deeds`, not by your words'.

CIRCUMFLEX.

Circumflex is the union of the two inflections on the same word, beginning either with the *falling*, and ending with the *rising*, called the rising circumflex; or beginning with the *rising*, and ending with the *falling*, called the falling circumflex.

RULE X.—*The circumflex is mainly employed in the language of irony, and in expressing ideas, implying some condition either expressed or understood.*

Example.—He is a râre pattern of humanity.

Queen.—Hamlet, you have your father much offended.
Hamlet.—Madam, yôu have my father much offended.

ACCENT.

Accent is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word. The accent is usually marked thus (′).

As a general rule, custom is our only guide in ascertaining the accented syllable. However, many words or parts of speech having the same form, are distinguished by accent alone.

Examples.

Ab′sent—not present.	Absent′—to withdraw, stay away.
Au′gust—a month.	August′—grand.
Gal′lant—brave.	Gallant′—a gay fellow.

Adjectives and verbs are often distinguished from nouns by their accent; as,

Desert′—the verb.	Des′ert—the noun.
Cement′ " "	Cem′ent " "
Accent′ " "	Ac′cent " "

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is that stress of voice by which one or more words of a sentence are distinguished above the rest. This increased stress is, generally, not upon the whole word, but only on the accented syllable.

Emphatic words are often printed in *italics;* those still more emphatic in *capitals.* By the proper use of emphasis, we are able to impart animation and interest to conversation and reading. Its importance cannot be over-estimated, as the meaning of a sentence often depends upon the proper placing of the emphasis. Accent, inflection, and indeed every thing, yields to emphasis.

Blair furnishes the following illustration of the importance and nature of emphasis:

Did *you* walk into the city yesterday? Ans.—No, my brother went.
Did you *walk* into the city yesterday? Ans.—No, I rode.
Did you walk into the *city* yesterday? Ans.—No, I went into the country.
Did you walk into the city *yesterday?* Ans.—No, I went the day before.

ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

Absolute emphasis is used to designate the important word of a sentence without any direct reference to other words.

Example.—I shall know but *one* country. The ends *I* aim at, shall be "my COUNTRY'S, my GOD'S and TRUTH'S."
Woe unto you, PHARISEES! HYPOCRITES!

RELATIVE EMPHASIS.

Words are often emphasized, in order to exhibit the idea they ex-

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press, as compared or contrasted with some other idea. This is *Relative Emphasis.*

Examples.—*Living,* I shall assert it; *dying,* I shall assert it.
It is much better to be *injured* than to *injure.*
Without were *fightings, within* were *fears.*

EMPHATIC PHRASE.

Sometimes several words in succession are emphasized.

Example. Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the LAST TEN YEARS.

PAUSES.

Pauses are suspensions of the voice used in reading and speaking to attract attention to the emphatic idea, or to give the mind time to dwell upon it and give effect to the expression.

There are three kinds of pauses, the *Grammatical pause* and *Rhetorical pause,* which belong to both prose and poetry; and the *Poetic* pause, which is peculiar to poetry.

The subject of Grammatical pauses has already been discussed in "Sterling's Southern Third Reader," and need not be here repeated.

RHETORICAL PAUSE.

The Rhetorical pause occurs chiefly before or after an emphatic word or phrase, and sometimes both before and after. No rule can be given for the length of these pauses. The correct taste of the reader must determine it.

Pauses should generally be made in the following cases:

1. *Before a compound nominative; and after a nominative consisting of a single word when emphatic;* as,

Joy and sorrow—move him not.
Prosperity—gains friends, but adversity—tries them.

2. *Before a relative clause, or clause equivalent to a relative;* as,

This is the man—that loves me.
Hypocrisy is the tribute—paid by vice to virtue.

3. *A pause is required after words which are in apposition or opposition to each other;* as,

Solomon—the son of David—was king of Israel.
False delicacy is affectation—not politeness.

4. *Before a conjunction or conjunctive adverb;* as,

But—it was reserved for Arnold—to blend all these bad qualities into one.

5. *Before an infinitive mood, especially when equivalent to a clause;* as,

He smote me with a rod—to please my enemy.

6. *A pause is required when an ellipsis takes place;* as,

To your faith add virtue; to virtue—knowledge; to knowledge—temperance; to temperance—patience.

7. *When a part of a sentence is out of the natural order;* as,

In adversity—men are tried.

8. *After each word of an emphatic phrase;* as,

Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last —ten—years.

POETICAL PAUSE.

In reading poetry, the spirit and meaning of a sentence should never be sacrificed to a mechanical adherence to pauses of structure. The slight pause at the end of each line, which renders prominent the melody, should never be so decided as to attract attention from the sense to rhythm.

There is another important pause near the middle of each line, called the *cæsura,* or cæsural pause. The following lines will show this pause:

Of all the causes—which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment—and mislead the mind;
What the weak head—with strongest bias rules,
Is pride—the never-failing vice of fools.

This cæsural pause should never be so placed as to injure the sense, even to promote harmony.

Sometimes where the sense requires it, *two* cæsural pauses are proper; as,

Soldier, rest!—thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep—that knows no breaking;
Dream—of battle-fields—no more,
Days of danger—nights of waking.

Sometimes three cæsural pauses are admissible; the first and third are slight, and are called demi-cæsural. The following lines afford an example:

Our bugles—sang truce—for the night cloud—had lowered,
And the sentinel stars—set their watch—in the sky;
And thousands had sunk—on the ground—overpowered;
The weary—to sleep—and the wounded—to die.

TO TEACHERS.

It is impossible to lay down any system of rules in themselves sufficient to make good readers. Much must depend upon the teacher, on his ability to show the application of those given, and to illustrate them by proper examples. In order to make elegant readers, it will be necessary, after the pupil has thoroughly mastered the rules, etc., of this introduction, to go back and frequently review. Under the guidance of the skilful teacher, he will find abundant illustration of these rules in the lessons that follow. We have endeavored to avoid the error, into which we conceive many modern systems of elocution fall, to put too much in books. The teacher, it would seem, is presumed to be ignorant, and the scholar so feeble-minded as to be incapable of drawing a conclusion or making an application for himself. We have proceeded upon a different supposition, and trust experience may not prove that we have been mistaken. The teacher who is prepared to discharge his responsibilities fully, will find the preceding principles and rules sufficient to accomplish the end designed.

STERLING'S SOUTHERN

FOURTH READER.

LESSON I.

Spell and define—

1. A-PART'MENT, a division of a house.
   GLARE, dazzling light.
3. MO-NOT'O-NY, sameness.
   HUD'DLED, crowded together.
4. JO-COSE'LY, in jest.
5. DIS-CON-CERT'ED, confused.
6. RE-AS-SURED', relieved from fear.
7. DE-CI'PHER, to read and explain.
8. GLIS'TEN, to shine.
9. DRAFT'ED, drawn by lot.

THE THREE READERS.

1. It is related of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, that as he once sat in his private apartment, a written petition was brought to him, with the request that it should be immediately read. The king had just returned from hunting, and the glare of the sun, or some other cause, had so affected his eyesight, that he found it difficult to make out a single word of the manuscript.

2. His private secretary happened to be absent; and the soldier who brought the petition could not tell the first letter of the alphabet from the last. There was a page, or favored boy-servant, in attendance in the corridor; and upon him the king called. The page was a son of one of

the noblemen of the court, but proved to be a very poor reader.

3. In the first place, he did not articulate distinctly. He huddled his words together in the utterance, as if they were syllables of one long word, which he must get through with as speedily as possible. His pronunciation was bad, and he did not modulate his voice so as to bring out the meaning of what he delivered. Every sentence was read with a dismal monotony, as if it did not differ in any respect from that which preceded it.

4. "Stop," said the king impatiently; "is it an auctioneer's catalogue, or what is it, that you are hurrying over? Send your companion to me." Another page, who stood at the door, now entered, and to him the king gave the petition. This second page began by hemming and clearing his throat in such an affected manner, that the king jocosely asked him if he had not slept in the public garden, with the gate open, the night before.

5. The second page had a good share of self-conceit, however, and he was not disconcerted by the jest. He determined that he would avoid the rock on which his companion had been wrecked. So he commenced reading the petition with great formality and deliberation, emphasizing every word, and prolonging the articulation of every syllable. But his manner was so tedious that the king cried out, "Stop! Are you reciting a lesson in the elementary sounds? Out of the room!—Stay!—Send to me that little girl who is sitting there by the fountain."

6. The girl thus pointed out by the king was a daughter of one of the laborers employed by the royal gardener; and she had come to help her father weed the flower-beds. It chanced that, like many of the poor people in Prussia, even in that day, she had received a good education. She was somewhat alarmed when she found herself in the king's presence, but was reässured when the king told her that he only wanted her to read for him, as his eyes were weak.

7. Now, Er'nestine (for that was her name) was so fond of reading aloud, that frequently many of the poor people in the neighborhood would assemble at her father's house to hear her; and those who could not themselves read would bring to her letters to decipher from distant friends or children. She thus acquired the habit of reading various sorts of handwriting promptly and well.

8. The king gave her the petition, and she rapidly glanced through the opening lines to get some idea of what it was about. As she read, her eyes began to glisten, and her breast to heave. "What is the matter?" asked the king; "Don't you know how to read?" "Oh, yes, sire," she replied, addressing him with the title usually applied to him: "I will now read it, if you please."

9. The two pages were about to leave the room. "Remain," said the king. The little girl began to read the petition. It was from a poor widow, whose only son had been drafted to serve in the army, although his health was delicate, and his pursuits had been of a character to unfit him for military life. His father had been killed in battle, and the son was ambitious of being a portrait-painter.

10. The writer told her story in a simple, concise manner, that carried to the heart a conviction of its truth; and Ernestine read it with so much feeling, and with an articulation so just, in tones so pure and distinct, that when she had finished, the king, into whose eyes the tears had started, exclaimed, "Oh, now I understand what it is all about; but I might never have known (certainly never have felt) its meaning, had I trusted to these young gentlemen, whom I now dismiss from my service for one year, recommending them to occupy it in learning to read."

11. "As for you, my young lady," continued the king, "I know you will ask no better reward for your trouble than to be the instrument of carrying to this poor widow my order for her son's immediate discharge. Let me see if you can write as well as you can read. Take this pen and fol-

low my dictation." He then dictated an order, which Ernestine wrote, and he signed. Calling one of his guards, he bade him accompany the girl and see that the order was executed.

12. How much happiness was Ernestine the means of bestowing through her good elocution, united to the happy circumstance that brought it to the knowledge of the king! First, there were her poor neighbors, to whom she could give instruction and entertainment. Then there was the poor widow who sent the petition, and who not only regained her son, but received through Ernestine an order for him to paint the king's likeness, so that the poor boy soon rose to great distinction, and had more orders than he could attend to. Words could not speak his gratitude, and that of his mother, to the little girl.

13. And Ernestine had, moreover, the satisfaction of aiding her father to rise in the world, so that he became the king's chief gardener The king did not forget her, but had her well educated at his own expense. As for the two pages, she was indirectly the means of benefiting them also; for, ashamed of their bad reading, they commenced studying in earnest, till they overcame the faults that had offended the king. Both finally rose to distinction, one as a lawyer and the other as a statesman; and they owed their advancement in life to their good elocution.

MADAME VINET.

Spell and Define—

10. Concise.
Dismiss.
11. Dictation.
12. Entertainment.
Distinction.
Regained.
13. Satisfaction.
Indirectly.
Advancement.

LESSON II.

Spell and define—

1. MAR'SHALLED, drawn up in order.
2. SAT'IR-IZED, severely censured.
   KNAVE, a dishonest man, a rogue.
3. AR'BI-TRA-RY, despotic.
   CLAN-DES'TINE-LY, secretly.
4. FRU-GAL'I-TY, prudent economy
5. PLANNED, devised.
   AB'SO-LUTE, complete.
7. IN-VES'TI-GATE, to search.
8. SUB'TLE, cunning.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

1. In Boston, in 1721, when the pulpit had marshalled Quakers and witches to the gallows, one newspaper, the New-England *Courant*, the fourth American periodical, was established as an organ of independent opinion, by James Franklin. Its temporary success was advanced by Benjamin, his brother and apprentice, a boy of fifteen, who wrote pieces for its humble columns, worked in composing the types, as well as in printing off the sheets, and himself as carrier distributed the paper to the customers.

2. The little sheet satirized hypocrisy, and spoke of religious knaves as of all knaves the worst. This course gave offence to the clergy, whose influence with the civil government was then all-powerful. At their instigation the publisher was kept in jail for a month; his paper was censured as reflecting injuriously on the reverend ministers of the gospel; and he was forbidden to print it, "except it be first supervised."

3. Vexed at the arbitrary proceedings of the assembly; willing to escape from a town where the good people pointed with horror at his freedom; indignant, also, at the tyranny of a brother, who, as a passionate master, often beat his apprentice—Benjamin Franklin, then but seventeen years old, sailed clandestinely for New-York. Finding there no employment, he crossed to Amboy, went on foot to the Delaware, and, for want of a wind, rowed in a boat from Burling-

ton to Philadelphia. Here he arrived, bearing marks of his labor at the oar, weary, hungry, and having for his whole stock of cash a single dollar.

4. On the deep foundations of sobriety, frugality, and industry, the young journeyman built his fortunes and fame; and he soon came to have a printing-office of his own. Toiling early and late, with his own hands he set the types and worked at the press; with his own hands would trundle to the office in a wheelbarrow the reams of paper he was to use.

5. The Assembly of Pennsylvania respected his merit, and chose him its printer. He planned a newspaper; and when he became its proprietor and editor, he fearlessly defended absolute freedom of thought and speech, and the inalienable power of the people.

6. Desirous of advancing education, he proposed the schools of Philadelphia; he laid the foundation of a library which was long the most considerable one in America; he suggested the establishment of an academy, which has ripened into a university; he saw the benefit of concert in the pursuit of science, and gathered a philosophical society for its advancement.

7. When the scientific world began to investigate the wonders of electricity, Franklin excelled all observers in the marvellous simplicity and lucid exposition of his experiments. It was he who first suggested the explanation of thunder-gusts and the northern lights on electrical principles, and, in the summer of 1752, going out into the fields, with no instrument but a kite, no companion but his son, established his theory by obtaining a line of connection with a thunder-cloud.

8. Nor did he cease till he made the lightning a household pastime, taught his family to catch the subtle fluid in its inconceivably rapid leaps between the earth and the sky, and compelled it to give warning of its passage by the harmless ringing of bells.

9. With placid tranquillity, Benjamin Franklin looked quietly and deeply into the secrets of nature. His clear understanding was never perverted by passion or corrupted by the pride of theory. Loving truth, without prejudice and without bias, he discerned intuitively the identity of the laws of nature with those of which humanity is conscious; so that his mind was like a mirror, in which the universe, as it reflected itself, revealed her laws.

10. His affections were of a calm intensity; in all his career the love of man gained the mastery over personal interest. He had not the imagination which inspires the bard or kindles the orator; but an exquisite propriety, parsimonious of ornaments, gave ease of expression and graceful simplicity even to his most careless writings.

11. In life, also, his tastes were delicate. Indifferent to the pleasures of the table, he relished the delights of music and harmony. His blandness of temper, his modesty, the benignity of his manners, made him the favorite of intelligent society; and with healthy cheerfulness he derived pleasure from books, from philosophy, from conversation—now calmly administering consolation to the sorrowing, now indulging in the expression of light-hearted gayety.

12. Never professing enthusiasm, never making a parade of sentiment, his practical wisdom was sometimes mistaken for the offspring of selfish prudence; yet his hope was steadfast, like that hope which rests on the Rock of Ages; and his conduct was as unerring as though the light that led him was a light from heaven.

13. He never anticipated action by theories of self-sacrificing virtue; and yet, in the moments of intense activity, he, from the highest abodes of ideal truth, brought down, and applied to the affairs of life, the sublimest principles of goodness, as noiselessly and unostentatiously as became the man who, with a kite and hempen string, drew the lightning from the skies. BANCROFT.

Spell and define—

8. Inconceivably.
9. Tranquillity.
   Perverted.
10. Intensity.
    Parsimonious.
11. Relished.
12. Enthusiasm
    Offspring.
13. Abodes.

LESSON III.

Spell and define—

1. AT-TEST', to bear witness to.
3. AC'TION, a claim made before a court.
   AS-SI'ZES, a court of justice.
6. PLAIN'TIFF, the person who commences a suit at court.
7. PRE-CA'RI-OUS, uncertain.
   JU'RY-MAN, one who serves on a jury, and whose business it is to hear the evidence and decide which party is right in any given case.
   EX-CEPT', to object.
10. DEX'TROUS, skilful, artful.
    AD-DUCED', brought forward in argument.
11. PLEAD'ER, one that argues in a court of justice.
    DE-POSED', gave evidence on oath.
    VER'DICT, the decision of a jury concerning the matter referred to them.
12. FORE'MAN, the chief man of a jury.
14. DE-MON-STRA'TION, certain proof.
15. SOPH'IST-RY, false reasoning.

THE JUST JUDGE.

1. A gentleman who possessed an estate worth about five hundred a year, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years, his father died; when the younger son, destroying his will, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of it.

2. In the course of time, the elder brother returned; but came home in destitute circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, and told him that he was an impostor and a cheat. He asserted that his real brother was dead long ago; and he could bring witnesses to prove it.

The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a sad situation. He went round the parish making complaints, and, at last, to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's story, replied: "You have nothing to give me. If I undertake your cause and lose it, it will bring me into disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence are on your brother's side.

3. "However, I will undertake it on this condition: you shall enter into an obligation to pay me one thousand guineas, if I gain the estate for you. If I lose it, I know the consequences; and I venture with my eyes open." Accordingly, he entered an action against the younger brother, which was to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex.

4. The lawyer, having engaged in the cause of the young man, and being stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best method to gain his end. At last he hit upon this happy thought, that he would consult the first judge of his age, Lord Chief-Justice Hale. Accordingly, he hastened up to London, and laid open the cause, and all its circumstances. The Judge, who was a great lover of justice, heard the case attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power.

5. The lawyer having taken leave, the Judge contrived matters so as to finish all his business at the King's Bench before the assizes began at Chelmsford. When within a short distance of the place, he dismissed his man and horse, and sought a single house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him. As the Judge had a very good suit on, the man had no reason to object.

6. Accordingly the Judge shifted from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with a miller's hat and shoes and stick, he walked to Chelmsford, and procured good lodging, suitable for the assizes that

should come on next day. When the trials came on, he walked like an ignorant country fellow, backward and forward along the county hall. He observed narrowly what passed around him; and when the court began to fill, he found out the poor fellow who was the plaintiff.

7. As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him. "Honest friend," said he, "how is your cause like to go to-day?" "Why, my cause is in a very precarious situation, and, if I lose it, I am ruined for life." "Well, honest friend," replied the miller, "will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret, which perhaps you do not know; every Englishman has the right and privilege to except against any one juryman out of the whole twelve; now do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power."

8. Accordingly, when the clerk had called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them. The judge on the bench was highly offended with this liberty. "What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against that gentleman?" "I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

9. The judge, who had been highly bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party, said, "Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant it. Whom would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted?" After a short time, taken in consideration, "My lord," said he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen in;" and looking round the court—"my lord, there is that miller in the court; we will have him, if you please." Accordingly, the miller was chosen in.

10. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dexterous fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten golden guineas into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five. He observed that

they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in a soft whisper, "How much have you got?" "Ten pieces," said he. But he concealed what he had got himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favor.

11. The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses and pleaders, all plentifully bribed, as well as the judge. The witnesses deposed, that they were in the self-same country when the brother died, and saw him buried. The counselors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence; and every thing went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation; "and now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just."

12. They waited but for a few minutes, before they determined in favor of the younger brother. The judge said, "Gentlemen, are you agreed? and who shall speak for you?" "We are all agreed, my lord," replied one, "and our foreman shall speak for us." "Hold, my lord," replied the miller; "we are not all agreed." "Why?" said the judge, in a very surly manner, "what's the matter with you? What reasons have you for disagreeing?"

13. "I have several reasons, my lord," replied the other; "the first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses." Upon this, the miller began a discourse, which discovered such a vast penetration of judgment, such extensive knowledge of law, and was expressed with such manly and energetic eloquence, that it astonished the judge and the whole court.

14. As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in great surprise, stopped him. "Where

did you come from, and who are you?" "I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller; "my name is Matthew Hale; I am Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore, come down from a seat which you are nowise worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause all over again."

15. Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial from its very commencement, and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood. He evinced the elder brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; unravelled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice. ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

1. Rambling.
2. Situation.
3. Obligation.
4. Stimulated.
5. Contrived.
6. Procured.
7. Ruined.
8. Privilege.
10. Dexterous.
11. Accumulated. Deliberation.
15. Evinced.

LESSON IV.

Spell and define—

1. GLEAM'ING, shining.
   SHEEN, brightness, splendor.
2. BEA'CON, a light to guide.
   PHA'ROS, an island near Alexandria in Egypt with a famous light-house on it.
3. SURF, waves breaking on the shore.
   SHIV'ERED, broken into pieces.
5. DAP'PLING, variegating with spots.
   PALE, to diminish in brightness.

THE BIBLE THE LIGHT-HOUSE OF THE WORLD.

1. Life lies before you, young man, all gleaming and flashing in the light of your early hopes, like a summer sea. But bright though it seems in the silvery sheen of its far-

off beauty, it is a place where many a sunken rock and many a treacherous quicksand, have made shipwreck of immortal hopes. And calm though its polished surface may sleep, without a ripple or a shade, it shall yet be overhung to you by the darkness of the night and the wildness of the tempest.

2. And oh! if, in these lonely and perilous scenes of your voyage, you were left without a landmark or a beacon, how sad and fearful were your lot. But, blessed be God! you are not. Far up on the Rock of Ages, there streams a light from the Eternal Word; the light that David saw, and rejoiced; the light that Paul saw, and took courage; the light that has guided the ten thousand times ten thousand, that have already reached the happy isles of the blest. There it stands, the Pharos of this dark and stormy scene, with a flame that was kindled in heaven, and that comes down to us, reflected from many a glorious image of prophet, apostle, and martyr.

3. Many a rash and daring spirit has sought to put out this light, and on the pinion of a reckless daring has furiously dashed itself against it, but has only fallen stunned and blackened in the surf below. Many a storm of hate and fury has dashed wildly against it, but when its fiercest shock has spent its rage, and the proud waves rolled all shivered and sullenly back, the beacon has still gleamed on high and clear above the raging waters.

4. Another storm is now dashing against it, and another cloud of mist is flung around it; but when these also shall have expended their might, the rock and the beacon shall be unharmed still. Philosophy and human wisdom may neglect this light from heaven, and walk by the sparks of their own kindling; but this light can never be put out, even though these proud wanderers should have it at God's hand to lie down at last in sorrow and gloom.

5. "We have a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in

a dark place, until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts." When this promised time shall have come, when the dappling dawn shall have broadened and brightened into the perfect day, then, and not till then, shall the light of this sure beacon pale before the brightness of that day, whose morning is heaven, and whose noontide is eternity. But until then, in spite of the false lights that flash upon our track, and gleam fitfully from billow to billow, our steady gaze and our earnest heed shall be to this sure word of prophecy, and the motto we shall ever unfurl to the winds shall be, "the Bible—the Bible the light-house of the world." REV. T. V. MOORE, D.D.

Spell and define—

1. Polished.
   Ripple.
2. Reflected.
   Prophet.
3. Pinion.
   Stunned.
4. Expended.
   Unharmed.
5. Prophecy.
   Fitfully.
   Unfurl.
   Noontide.

LESSON V.

Spell and define—

1. RE-MORSE', keen pain of conscience.
   DE-VOID', destitute.
2. RE-SOUND'ING, echoing.
3. EM'BLEM, representation.
   UN-A-VAIL'ING, useless, ineffectual.
4. O-VER-WHELMED', crushed, borne down.
5. FER'VENT-LY, earnestly, eagerly.
6. THRESH'OLD, entrance, beginning.

THE TWO ROADS.

1. It was New-Year's night. An aged man was standing at the window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal, the tomb.

Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

2. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue; where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled. He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O youth, return! O my father! place me once more at the entrance of life, that I may choose the better way!"

3. But his father and the days of his youth had both passed away. He saw wandering lights, which were the days of his wasted life, float far away over dark marshes, and then disappear. He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in darkness. It was an emblem of himself, and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered upon life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now happy and honored on this New-Year's night.

4. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him their erring son, the lessons they had taught him, and the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his dark eyes dropped tears, and with a despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

5. And his youth did return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young, and his faults alone were real. He thanked

God fervently that time was still his own—that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

6. Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O youth, return! Oh, give me back my early days!" RICHTER.

Spell and define—

1. Mournful.
   Surface.
   Vacant.
2. Solemn.
   Entrance.
2. Fertile.
   Crawled.
3. Marshes.
   Vanish.
   Companions.
4. Erring.
   Behalf.
   Despairing.
5. Cavern.
6. Doubting.

LESSON VI.

Spell and define—

1. FAG'OTS, bundles of sticks and small branches used for fuel.
   PRAT'TLE, trifling talk.
   DIS'SI-PATE, to scatter, to disperse.
2. PU'NY, small and weak.
4. PIL'GRIM-AGE, the journey of human life.
7. COM-PLI-CA'TION, the act of mingling together of several things.
   SYM'PA-THIES, compassion.
9. GUSHED, flowed copiously.
   MAN'NA, food miraculously provided by God for the Israelites.

THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN.

1. It was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her blazing fagots, with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring, by listening to the artlessness of their prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hand had provided for her helpless family, for she had no sup-

porter: she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around.

2. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways is above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amid the neighboring pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

3. The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart-swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan cannot forget His word.

4. Providence had, many years before, taken from her her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the high-seas, since which she had heard no tidings of him; and, more recently, the hand of death had deprived her of the companion and staff of her earthly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne: she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

5. The indolent may well bear with poverty, while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply, may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her heart, and shut her eyes on misery.

6. But the industrious mother of helpless and dependent children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of

these to console her. And such a one was the widow of the Pine Cottage; but as she bent over the fire, and took up the last scanty remnant of food, to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind:

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

7. The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and the loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveller, in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food. Said he, "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and a share of all she had, she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

8. The traveller drew near the board, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven with astonishment: "And is this all your store?" said he, "and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? then never saw I charity before! But, madam," said he, continuing, "do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?"

9. "Ah," said the poor widow, and the tear-drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless Heaven has taken him away; and I only act toward you as I would that others should act toward him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as He did for Israel; and how

should I this night offend Him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and He should have provided for him a home, even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away?"

10. The widow ended, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms: "God indeed has provided your son a home, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress: my mother! O my mother!" It was her long lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy.

11. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, and indeed beautiful, in the valley; and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue: and at this day the passer-by is pointed to the willow that spreads its branches above her grave.

ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

1. Tattered.
   Artlessness.
2. Mysterious.
   Exhausted.
3. Forlorn.
4. Providence.
   Recently.
5. Sustenance.
6. Console.
7. Proffered.
9. Destitute.
10. Benefactress.

LESSON VII.

Spell and define—

STAL'WART, brave, strong.
SA'BRE, sword.
REM'NANT, remaining.
FRAY, fight.
4. TRAILED', drawn along the ground.
5. BROID'ERED, ornamented with needle-work.
7. EX-PIR'ING, dying.

DEATH OF JASPER.

1. 'Twas amidst a scene of blood,
On a bright autumnal day,
When misfortune, like a flood,
Swept our fairest hopes away;
'Twas on Savannah's plain,
On the spot we love so well,
Amid heaps of gallant slain,
That the daring Jasper fell!

2. He had borne him in the fight
Like a soldier in his prime—
Like a bold and stalwart knight,
Of the glorious olden time;
And unharmed by sabre-blow,
And untouched by leaden ball,
He had battled with the foe
Till he heard the trumpet's call.

3. But he turned him at the sound,
For he knew the strife was o'er—
That in vain on freedom's ground
Had her children shed their gore;
So he slowly turned away
With the remnant of the band,
Who amid the bloody fray
Had escaped the foeman's hand.

4. But his banner caught his eye,
As it trailed upon the dust,
And he saw his comrade die,
Ere he yielded up his trust,
"To the rescue!" loud he cried,
"To the rescue, gallant men!"
And he dashed into the tide
Of the battle-stream again.

5. And then fierce the contest rose,
O'er its field of broidered gold,
And the blood of friends and foes
Stained alike its silken fold;
But, unheeding wound or blow
He has snatched it 'midst the strife,
He has borne that flag away—
But its ransom is his life!

6. "To my father take my sword,"
Thus the dying hero said;
"Tell him that my latest word
Was a blessing on his head;
That when death had seized my frame,
And uplifted was his dart,
That I ne'er forgot the name
That was dearest to my heart."

7. "And tell her whose favor gave
This fair banner to our band,
That I died its folds to save
From the foe's polluting hand;
And let all my comrades hear,
When my form lies cold in death,
That their friend remained sincere
To his last expiring breath."

8. It was thus that Jasper fell
'Neath that bright autumnal sky.
Has a stone been raised to tell
Where he laid him down to die?
To the rescue, spirits bold!
To the rescue, gallant men!
Let the marble page unfold
All his daring deeds again.

R. M. CHARLTON.

Spell and define—

4. Comrade.
   Rescue.
5. Unheeding.
7. Favor.
   Polluting.
   Sincere.
8. Autumnal.
   Gallant.
   Marble.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE.

WHIP UP, BOYS.—Don't lag behind. Study hard. Lear every thing you can. Now is the seed-time. You will wan the harvest after a while. Hear what Walter Scott says "It is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my ma hood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in m youth, that through every part of my literary career I hav felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and would this moment give half the reputation I have had th good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest th remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning an science."

LESSON VIII.

Spell and define—

1. DE-TEST'A-BLE, extremely hateful.
2. GEN-ER-OS'I-TY, nobleness.
   SCHEMES, plans.
3. AC-CES'SION, coming to the throne.
4. U-SURP'ING, seizing witho right.
5. STRAT'A-GEM, artifice, deceit.
7. GRIM, fierce, frightful.
9. BLINK'ING, looking unsteadil
10. CHAFED, fretted.

THE HISTORY OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

1. At two-and-thirty years of age, in the year 1200, Jo became King of England. His pretty little nephew, A thur, had the best claim to the throne; but John seized t treasure, and made fine promises to the nobility, and g himself crowned at Westminster within a few weeks af his brother Richard's death. I doubt whether the cro

could possibly have been put upon the head of a meaner coward, or a more detestable villain, if the country had been searched from end to end to find him out.

2. The French king, Philip, refused to acknowledge the right of John to his new dignity, and declared in favor of Arthur. You must not suppose that he had any generosity of feeling for the fatherless boy; it merely suited his ambitious schemes to oppose the king of England. So John and the French king went to war about Arthur.

3. He was a handsome boy, at the time, only twelve years old. He was not born when his father, Geoffrey, had his brains trampled out at the tournament; and, besides the misfortune of never having known his father's guidance and protection, he had the additional misfortune to have a foolish mother, (Constance by name,) lately married to her third husband. She took Arthur, upon John's accession, to the French king, who pretended to be very much his friend, and made him a knight, and promised him his daughter in marriage; but who cared so little about him in reality, that, finding it his interest to make peace with King John for a time, he did so, without the least consideration for the poor little prince, and heartlessly sacrificed all his interests.

4. Young Arthur, for two years afterward, lived quietly, and in the course of that time his mother died. But the French king then finding it his interest to quarrel with King John, once more made Arthur his pretence, and invited the orphan boy to court. "You know your rights, prince," said the French king, "and you would like to be a king. Is it not so?" "Truly," said Prince Arthur, "I should greatly like to be a king." "Then," said Philip, "you shall have two hundred gentlemen who are knights of mine, and with them you shall go to win back the provinces belonging to you, of which your uncle, the usurping king of England, has taken possession. I myself meanwhile will lead a force against him in Normandy."

5. Prince Arthur went to attack the town of Mirebeau,

because his grandmother, Eleanor, was living there, and because the knights said, "Prince, if you can take her prisoner, you will be able to bring the king, your uncle, to terms!" But she was not to be easily taken. She was old enough by this time—eighty; but she was as full of stratagem as she was full of years and wickedness. Receiving intelligence of young Arthur's approach, she shut herself up in a high tower, and encouraged her soldiers to defend it like men. Prince Arthur with his little army besieged the high tower. King John, hearing how matters stood, came up to the rescue with his army. So here was a strange family party! The boy-prince besieging his grandmother, and his uncle besieging him!

6. This position of affairs did not last long. One summer night, King John, by treachery, got his men into the town, surprised Prince Arthur's forces, took two hundred of his knights, and seized the prince himself in his bed. The knights were put in heavy irons, and driven away in open carts, drawn by bullocks, to various dungeons, where they were most inhumanly treated, and where some of them were starved to death. Prince Arthur was sent to the castle of Falaise.

7. One day, while he was in prison at that castle, mournfully thinking it strange that one so young should be in so much trouble, and looking out of the small window in the deep, dark wall, at the summer sky and the birds, the door was softly opened, and he saw his uncle, the king, standing in the shadow of the archway, looking very grim.

8. "Arthur," said the king, with his wicked eye more on the stone floor than on his nephew, "will you not trust to the gentleness, the friendship, and the truthfulness of your loving uncle?" "I will tell my loving uncle that," replied the boy, "when he does me right. Let him restore to me my kingdom of England, and then come to me and ask the question." The king looked at him and went out. "Keep that boy close prisoner," said he to the warden of the cas-

tle. Then the king took secret counsel with the worst of his nobles, how the prince was to be got rid of. Some said, "Put out his eyes, and keep him in prison, as Robert of Normandy was kept." Others said, "Have him stabbed." Others, "Have him hanged." Others, "Have him poisoned."

9. King John, feeling that in any case, whatever was done afterward, it would be a satisfaction to his mind to have those handsome eyes burnt out, that had looked at him so proudly, while his own royal eyes were blinking at the stone floor, sent certain ruffians to Falaise to blind the boy with red-hot irons. But Arthur so pathetically entreated them, and shed such piteous tears, and so appealed to Hubert De Bourg, the warden of the castle, who had a love for him, and was a merciful, tender man, that Hubert could not bear it. To his eternal honor, he prevented the torture from being performed; and at his own risk, sent the savages away.

10. The chafed and disappointed king bethought himself of the stabbing suggestion next: and, with his shuffling manner and his cruel face, proposed it to William de Bray. "I am a gentleman, and not an executioner," said William de Bray, and left the presence with disdain. But it was not difficult for a king to hire a murderer in those days. King John found one for his money, and sent him down to the castle of Falaise. "On what errand dost thou come?" said Hubert to this fellow. "To dispatch young Arthur," he returned. "Go back to him who sent thee," answered Hubert, "and say that I will do it."

11. King John, very well knowing that Hubert would never do it, but that he evasively sent this reply to save the prince or gain time, dispatched messengers to convey the young prisoner to the castle of Rouen. Arthur was soon forced from the kind Hubert—of whom he had never stood in greater need than then—carried away by night, and lodged in his new prison; where, through his grated win-

dow, he could hear the deep waters of the river Seine rip pling against the stone wall below.

12. One dark night, as he lay sleeping, dreaming, perhaps of rescue by those unfortunate gentlemen who were obscure ly suffering and dying in his cause, he was roused, and bid den by his jailer to come down the staircase to the foot of the tower. He hurriedly dressed himself and obeyed When they came to the bottom of the winding stairs, and the night air from the river blew upon their faces, the jailer trod upon his torch, and put it out. Then Arthur, in the darkness, was hurriedly drawn into a solitary boat; and in that boat he found his uncle and one other man.

13. He knelt to them, and prayed them not to murder him. Deaf to his entreaties, they stabbed him, and sunk his body in the river with heavy stones. When the spring morning broke, the tower door was closed, the boat was gone, the river sparkled on its way, and never more was any trace of the poor boy beheld by mortal eyes.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Spell and define—

1. Nobility.
3. Tournament.
4. Pretence.
5. Besieged.
6. Treachery.
8. Warden.
9. Pathetically.
10. Shuffling.
11. Disdain.
11. Dispatched.
12. Solitary.
13. Trace.

LESSON IX.

Spell and define—

1. REC'OM-PENSE, reward.
2. SE'POY, a native of India employed as a soldier.
3. STRAINED, pressed.
5. FOUNT, a well, a spring.
6. CRYS'TAL, clear.
7. CREST, spreading top.
8. RE-FRESHED', relieved, revived.

THE FUKEER'S REWARD.

"A Fukeer, in the late insurrection in India, came to one of the mission stations, bringing with him an English babe, whose parents had probably been slain in the general massacre of the Europeans. He refused all pecuniary compensation, but begged that a well might be dug to his memory."

1. Keep, keep thy treasures—not for these
I brought the fair-haired child to thee;
Keep, keep thy silver—offer not
A recompense like that to me.

2. I found it in the Sepoy's track,
Beneath the fierce and burning sky,
Still clinging to its mother's breast,
And could not leave it there to die;

3. But tore it from the arms which, stiff
And cold, still strained it to her heart;
And cruel e'en in death it seemed,
The mother from her child to part.

4. Then keep thy gold and take the babe,
The blue-eyed babe, let it be thine;
To keep it as my own, I know,
Would only cost its life and mine.

5. And if for this one kindly deed
Thy bounty would a gift bestow;
Then to my memory let a fount—
A cooling stream of water flow!

6. Go on some desert's burning waste
And dig for me a crystal well,
And let it to the wanderer faint
The story of the Fukeer tell.

7. And when the palm-tree's tufted crest
Shall cooling shadows round it throw,
He'll stoop and bathe his weary limbs
Within the purling stream below;

8. Will slake his thirst and rise refreshed,
Though dying to the fount he came;
And ere he leaves will blessings breathe
Upon the kindly Fukeer's name.

MARY AYER MILLER.

Spell and define—

Insurrection. Massacre. 1. Treasures. 2. Clinging. 5. Bounty. 7. Purling. Tufted. 8. Slake. Breathe.

LESSON X.

Spell and define—

2. SUC'COR, help, assist.
6. SHEK'EL, a Jewish coin, worth from 50 to 60 cents.
7. COM'PASSED, surrounded.
8. DALE, a low place between hills.
9. TI'DINGS, news, intelligence.

II. SAMUEL, CHAP. XVIII.

1. And David numbered the people that were with him, and set captains of thousands and captains of hundreds over them. And David sent forth a third part of the people under the hand of Joab, and a third part under the hand of Abishai the son of Zeruiah, Joab's brother, and a third part under the hand of Ittai the Gittite.

2. And the king said unto the people, I will surely go forth with you myself also. But the people answered, Thou shalt not go forth: for if we flee away, they will not care for us; neither if half of us die, will they care for us: but now thou art worth ten thousand of us: therefore now it is

better that thou succor us out of the city. And the king said unto them, What seemeth you best, I will do.

3. And the king stood by the gate-side, and all the people came out by hundreds and by thousands. And the king commanded Joab and Abishai and Ittai, saying, Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom. And all the people heard when the king gave all the captains charge concerning Absalom.

4. So the people went out into the field against Israel: and the battle was in the wood of Ephraim; where the people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, and there was there a great slaughter that day of twenty thousand men. For the battle was there scattered over the face of all the country: and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured.

5. And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him, went away.

6. And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak. And Joab said unto the man that told him, And, behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a girdle. And the man said unto Joab, Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in my hand, yet would I not put forth my hand against the king's son: for in our hearing, the king charged thee and Abishai and Ittai, saying, Beware that none touch the young man Absalom. Otherwise I should have wrought falsehood against mine own life: for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldest have set thyself against me.

7. Then said Joab, I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst

of the oak. And ten young men, that bare Joab's armor, compassed about and smote Absalom, and slew him. And Joab blew the trumpet, and the people returned from pursuing after Israel: for Joab held back the people.

8. And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him; and all Israel fled every one to his tent. Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale: for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance: and he called the pillar after his own name: and it is called unto this day, Absalom's place.

9. Then said Ahimaaz the son of Zadok, Let me now run, and bear the king tidings, how that the Lord hath avenged him of his enemies. And Joab said unto him, Thou shalt not bear tidings this day, but thou shalt bear tidings another day: but this day thou shalt bear no tidings, because the king's son is dead. Then said Joab to Cushi, Go tell the king what thou hast seen. And Cushi bowed himself unto Joab, and ran.

10. Then said Ahimaaz the son of Zadok yet again to Joab, But, howsoever, let me, I pray thee, also run after Cushi. And Joab said, Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no tidings ready? But howsoever, said he, let me run. And he said unto him, Run. Then Ahimaaz ran by the way of the plain, and overran Cushi.

11. And David sat between the two gates: and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold a man running alone. And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

12. And the watchman saw another man running: and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold, another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings. And the watchman said, Methinketh the

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running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.

13. And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king? And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was. And the king said unto him, Turn aside, and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still.

14. And, behold, Cushi came; and Cushi said, Tidings, my lord the king: for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushi, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

15. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

BIBLE.

Spell and define—

3. Concerning.
4. Slaughter.
Devoured.
5. Boughs.
6. Smite.
Girdle.
7. Compassed.
8. Pillar.
9. Avenged.
Bowed.
11. Apace.
13. Tumult.

LESSON XI.

Spell and define—

1. PRE-COC'ITY, early growth, ripeness before the usual time.
2. RU'DI-MENTS, first principles, things to be first learned.
4. DE-VI'CES, contrivances.
5. SO-LIC'IT-OUS, anxious, very desirous.
6. TY'RO, a beginner.
7. HER-CU'LE-AN, very difficult.
11. CON-SEC'U-TIVE, following in order.
14. EN-TRANCE'MENT, a kind of rapture or astonishment.
19. AL-TER-NA'TION, reciprocal succession.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

1. "I was a dull boy," said Judge B—— in answer to some remarks of Mrs. Wentworth, referring to the usual precocity of genius, and hinting at the display which the learned and celebrated Judge must have made in his juvenile studies—"I was a very dull boy. Till I was full nine years old, I dreaded the name of book and school.

2. "It is true, I had made some progress in the rudiments of English, and had begun the Latin Grammar; but this was wholly owing to the constant instruction and personal influence of my mother. It was only in obedience to her that I attended school. I would have preferred a severe whipping every day of my life, if by that means I might have been exempted from the task of study. I was the drone of the school.

3. "My mother began my education very early; I was her only child, and she a widow; you may easily imagine, therefore, how eager she must have been for my improvement. She tried every means that love, faith, and patience could suggest, to instruct me in my lessons and duties. In the latter she was not disappointed. I may say, without boasting, that I was an obedient boy; for I loved my mother so well, that it was a pleasure to do her bidding.

4. "But I could not learn my book; the fountain of

knowledge was, to my taste, bitter waters, and all the devices which ingenuity has invented to make learning easy, failed in my case. I had to wear the dunce-cap at school, and so sluggish was my mind, that I did not care a straw for the disgrace, till I found it made my mother weep when she heard of it. Indeed, I preferred to be at the foot of my class, for then I had no trouble about trying to keep my station; and even at the opening of the school, I always took my place at the foot: it seemed to fall naturally to me. I was as contented as Diogenes in his tub.

5 "Thus the time passed, till the winter I entered my tenth year. The schoolmaster was preparing for a famous exhibition; and as he knew how solicitous my mother was for my improvement, he called on her to ascertain if she thought it possible that I could take a part. She did think it possible; what mother would despair of her only child? She undertook to teach me the piece I was to speak.

6. "The teacher had selected that pithy little poem, so appropriate for the young tyro, beginning—

'You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by,' etc.

7. "These six lines were my first lesson: and after tea, my mother sat down to the task of teaching it, telling me that I must learn to recite those six lines during that and the following evening. You smile, ladies, but it seemed a Herculean task to me, and it was only my strong affection for my mother that would have induced me to undertake it.

8. "The teacher had promised me, that, if I spoke my piece well, he would give me a silver medal. I cared nothing for that, till my mother drew me to her, and, as she put

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back my hair and kissed my forehead in her loving manner, said, 'Oh, Robert! how happy I shall be to see you come home with the medal on!' I thought then that I would try to obtain it. So I sat down cheerfully to my task.

9. "I recollect the scene as though it were but yesterday. My mother read the six lines to me a number of times over, and then she explained the meaning of the words. She told me of Demosthenes, and the efforts he made to overcome his natural defects. I remember asking her if I should get some pebbles to hold in my mouth; whether it would do me any good; and how happy her laugh rang out at my witticism. Then she told me of Cicero, and of the great services he rendered his country, by his oratory and learning, thus endeavoring to awaken my mind to some effort of imitation.

10. "I like to listen to stories, and it was in this manner that I had been taught what little I knew; for I could not comprehend words. I wanted images, and these my mother, by her manner, and the comparisons she would draw from familiar things, could succeed in picturing to my imagination. In books, I found nothing but words, and those I could not remember. But I am growing tedious, I fear, as that evening was to my mother and myself.

11. "For two long hours she patiently taught me. I read over the lines a hundred times; I recited them after her; sometimes I would repeat two or three consecutive words, and I could see her face brighten with hope; but when she took the book for the last recitation, and after I had been studying most intently for some minutes, I could not repeat a single word. I can recollect now my sensation at that time; it seemed to me that I knew all that my mother wished me to say; but a kind of wavering shadow would come between me and my lesson, and make all the words indistinct, and my will had no power to control these fancies.

12. "When my mother had vainly tried every possible method to make me recollect the first two lines, she was quite overcome. I believe her hope of my intellect was extinguished, and that she felt for the first time, what all who knew me had predicted, that I should be a dunce. It must be a terrible trial for a sensible mother to think that her only child is a fool. She burst into a passion of tears, covered her face with her hands, and sank on her knees beside the sofa where we were sitting.

13. "I started up in amazement at her grief, for I had never before seen her so moved. She was habitually calm as a summer's morning; but now her sobs and groans seemed bursting her heart. My knees trembled, and a burning heat rushed over my frame. At that moment, something seemed to open in my head, and a light—I can compare it to nothing else—seemed to be let into my brain.

14. "I saw, or felt—that, perhaps, would be more proper—every word of the lesson I had been learning as though it were graven on a pen of fire. I knew that I could repeat my lesson; and many other lessons that I had vainly tried to learn, now all were present to my memory in perfect arrangement. I stood in a state of entrancement almost, as these new and clear ideas came thronging on my mind, till my dear mother arose from her kneeling posture, and stretched out her hand to draw me to her.

15. "Her face was deadly pale, but perfectly calm and resigned. I have her countenance now before me, mild and beautiful as an angel's. She had given up her hope of my mind, but her love was deeper and more tender, perhaps, because her pride in me had been utterly humbled. Oh! there is no earthly passion so disinterested as a mother's love! She thought, from my countenance, that I was frightened; and drawing me to her, she caressed me, and murmured, 'My son, my dear son!'

16. "'I can say my lesson, mother—I can say my lesson now,' I broke out, and instantly repeated not only the six

lines, but the whole poem which I had heard her read, but had never read myself. She was astonished; but when I went on to repeat hymns and poems which she had in vain tried to teach me for months and years, her joyful exclamations were raised in thanks to God; and her tears again flowed like rain.

17. "I do not think she retired that night at all; for she was kneeling by my bedside when I went to sleep, and when I opened my eyes in the morning she was bending over me. Probably she feared I might lose my memory, and watched my first awaking to confirm her hopes. She was gratified. I recollected more clearly that morning than the previous evening. My whole being seemed changed. Every object looked brighter, every word sounded with a new meaning."

18. "Do you believe that any new faculty of mind was given you?" asked Mrs. Wentworth.

"No, surely not; but my intellect was aroused and enlightened. How this was effected, I do not pretend to say. I have never since found any difficulty in literary pursuits; the exercise of my mind is my most pleasurable employment. I gained the medal with great applause, and was sweetly rewarded by the praises and kisses of my mother.

19. "How happy she was! too happy for this world. I fear the alternations of grief and joy had an injurious effect on her health. She passed away in a few months, and left me an orphan indeed. But her memory can never pass from me while my reason remains. To her I am indebted for all my enjoyment of intellect. I have no doubt, that had a severe and chilling discipline been pursued with me at home as it was at school, I should always have been a dull and ignorant being, perhaps an idiot. To a good, faithful, intelligent mother, what gratitude and respect do not her children owe! I shall always vindicate the cause of woman."

LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Spell and define—

2. Exempted.
3. Suggest.
4. Ingenuity.
5. Ascertain.
6. Pithy.
8. Medal.
10. Comprehend.
11. Intently.
12. Extinguished.
14. Arrangement.
15. Caressed.
16. Exclamations.

LESSON XII.

Spell and define—

1. PAS-CA-GOU'LA, a river of Mississipi.
   GROT'TOES, large caves.
2. TRA-DI'TION, that which is handed down from age to age by oral communication.
   FES'TI-VALS, feasts.
   IN-OF-FEN'SIVE, harmless.
   MER'MAID, a supposed marine animal, said to resemble a woman in the upper part of the body, and a fish in the lower part.
6. OS-CIL-LA'TIONS, moving backward and forward.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

1. While among the Pascagoulas, I was invited to go to the mouth of the river of that name, to listen to the mysterious music which floats on the waters, particularly on a calm moonlight night, and which to this day excites the wonder of visitors. It seems to issue from caverns or grottoes in the bed of the river, and sometimes oozes up through the water under the very keel of the boat which contains the inquisitive traveller, whose ear it strikes as the distant concert of a thousand Æolian harps.

2. On the bank of the river close by the spot where the music is heard, tradition says that there existed a tribe, different in color and other peculiarities from the rest of the Indians. They were a gentle, gay, inoffensive race, and passed their time in festivals and rejoicing. They had a temple in which they worshipped a mermaid—a goddess

derived from their ancestors—who had originally emerged from the sea.

3. Every night when the moon was visible, they gathered around the beautifully carved image of their deity, and, with instruments of strange shape, worshipped the idol with such music as had never before blessed mortal ears.

4. One day, shortly after the destruction of Manvila by De Soto and his companions, there appeared among them a white man with a large cross in his right hand. He drew from his bosom a book which he kissed reverentially, and began to explain to them what was contained in that sacred little casket; and in the course of a few months the holy man was proceeding with much success in his pious undertaking, and the work of conversion was going bravely on, when his purpose was defeated by an awful prodigy.

5. One night, when the moon, at her zenith, poured on heaven and earth with more profusion than usual a flood of angelic light, at the solemn hour of twelve, when all in nature was repose and silence, there came, on a sudden, a rushing on the surface of the river, as if the still air had been flapped into a whirlwind by myriads of invisible wings sweeping around.

6. The water seemed to be seized with convulsive fury; uttering a deep groan, it rolled several times from one bank to the other with rapid oscillations, and then gathered itself up into a towering column of foaming waves, on the top of which stood a mermaid, looking with magnetic eyes that could draw almost every thing to her, and singing with a voice that fascinated into madness.

7. The Indians and the priest rushed to the banks of the river to contemplate this supernatural spectacle. When she saw them, the mermaid turned her tones into still more bewitching melody, and kept chanting a sort of mystic song with an oft-repeated ditty. The Indians listened with growing ecstasy, and one of them plunged into the water, to rise no more. The rest—men, women, and children—fol-

lowed in quick succession, moved, as it were, with the same irresistible impulse.

8. When the last of the race disappeared, a wild laugh of exultation was heard, down returned the river to its bed with the roar of the cataract, and the whole scene seemed to have been but a dream. Ever since that time is heard occasionally the distant music which has excited so much attention and investigation, and which is believed by the other Indian tribes of the neighborhood to come from their musical brethren, who still keep up their revels in the palace of the mermaid. CHARLES GAYARRE.

Spell and define—

1. Inquisitive.
   Æolian.
2. Peculiarities.
4. Reverentially.
   Undertaking.
   Conversion.
5. Zenith.
   Profusion.
   Myriads.
6. Magnetic.
7. Spectacle.
   Bewitching.
   Succession.
   Impulse.
8. Exultation.

LESSON XIII.

Spell and define—

1. BUL'BUL, Persian nightingale.
   HAUNT, frequent.
2. SPAR, mast or yard of a ship.
   SKIFF, a small, light boat.
3. CAR'OL, a joyous song.
   SHEER, at once.
4. DRAG'GLE, to make dirty and wet.
5. SI'REN, an enchantress.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

1. Come, listen! Oh, list to that soft dying strain
   Of my mocking-bird, up on the house-top again;
   He comes every night to these old ruined walls,
   Where soft in the moonlight his melody falls.
   Oh, what can the bulbul or nightingale chant,
   In the climes which they love and the groves which they haunt,

More thrilling and wild than the song I have heard,
In the stillness of night from my sweet mocking bird?

2. I saw him to-day, on his favorite tree,
Where he constantly comes in his glory and glee,
Perched high on a limb, which was standing out far
Above all the rest, like a tall taper spar:
The wind it was wafting that limb to and fro,
And he rode up and down, like a skiff in a blow,
When it sinks with the billow and mounts with its swell;
He knew I was watching—he knew it full well.

4. He folded his pinions and swelled out his throat,
He mimicked each bird in its own native note—
The thrush and the robin, the red bird and all—
And the partridge would whistle and answer his call;
Then stopping his carol, he seemed to prepare,
By the flirt of his wings, for a flight in the air,
When, rising sheer upward, he wheeled down again,
And took up his song where he left off the strain.

4. Would you cage such a creature, and draggle his plumes,
Condemn him to prison, the worst of all dooms;
Take from him the pleasure of flying so free,
And deny him his ride on the wind-wafted tree?
Would you force him to droop within merciless bars,
When the earth is all sunshine, or heaven all stars?
Forbid it, O mercy! and grant him the boon
Of a sail in the sun and a song to the moon.

What a gift he possesses of throat and of lungs!
The gift apostolic—the gift of all tongues!
Ah, could he but utter the lessons of love,
To wean us from earth and to waft us above,
What siren could tempt us to wander again?
We'd seek but the siren outpouring that strain,

Would listen to naught but his soft dying fall,
As he sat all alone on some old ruined wall.

ST. LEGER L. CARTER.

Spell and define—

1. Melody.
   Chant.
2. Glee.
3. Pinions.
   Mimicked.
4. Dooms.
   Boon.
5. Apostolic.
   Waft.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE.

SOURCES OF MISERY.—Whence arises the misery of the present world? It is not owing to our cloudy atmosphere, our changing seasons and inclement skies. It is not owing to the debility of our bodies, or to the unequal distribution of the goods of fortune. Amidst all disadvantages of this kind, a pure, a steadfast and enlightened mind, possessed of strong virtue, could enjoy itself in peace, and smile at the impotent assaults of fortune and the elements. It is within ourselves that misery has fixed its seat. Our disordered hearts, our guilty passions, our violent prejudices, and misplaced desires, are the instruments of the trouble which we endure. These sharpen the darts which adversity would otherwise point in vain against us.

LESSON XIV.

Spell and define—

1. PICK'ET, guard on an outpost.
3. MUT'TERS, speaks in a low voice.
5. LAG'GING, lingering behind.
   PLASH'ING, spattering.

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT."

1. "All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
   "Except now and then a stray picket
   Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
   By a rifleman hid in the thicket."

'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

2. All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping:
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

3. There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain:
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother, may Heaven defend her!

4. The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low-murmured vows
Were pledged, to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

5. He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footsteps are lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of a wood dark and dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was't the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha!—Mary, good by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

6. All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty for ever!

ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

1. Thicket. Gleaming. Tremulous.
3. Sentry. Welling. Unspoken.
5. Dreary. Rustled. Ebbing.

LESSON XV.

Spell and define—

1. ARCH'I-TECTS, builders, formers, makers.
DES'TI-NIES, ultimate fate, appointed condition.
2. ME-DI-OC'RI-TY, a middle state or degree of talents.
ME'DI-O-CRE, a man of moderate talents.
3. FI'AT, decree.
5. CON'DOR, a large bird.
EM-PYR'EAL, relating to the highest and purest region of the heavens.
6. CA-REER'ING, moving rapidly.
PROW'ESS, bravery, boldness.
A-CHIEVE'MENTS, something accomplished by exertion.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

1. The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be chiefly his own work. Rely upon it, that the ancients were right; both in morals and intellect, we give their final shape to our characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortune. How else could it happen that young men who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us

with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies?

2. Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You will see issuing from the walls of the same college, nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family, two young men, of whom one will be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you will see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you will observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

3. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you can do no more than afford you the opportunity of instruction: but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction.

4. And of this be assured, I speak from observation a certain truth: there is no excellence without great labor. It is the fiat of fate, from which no power of genius can absolve you.

5. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle, till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South-America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself, at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

6. It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion, this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, this careering and wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and these long reaches of thought, that

"Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
And drag up drownèd honor by the locks;"

this is the prowess, and these the hardy achievements, which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

WIRT.

Spell and define—

1. Individual.
Characters.
Precisely.
Opportunities.
Intellectual.
Emphatically.
Results.

2. Difference.
Candidate.
Obscurity.
Distinction.

3. Manifestly.
Respective.
Instruction.

4. Absolve.

5. Magnanimous.
Invigorated.

6. Capacity.
Investigation.
Vigorous.
Comprehension.

LESSON XVI.

Spell and define—

FRAIL, weak, easily destroyed.
BRIEF, short.
BE-WAIL', mourn for.

3. PRINTS, tracks.
STRAND, shore of the sea.
VES'TIGE, marks or remains.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

1. My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me.

2. My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;

Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless and soon to pass away;
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

3. My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

HON. RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

LESSON XVII.

Spell and define—

1. CHORDS, strings of a musical instrument.
2. RHYME, poetry.
3. DECREE', authority.
4. BARD, poet.

DEATH OF RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

1. The harp that sang "the Summer Rose,"
In strains so sweetly and so well,
That, soft as dews at evening's close,
The pure and liquid numbers fell,
Is hushed and shattered! now no more
Its silvery chords their music pour,
But, crushed by an untimely blow,
Both harp and flower in dust lie low!

2. The bard—alas! I knew him well—
A noble, generous, gentle heart,

Which, as his brave hand struck the shell,
Poured feelings through the veins of art.
What radiant beauty round his lyre,
Pure as his loved Italian fire!
He caught the sweetest beams of rhyme—
The Tasso of our Western clime!

3. Nor this alone; a loftier power,
That shone in halls of high degree,
And swayed the feelings of the hour,
As summer winds the rippled sea—
Bright eloquence! to him was given—
That spark the prophet drew from heaven!
It touched his lips with patriot flame,
And shed a halo round his name.

4. Bard of the South! the "Summer Rose"
May perish with the "autumnal leaf,"
The "footprints left on Tampa's" shores
May vanish with a date as brief;
But thine shall be the "life" of fame—
No winter winds can wreck thy name;
And future minstrels shall rehearse
Thy virtues in memorial verse!

HON. A. B. MEEK.

Spell and define—

1. Shattered.
Untimely.
2. Generous.
Shell.
3. Rippled.
Halo.
4. Vanish.
Fame.
Minstrels.

LESSON XVIII.

Spell and define—

2. SI-LO'AM, a celebrated pool on the south-east of the temple of Jerusalem.
4. PHAR'I-SEES, a sect among the Jews, whose religion consisted in a strict observance of rites and ceremonies.
MIR'A-CLE, a wonderful event produced by divine power.
6. SYN'A-GOGUE, a congregation of the Jews met for worship.
8. RE-VILED', reproached.
MAR'VEL-LOUS, wonderful.
WOR'SHIP-PER, one who pays divine honors.
AL-TO-GETH'ER, entirely.
10. RE-MAIN'ETH, fixed or continued.

CHRIST AND THE BLIND MAN.—(JOHN IX.)

1. And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.

2. When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam, (which is, by interpretation, Sent.) He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing.

3. The neighbors, therefore, and they which before had seen him, that he was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged? Some said, This is he: others said, He is like him: but he said, I am he. Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened? He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash: and I went and washed, and I received sight. Then said they unto him, Where is he. He said, I know not.

4. They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind. And it was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay, and opened his eyes. Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed and do see. Therefore said some of the Pharisees, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day. Others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles? And there was a division among them.

5. They say unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of him, that he hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet. But the Jews did not believe concerning him that he had been blind, and received his sight, until they called the parents of him that had received his sight. And they asked them, saying, Is this your son, who ye say was born blind? how then doth he now see? His parents answered them and said, We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind: but by what means he now seeth, we know not; or who hath opened his eyes, we know not: he is of age; ask him: he shall speak for himself.

6. These words spake his parents, because they feared the Jews: for the Jews had agreed already, that if any man did confess that he was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue.. Therefore said his parents, He is of age; ask him.

7. Then again called they the man that was blind, and said unto him, Give God the praise: we know that this man is a sinner. He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. Then they said to him again, What did he to thee? how opened he thine eyes? He answered them, I have told you already, and ye did not hear: wherefore would ye hear it again? Will ye also be his disciples?

8. Then they reviled him, and said, Thou art his disciple; but we are Moses' disciples. We know that God spake unto Moses: as for this fellow, we know not from whence

he is. The man answered and said unto them, Why, herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes. Now we know that God heareth not sinners: but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth. Since the world began was it not heard, that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing. They answered and said unto him, Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us? And they cast him out.

9. Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when he had found him, he said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him.

10. And Jesus said, For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind. And some of the Pharisees which were with him heard these words, and said unto him, Are we blind also? Jesus said unto them, If ye were blind, ye should have no sin! but now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth.

BIBLE.

Spell and define—

1. Disciples.
   Manifest.
2. Anointed.
   Interpretation.
5. Concerning.
   Answered.
6. Confess.
7. Sinner.
8. Fellow.
   Worshipper.
9. Talketh.
10. Judgment.

LESSON XIX.

Spell and define—

1. Ex-cur'sion, journey, expedition.
   A-ban'don-ing, forsaking.
2. Prai'ries, extensive tracts of level land destitute of trees and covered with tall grass.
   Wig'wams, Indian cabins or huts.
3. Vet'e-ran, one grown old in service.
4. Cer'e-mo-ny, form or rite.
5. Mel'an-chol-y, gloomy, sad.
   De-crep'it, infirm from age.

ABANDONMENT OF THE AGED BY THE INDIANS.

1. The worst trait in the character of the North-American Indians is the neglect shown the aged and helpless. This is carried to such a degree, that on a march or a hunting excursion, it is a common practice for Indians to leave behind their nearest relations, if old and infirm, giving them a little food and water, and then abandoning them without ceremony to their fate. When thus forsaken by all that is dear to them, the fortitude of these old people does not forsake them, and their inflexible Indian courage sustains them against despondency. They regard themselves as entirely useless; and, as the custom of the nation has long led them to anticipate this mode of death, they attempt not to remonstrate against the measure, which is, in fact, often the result of their own solicitation.

2. Catlin, one of the most zealous defenders of the Indian character, relates the following scene, of which he was an eye-witness in the year 1840. "We found that the Punchas were packing up all their goods, and preparing to start for the prairies in pursuit of buffaloes, to dry meat for their winter's supplies. They took down their wigwams of skins to carry with them. My attention was directed by Major Sanford, the Indian agent, to one of the most miserable and helpless-looking objects I had ever seen in my life—a very aged and emaciated man of the tribe, who, he told me, was

going to be exposed! The tribe were going where hunger and dire necessity obliged them to go; and this pitiable object, who had once been a chief, and a man of distinction in his tribe, but who was now too old to travel, being reduced to mere skin and bone, was to be left to starve, or meet such a death as might fall to his lot, and his bones to be picked by the wolves!

3. "I lingered around this poor, forsaken patriarch, for hours before we started. I wept; and it was a relief to weep, looking at the old, abandoned veteran, whose eyes were dimmed, whose venerable locks were whitened by a hundred years, whose limbs were almost naked, and who trembled with cold as he sat by a small fire which his friends had left him, with a few sticks of wood within his reach, and a buffalo's skin stretched upon some crotches over his head. Such was to be his only dwelling, and such were the chances for his life, with only a few half-picked bones within his reach, and a dish of water, without means of any kind to replenish his supply, or to move his body from that fatal locality.

4. "His friends and his children had all left him, and were preparing in a little time to be on their march. He had told them to leave him, 'he was old,' he said, 'and too feeble to march.' 'My children,' said he, 'our nation is poor, and it is necessary that you should all go to the country where you can get meat. My eyes are dimmed, and my strength is no more; my days are nearly all numbered, and I am a burden to my children; I cannot go, and I wish to die. Keep your hearts stout, and think not of me; I am no longer good for any thing.' In this way they had finished the ceremony of exposing him, and taken their final leave of him. I advanced to the old man, and was undoubtedly the last human being who held converse with him. I sat by the side of him, and though he could not distinctly see me, he shook me heartily by the hand, and

smiled, evidently aware that I was a white man, and that I sympathized with his inevitable misfortune.

5. "When passing by the site of the Puncha village a few months after this, in my canoe, I went ashore with my men, and found the poles and the buffalo-skin standing as they were left over the old man's head. The firebrands were lying nearly as I had left them; and I found, at a few yards' distance, the skull and other bones of the old man, which had been picked and cleaned by the wolves, which is probably all that any human being can ever know of his final and melancholy fate. This cruel custom of exposing their aged people belongs, I think, to all the tribes who roam about the prairies, making severe marches, when such decrepit persons are totally unable to go, unable to ride or to walk, and when they have no means of carrying them."

ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

1. Inflexible.
Despondency.
Remonstrate.
Solicitation.
Anticipate.
2. Distinction.
Emaciated.
3. Patriarch.
Crotches.
Replenish.
Venerable.
Dwelling.
Locality.
4. Sympathized.
Misfortune.
5. Canoe.
Exposing.
Totally.

LESSON XX.

Spell and define—

1. CLASS'IC-AL, correct, refined.
AN-AB'A-SIS, Xenophon's history of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks.
2. BUCK'LERS, ancient shields.
3. PHAN'TOMS, fancied visions.
4. BIV'OUAC, an encampment without tents or covering.
O-LYM'PI-AN, relating to the Olympic games.

HOME.

1. I know of no passage in classical literature more beautiful or affecting than that where Xenophon, in his Anabasis, describes the effect produced on the remnant of the ten thousand Greeks, when, after passing through dangers without number, they at length ascended a sacred mountain, and from its peaked summit caught a sight of the sea.

2. Clashing their bucklers, with a hymn of joy they rushed tumultuously forward. Some wept with the fulness of their delirious pleasure, others laughed, and more fell on their knees, and blessed that broad ocean. Across its blue waters, little floating sea-birds, the memorials of their happy homes, came and fanned their weary souls.

3. All the perils they had encountered, all the companions they had lost, all the miseries they had endured, were in an instant forgotten, and naught was with them but the gentle phantoms of past and future joys.

4. One was again scouring across the hoof-trodden plains of Thessaly; another reclined beneath the flower-crowned rocks of Arcadia, and gazed into the dreamy eyes of her whose form, amid battle and bivouac, was ever with him; a third recalled that proud day, when, before the streaming eyes of his overjoyed parents, and amid the acclamations of all Greece, he bore off, from amid competitors, the laurel wreath of the Olympian victor.

5. O home! magical, all-powerful home! how strong must have been thy influence, when thy faintest memory could cause those bronzed heroes of a thousand fights to weep like tearful women! With the cooling freshness of a desert fountain, with the sweet fragrance of a flower found in winter, you came across the great waters to those wandering men, and beneath the peaceful shadow of your wings their souls found rest.

6. It is related of a Greek islander in exile, that, being taken to the vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire its

beauty, he only replied, "The sea—where is it?" Upon this incident Mrs. Hemans has penned the following appropriate lines:

7. "Where is the sea? I languished here—where is my own blue sea,
With all its barks in fleet career, and flags and breezes free?
I miss that voice of waves which first awoke my childish glee;
The measured chime, the thundering burst—where is my own blue sea?
Oh, rich your myrtle breath may rise; soft, soft your winds may be,
Yet my sick heart within me dies—where is my own blue sea?
I hear the shepherd's mountain flute, I hear the whispering tree;
The echoes of my soul are mute—where is my own blue sea?" ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

. Literature.
Peaked.
. Tumultuously.
Delirious.
Memorials.
. Encountered

4. Reclined.
Acclamations.
Competitors
5. Magical.
Bronzed.
Fragrance.

6. Exile.
Incident
7. Languish.
Career.
Chime.
Myrtle.

LESSON XXI.

Spell and define—

. MIEN, manner, air.
WEEN, think.
. AC'CENT, manner of speaking.

4. HAP'LESS, unfortunate.
5. LIST'EN-ER, one who listens.
6. IM-PEND'ING, threatening.

IT IS SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

1. As late I walked along the street,
I chanced a little child to meet;
And though it wept with sore outcry,
Uncared for by the passers-by:
Yet one there was of gentle mien—
A mother's heart was hers, I ween—.
Who paused and asked the infant's grief,
And soothingly she gave relief.

2. Meanwhile, the listless crowd looked on,
Till, with unwonted feeling, one
Spoke wondering, with a sort of stare,
And asked why she should show such care?
"Is it your child?"—she turned and gazed
Upon the questioner, amazed,
And answered with an accent mild,
"No; but it is somebody's child!"

3. There spoke a woman's sympathy,
That turned to soothe an infant's cry,
And felt, because some mother's heart
For the child's grief with pain would smart.

4. Thus felt the Egyptian princess, while
The bulrush ark beside the Nile
Was opened, and the "goodly child"
She rescued from the waters wild
Lay "weeping" there; compassion woke
Within her breast, and thus she spoke:
"'Tis of the hapless Hebrew race:
Go find a nurse, in whose embrace
He shall be reared to be my son,
Whom I have from the waters drawn."

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5. Man's sterner soul may lightly heed
The claim of childhood in its need;
And e'en his selfish policy
May cast it forth and let it die;
But God still watches o'er the weak,
And makes their tears with power speak,
When woman's gentler spirit feels
The pity which, in her, appeals;
And pain and grief can find in her,
A tender, patient listener;
A heart to soothe, a hand to give,
And bid the helpless outcast live.

6. Go thou, of winning mien and form,
And strive to cheer with pity warm
Some sufferer, whom thy bounteous deed
Shall rescue from impending need;
And from the field thy tender care
Hath blessed, shalt thou reap blessings rare;
Gladness shall fill thy heart—thy face
Shall beam with beauteous light—and grace
Thy steps attend—for thou shalt be
Like Christ, whose life was sympathy. ANON.

Spell and define—

1. Outcry.
Uncared.
2. Meanwhile.
Gazed.
Amazed.
3. Soothe.
4. Egyptian.
Rescued.
5. Watches.
Patient.
6. Bounteous.
Beauteous.

LESSON XXII.

Spell and define—

6. EF'FLU-ENCE, that which flows or issues from any substance or body.
   ES'SENCE, being, existence.
   IN-CRE-ATE', uncreated.
14. STY'GI-AN, referring to the Styx, fabled to be a river of hell.
15. SO'JOURN, a temporary residence.
16. OR'PHE-AN, relating to Orpheus, a celebrated musician.
18. CHA'OS, confusion, disorder.
25. DROP'SE-RENE, a disease of the eye.
26. SUF-FU'SION, the state of being spread over as with a fluid.
39. DARK'LING, without light.
40. NOC-TUR'NAL, nightly.
49. EX-PUNGED', rubbed out, blotted out.
    RAZED, blotted out, obliterated.
53. IR-RA'DI-ATE, illuminate, enlighten.

APOSTROPHE TO LIGHT.

Hail! holy Light, offspring of Heaven first born,
Or of the eternal, coëternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou, rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of chaos and eternal night,
Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down

The dark descent, and up to reäscend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign, vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes that roll in vain,
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop-serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion vailed. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two, equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year,
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even and morn;
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose;
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud, instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom, at one entrance, quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight. MILTON.

Spell and define—

2. Coëternal.
4. Unapproached.
7. Ethereal.
10. Invest.
12. Void.
13. Revisit.
14. Escaped.
15. Obscure.
17. Lyre.
22. Sovereign.
Vital.
24. Piercing.
26. Vailed.
27. Haunt.
31. Hallowed.
34. Renown.
37. Voluntary.
38. Harmonious.
39. Covert.
51. Celestial.
54. Disperse.

LESSON XXIII.

Spell and define—

1. EBBED, flowed.
TO'KEN, a sign.
2. GHAST'LY, deathlike.
DE-CLINE', go down.
3. STRUG'GLES, contests.
4. COM'RADE, a fellow-soldier.
RE-GRET', grief, sorrow.
5. SCORN'ING, treating with contempt.
6. CON-FI'DING-LY, lovingly.
7. CALM'LY, quietly.
DREAD'FUL, full of horror.

"BINGEN ON THE RHINE."

1. "A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers:
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was lack of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took his comrade's hand,
And he said, I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine.

2. "Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And 'midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,
The death-wounds on their gallant breasts the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's noon decline,
And one had come from Bingen, from Bingen on the Rhine.

3. "Tell my mother that her sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen, calm Bingen on the Rhine.

4. Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again with gay and gallant tread;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seeks her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

5. "There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye,
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning,
Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the sun be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

6. "I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the pleasant hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk,

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, loved Bingen on the Rhine.

7. "His voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was childish, weak,
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed, and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down,
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine,
As it did in distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine."

MRS. NORTON.

Spell and define—

1. Faltered.
   Message.
2. Companions.
   Gallant.
3. Truant.
   Scanty.
4. Drooping.
   Proudly.
5. Merriment.
   Coquetry.
6. Chorus.
   Echoing.
7. Hoarse.
   Foreign.
   Corpses.

LESSON XXIV.

Spell and define—

1. PLEN'I-TUDE, fulness.
2. CAN'VAS, a coarse cloth on which paintings are executed.
3. A-NON'Y-MOUS, without a name.
4. DEN'I-ZENS, inhabitants.
5. BOURN, a bound, a limit.
6. DUN'GEONS, dark prisons.
7. GON'DO-LA, a boat used on the canals of Venice.
   IG-NO'BLE, mean.

THE DUCAL PALACE—VENICE.

1. Having witnessed the posthumous gratitude and grief of these devout Romanists for the munificence of a dead benefactor, we turned to the Doge's or Ducal Palace, where you may be sure we found much both to look at and think about. This great structure is intimately connected with both the past glory and the shame of Venice, and is crowded with the finest works of art as well. Here, as at the Academy of Fine Arts, those great Masters who have given renown to the Venetian school of painting, shine in the plenitude of their splendor.

2. The grand old Senate Chamber, for instance, is radiant with their choice productions; one of them, the Last Judgment, by Tintorini—a subject, by the way, which some of the Venetian legislators needed to have conspicuously before them—covering one entire end wall of the hall. This room is also remarkable for the first paintings ever executed on canvas. Here also is the library—a storehouse of rare old books and manuscripts.

3. In other parts of the palace you have mementoes of the methods of administering "justice" in by-gone days. Near the entrance to the Council Chamber is a letter-box, accessible from the outside, into which were dropped anonymous accusations against such persons as the malignantly disposed might wish to ruin. Here also is the masked chamber, where witnesses could swear to the foulest charges, and nobody ever know who gave the testimony, and opening out of which is the secret door through which the accused and condemned passed, to see the sunlight of liberty and life no more for ever.

4. Some of these apartments are elegantly finished with panels of cedar and rich carvings. Here and there is a blank space, once filled with a choice picture, but which Napoleon carried off, with his other spoils, to Paris, and which has never found its way back. In one room is shown

a map of special interest to denizens of our own new world. It was made before Christopher Columbus discovered our Western shores, and is a map of the world, without America.

5. With the Ducal Palace is also connected another celebrity, of which every one has heard—the celebrated "Bridge of Sighs." It extends from the palace to the prisons, and is divided into a gallery and a cell. Prisoners, when taken out to die, were conducted over this bridge into the cell, and there strangled. It was "the bourn from which no traveller returned;" hence its name. It is a short bridge, but the journey was a very long one.

6. The dungeons underneath the palace even now fill one with horror to visit them, being even more dismal and terrible than the old Mamertine prisons at Rome. An intricate passage leads to them, and the lower ones are far under ground. The wretched cells are narrow and low-roofed, and closed with heavy masonry. They are in midnight darkness, and the only chance for air is from a little hole in the door. Human ingenuity could scarcely devise a more horrible sepulchre for the living.

7. Prisoners who were not left to linger out the miserable remnant of their days in the midnight gloom of these dungeons, were furnished a more speedy means of exit from this world, in the garroting chair which once stood in the adjoining passage. To this the unhappy victim, having been conducted in the dead of night, and seated in it, was strangled, and his neck broken by the turn of the fatal screw, when his body was handed out of a little door, arranged for the purpose, and borne away by the stealthy gondola to its ignoble last resting-place. Hard as is the present lot of Venice under Austrian rule, it is not so bad as in those by-gone days of terror.

REV. JOHN LEYBURN.

Spell and define—

1. Posthumous.
   Munificence.
2. Radiant.
   Conspicuously.
3. Mementoes.
   Accessible.
   Malignantly.
5. Celebrity.
6. Intricate.
   Sepulchre.
7. Exit.
   Garroting.

LESSON XXV.

Spell and define

1. WAIL'ETH, lamenteth.
   HAIL'ETH, saluteth.
2. SHROUD, the dress of the dead.
3. PRO-CES'SION, a company moving in order.
   A-MENDS', corrections.
4. RE-LENT'ING, softening in temper.
6. RE-DRESS'ING, setting right.
7. IM-MOR-TAL'I-TY, unending life.

ON THE DEATH OF THE YEAR '59, WHICH ENDED ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

1. Hark to the solemn tones! the Old Year waileth
   His farewell accents on the midnight air,
   Faint, and more faintly, while the Sabbath haileth
   The New with prayer.

2. Another, yet another, friend is leaving,
   His minute-pulse grows still, and chill his breath,
   While silently his shroud, the snow flakes weaving,
   Wrap him in death.

3. What sad fond memories in procession thronging!
   As ever round the grave of other friends,
   And then all fruitlessly, there comes the longing
   To make amends.

4. The dead, alas! heed not our deep relenting,
   Nor heed the low, sad music of our sighs;
   But living fruits, the growth of our repenting,
   The living prize.

5. It is as when a gentle mother giveth
The life on which another's trembling hung;
The new-born Year, with Hope which ever liveth,
From death has sprung.

6. If loud her woes and wrongs call for redressing,
And cry to Heaven for vengeance on your head,
Heap on her offspring that repentant blessing
Denied the dead.

7. And light of immortality down-streaming
Around the future of the cradled Year,
Shows in its circling hues a promise beaming,
Wrought from the tear.

SALLIE P. ATKINSON.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE.

WHAT MAKES A LADY?

What makes a lady?—not the pride of place—
Not empty vauntings of a high-born race;
Not wealth, however won; not tinsel show,
Nor polish, such as boarding-schools bestow;
Nor artful artlessness, nor studied grace,
Nor wit sarcastic, that, to gain its end,
Would wound the helpless or estrange a friend;
Nor ball-room conquests, such as leave a trace
Of that dead-heartedness to which they tend.
All these dazzle; yes, may charm awhile,
But cannot long a worthy heart beguile.

What makes a lady? A most upright mind;
A heart most loving, disposition kind
And gentle as the west wind's softest play;
But firm to tread when duty points the way;
An honest love of truth that will not bend
To slander rivals or to praise a friend;

A dignity on noble purpose based,
That mingles gladness in the mourner's cup,
Restrains the proud, but lifts the humble up;
And purity of thought that may be traced
In every act and word: these make the lady.

LESSON XXVI.

Spell and define—

1. IN-U-TIL'I-TY, uselessness.
   RA-PID'I-TY, swiftness.
2. AG'GRA-VATES, makes worse.
3. A-DAPT'ED, made suitable.
   PEE'VISH-NESS, fretfulness.
4. SUR-VIVES', outlives.
5. RET-RI-BU'TION, reward.
   PREY'ING, wasting gradually.

THE FOLLY OF COMPLAINING.

1. The folly of complaining is evident from its utter inutility. If complaints could rebuild the house consumed by fire, if complaints could gather again the wealth once scattered, if complaints could infuse rapidity into the sluggish blood and retouch the pale and wasted cheek with the rich hue of health, if complaints could reach the ear of death and recall the loved lost ones, and give their lips the eloquence of love, and their eyes the glance of affection that once thrilled us—then might a man complain, and his neighbors might not call it foolish.

2. But it injures one's character to indulge in complaints. Without making his condition better, it destroys that gentleness of spirit which is so soothing in affliction, and deprives a man of the fortitude with which the ills of life should be borne. It aggravates the wounds of the spirit. It exaggerates the minor evils of existence. When grown into a habit, it makes a man a perpetual self-tormentor, and a source of continual vexation to his family and friends. And this wretched habit, growing with a man's years, renders him not only unhappy in himself and disagreeable to

others, but it makes him a worse man, by exciting his own evil passions, and an injurious man, by irritating the passions of others.

3. Its great sinfulness is seen further in the fact, that it has its rise in the exceeding selfishness of the heart. Every thing must go as the man wishes, or he is full of bitter complaints. The millions of the world's population must be overlooked, and the world's Governor must set Himself to study the comfort of the complainer. The seasons must be adapted to his convenience; the tide in the affairs of men must be turned into the channel which bears him on to fortune, no matter how many thousands are ruined by the change; and the gates of life and death must be opened and shut at his pleasure; or he complains of fortune, that is, of the providence of God. It is no slight degree of sinfulness to be so presumptuous as to call God's works and ways into question, without the spirit of devout solemnity, under the irritation of a short-sighted selfishness, and with the peevishness of a perverse, ill-natured, spoilt child. To the folly is added the great sin of ingratitude.

4. But wherefore should a living man complain? Has he not life? and having life, has he not hope? The future is before him, full of promise, and may he not hope that he stands near the very movement in the world which is to lift him up to bliss and prosperity? Has he not the present—a rich mine of gold beneath his feet, that only asks labor to spread its glories to his eyes? Has he not a mind within him—a living, bounding, powerful principle, which survives the material changes around it, which leaps the tallest obstacle and flings every opponent aside? What may stand before his mind? Has he not a heart—a heart in which fountains of affection are gushing up to refresh him and bless others? Let him clear those fountains of the rubbish of sin, and sweet as the waters of paradise will they be. And, stript of every outward possession, naked and alone, let him stand in a wilderness place of this world—he is a

man, he is alive, he is immortal, the greatest, noblest, and most glorious creature that treads the earth—the child of time, but the heir of eternity!

5. In addition to the minor common causes of complaint in the world, there is one which, it may not be too much to say, is common to every unregenerate heart—the complaint on account of the punishment of sin. There is often a deep murmuring of spirit, which does not always find its way to the lips. There is a restlessness and discontent, a dissatisfaction, and even a rebellion of heart against God, when the rod of justice falls on the sinner in the midst of his iniquities, or after the lapse of years teaches him that God does not forget. It is clear that retribution is not all delayed until the awful day of doom. It is clear that the earnest of the final punishment comes upon many, if not upon all, while yet in the flesh. The preying disease which succeeds excessive and sinful indulgence, the remorse of heart, the distraction of mind, the civil and domestic miseries, which follow in the wake of crime—these show that the great Governor has linked pain with sin.

REV. C. F. DEEMS, D.D.

Spell and define—

1. Infuse.
2. Soothing.
   Fortitude.
   Irritating.
3. Channel.
   Perverse.
4. Bounding.
   Obstacle.
5. Minor.
   Unregenerate.
   Restlessness.
   Discontent.

LESSON XXVII.

Spell and define—

5. SE-QUES'TERED, secluded, private.
14. BE-NIG'NANT, gracious, kind.
20. GLEAMED, shone brightly.
27. VAULTS, hidden recesses.
50. POR-TRAYED', painted.
55. GAR'LAND-ED, adorned with wreaths of flowers.
83. BEN-E-DIC'TION, blessing.
91. STUN'NING, confounding.

FATHER DERUELLE.

Hast thou forgotten him? A holy man
Who but a little while—a year ago
Found in a thousand homes a welcome kind;
And wouldst thou know indeed? Then go amidst
The sweet sequestered homes of wealth, nestling
Among our mountains wild, and ask; or seek
The lowly cottage by the way amidst
Our western hills, or where the shadowy pines
In solemn grandeur stand upon the low
White-sanded plains, ask one and all, and hear
From gray-haired sire, to playful, prattling child,
"He is remembered here."
E'en now his kind,
Benignant face I see as oft of old,
When on his yearly round he came. What deep
Humility was his! And yet there was
A conscious dignity in his whole life,
Which showed he felt his high commission too,
And would honor claim for Him who sent him forth.
How kindly gleamed his dark expressive eye,
From 'neath his overhanging brows! It seemed
To read the inmost soul, and his kind heart
Dictated for that soul the very words
It most required; but they were words of love
Even to the erring; and his warning voice
Long lingered in the galleries of the heart,
And in the vaults of conscience echoes woke
When harsh invectives would have rattled down
Like hail upon the slated roof. His face
A cordial welcome met in many a home
Where now his absence long is deep lamented.
Each child he knew by name, each claimed him as
Its own peculiar friend. And on his lap
Would climb at eventide, by turns the lambs

Of every household; sometimes a story
Strange and wonderful to tell of their own
Exploits since he last was there, but oftener
Still to beg a story of his wanderings
Far and near; and from his stores exhaustless,
He would draw full many a gem of knowledge
And of precious truth, which in their memories
Long would shine, while older hearts attention
Gave, and from his converse wiser grew.
Few were his wants and easily supplied,
And on his head at parting blessings fell
From those who, ne'er till then, beheld his face,
But seeing once could never lose again.
His own great aim in life was faithfully
To serve. The harvest white, the laborers few—
A scene portrayed for ever in his view.
To reap, to gather in ere his own sun
Went down; the golden hours in golden deeds
To spend. These were the objects of his life.
But why, oh why! do not his faithful feet
Return? The Spring, all garlanded with flowers,
And regal Summer, and bright-tinted Fall,
Have each their empire held, and given way
To Winter stern and cold, and yet he comes
Not still. Come in, ye little ones who wait
Impatient for his coming at the gate;
Put back the "Holy Bible" to its place;
And put aside the old arm-chair brought out
For his especial use. No more he'll come—
No more will he unfold the wondrous depths
Of knowledge and of wisdom heavenly taught
In God's own Book to your believing hearts.
To many a lowly cottage by the way
When all was dark and drear, and Hope looked not
Beyond the grave for immortality,
He like a messenger divine has gone

And borne to these benighted ones the lamp
Of life, nor left them till its joyous beams
Had scattered darkness from their contrite hearts.
But this is o'er, and he to his reward has gone.
Not 'midst the loved ones of his own dear home,
Did he the mandate hear, "Come higher up,
Beloved of the Lord." Not with the hand
Of her, the helpmeet of his walk in life,
Soft resting on his brow, did he expire.
His parting words, those ever prized the most
And last to be forgot in kindred ears
Were not breathed forth. The look, the lingering tone,
The benediction fond which unto them—
His children—would have brought a pleasure, sad
Indeed and mournful—yet a pleasure still,
On them were not bestowed, nor did he stop
As for a single night to rest in some
Dear home of his adoption in our midst,
And find his journey o'er, his final rest
At hand. Then would the heavy stroke have come
With less of stunning power. But far away
From human ken, alone, save with his God,
And those blest spirits ministrant, who turned
With heavenly hands the green sod on the brow
Of Nebo's lofty cliffs, and gently laid
The Patriarch Moses to his peaceful rest.
No sigh from human heart was o'er him heard,
But through the dark and melancholy pines
There came a deep, long, swelling sigh
As if one universal pang of grief
Heaved every bosom when his spirit fled.
Mournful and sad they waved their funeral plumes,
And the evening winds with murmured whispering
Through the branches swept as if the tidings
Sad each to the other bore.

Like a watchman

On the wall—like a soldier at his post,
With his full armor girt about, he fell,
And, faithful unto death, a crown of life
Has from the Master's hand received.

MARY AYER MILLER.

Spell and define—

5. Nestling.
9. Grandeur.
11. Sire.
18. Commission.
26. Galleries.
28. Invectives.
37. Exploits.
39. Exhaustless.
73. Contrite.
76. Mandate.
91. Stunning.
93. Ministrant.

LESSON XXVIII.

Spell and define—

1. EM'I-GRANTS, those who remove from one country to another.
AUS'PI-CES, influences.
3. HUR'RI-CANE, a violent storm of wind.
TROP'I-CAL, belonging to the torrid zone.
YARDS, long timbers on which the sails of a ship are extended.
KETCH, a vessel with two masts.
8. CALKED, stopped, filled up.
9. STEERED, directed, guided.

VOYAGE OF SIR GEORGE SOMERS TO VIRGINIA.

1. Emigrants now offered themselves from every quarter and of every class. Nine vessels were equipped and furnished with every thing necessary to safety during the voyage, and to the comfort of the colonists on their arrival. They carried nearly five hundred settlers, besides the crews, and set forth under auspices so flattering as to attract to their enterprise the title of "the Virgine voyage." Lord Delaware remained yet in England, intending to follow them in the course of a few months. Sir George Somers was appointed admiral of Virginia, and Sir Thomas Gates lieutenant-general, and Christopher Newport commander

of the fleet; but by a most unwise arrangement, these three officers all embarked in the same ship, being unable to determine among themselves the important question of priority.

2. They sailed from Plymouth on the second day of June, and notwithstanding their express orders to proceed immediately westward, they went as far south as the twenty-sixth degree of latitude, and paid the penalty of their delay in disease and death among their crews. But a more imposing danger now assailed them.

3. On the 24th of July a tremendous hurricane came on, attended with all the horrors of a tropical storm. The heavens became gradually darker, until they assumed a pitchy hue; the lightnings were incessant, and the thunder seemed to burst immediately above the tops of the masts; the wind blew with so much fury, that sails were torn from the yards, masts were carried away, and the sea, rolling in huge waves over their decks, swept off every thing that could be displaced, and entering the holds, it reduced many of their cargoes to ruin. In this awful tempest, the ships of the fleet were separated, and the ketch, unable to weather the storm, foundered at sea, and all her crew were lost. Leaving the other ships for a season, we must now follow the Sea Adventure, in which the three principal commanders had embarked together.

4. This stout vessel was heavily laden with provisions, and carried out the commission for the new government in Virginia. Her safety was all-important, but it seemed impossible that she could survive. A leak admitted streams of water, and incessant pumping for three days and four nights could scarcely keep her afloat. During all this time the venerable Somers kept the deck. His gray locks streamed in the tempest, and were saturated with rain, yet his self-possession never deserted him. Even when his exhausted crew abandoned all hope, and staving the spirit-casks, endeavored to drown thought in intoxication, he

retained his calmness, and was the first to discover land. The ship struck the ground about half a mile from the shore, and was thrown in such a position between two rocks, that all on board were easily saved.

5. The island on which they were wrecked was one of the well-known Bermuda group, lying in the Atlantic, about six hundred miles from the American coast. They have never been remarkable for their fertility; but their climate is charming. When approached from the seaboard they present a most picturesque appearance; and they have been invested with peculiar interest by the notice of an English poet, who once passed a season of his life within their rocky barrier.

6. The isle they first reached was uninhabited. It had previously been visited by the Spaniards, and in 1591 an English ship had been cast away upon its coast, but now none of the human species were left. It was, moreover, supposed to be enchanted. Strange tales of demons and monsters of fantastic form had been received, and the English sailors were alive to all the superstitions of their class. But they had no reason to complain of inhospitable treatment in this fairy land. The air was pure, the heavens were serene, the waters abounded with excellent fish, the beach was covered with turtles, birds of many kinds enlivened the forests, and the whole island swarmed with hogs, which were so numerous that very little labor sufficed to procure plenty.

7. Amid this profusion they remained nine months. The loveliness of nature had not subdued human passions. Somers was envied, and the commanders lived apart; yet the influence of the good admiral was exerted to have daily worship, and on Sunday divine service was performed, and two sermons were preached by Mr. Bucke, their chaplain. In the brief space of this sojourn one marriage was celebrated, two children were born and baptized, five persons died, of whom one was murdered; and when they left the

island the murderer escaped, and, with another culprit, remained to be afterward instrumental in a singular discovery

8. Many were so well pleased with the climate and resources of this island, that they would willingly have made it their abode. But the admiral longed for Virginia. Two vessels were constructed from the cedar of the isle—the lower seams were calked with the old cables and other cordage saved from the wreck—the upper seams were filled with a mixture of lime and turtles' oil, which soon became hard as a stone. Sir George Somers had but one single piece of iron in his bark—a bolt in her keel—yet these vessels proved strong and sea-worthy. They were supplied with such provisions as they had saved from the Adventure, and with a large stock of pork from the wild hogs of the island, cured with salt obtained by crystallizing the sea water on the rocks around them.

9. Thus prepared, they set sail on the 10th of May, and steered directly for Virginia. Their vessels bore the appropriate names of Patience and Deliverance; yet in the brief voyage unexpected dangers severely tried the one, and threatened the existence of the other. At length, on the 24th, they made Point Comfort, and sailed up the river to the long-sought settlement.

R. R. Howison.

Spell and define—

. Equipped.
Enterprise.
Embarked.
. Assailed.

5. Picturesque.
6. Enchanted.
Fantastic.
7. Profusion.

7. Culprit.
8. Resources.
Crystallizing.
9. Appropriate.

LESSON XXIX.

Spell and define—

1. PIL'GRIMS, wandering travellers.
7. CHIDE, to reprove, to blame.
8. FOR-LORN', forsaken, destitute.
9. MIS-DEEDS', evil actions.
   RE-MORSE', the pain of conscience proceeding from guilt.
12. IN'FA-MY, utter disgrace.
13. CHAST'EN-ING, afflicting for correction.
18. OR'I-GIN, that from which any thing proceeds, the cause.
    SPHERE, the vast expanse in which the heavenly bodies appear. The phrase heaven's eternal sphere, is used figuratively for heaven.
10. ME'TE-OR, a fiery body passing through the air.

A REST FOR THE WEARY.

1. There is a calm for those who weep,
   A rest for weary pilgrims found;
   They softly lie, and sweetly sleep
   Low in the ground.

2. The storm that wrecks the wint'ry sky
   No more disturbs their deep repose,
   Than summer evening's latest sigh
   That shuts the rose.

3. I long to lay this painful head
   And aching heart beneath the soil,
   To slumber in that dreamless bed
   From all my toil.

4. For misery stole me at my birth,
   And cast me helpless on the wild:
   I perish: O my mother earth,
   Take home thy child.

5. On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
   Shall gently moulder into thee;

Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.

6. Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear:
My pulse, my brain runs wild; I rave;
Ah, who art thou whose voice I hear?
"I am the Grave!"

7. The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found, at length, a tongue to chide:
Oh, listen! I will speak no more:
Be silent, Pride.

8. "Art thou a wretch, of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

9. "Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

10. "Lashed by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance would'st thou flee?
Ah, think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me!

11. "By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell,
By the dread secrets of my womb,
By death and hell,

12. "I charge thee, live! repent and pray;
In dust thine infamy deplore:
There yet is mercy; go thy way
And sin no more.

13. "Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

14. "A bruisèd reed He will not break;
Afflictions all His children feel,
He wounds them for His mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

15. "Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate His Providence adore:
'Tis done! arise! He bids thee stand
To fall no more.

16. "Now, traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight."

17. There is a calm for those that weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep,
Low in the ground,

18. The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!

19. The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky:
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die.

MONTGOMERY.

Spell and define—

Repose.
Dreamless.
Misery.
Reclined.
Resembling.
6. Affrights.
8. Victim.
Conscience.
Despair.
10. Vengeance.
11. Terrors.
19. Transient.

LESSON XXX.

Spell and define—

PA'TRI-ARCH, the father and ruler of a family. Among the Jews, distinguished men were called by this name.

COM-PO-SI'TION, a written work.

4. IN-TEG'RI-TY, uprightness.

6. THIS'TLE, a kind of prickly plant.

COC'KLE, a worthless plant or weed.

PORTRAIT OF A PATRIARCH.

1. I cannot forbear making an extract of several passages, which I have always read with great delight, in the book of Job. It is the account, which that holy man gives, of his behavior in the days of his prosperity, and, if considered only as a human composition, is a finer picture of a charitable and good-natured man than is to be met with in any other author.

2. "Oh, that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness; when the Almighty was yet with me; when my children were about me; when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oil.

3. "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me: and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's

heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out.

4. "Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? Was not my soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance that God may know mine integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant when they contended with me; what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me make him also?

5. "If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail; or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof; if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering; if his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep; if I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate: then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone.

6. "I rejoiced not at the destruction of him that hated me, nor lifted up myself when evil found him: neither have I suffered my mouth to sin by wishing a curse to his soul. The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, and the furrows thereof complain; if I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life: let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley." ADDISON.

Spell and define—

1. Passages.
   Prosperity.
   Charitable.
2. Preserved.
3. Delivered.
   Searched.
4. Grieved.
   Contended.
   Visiteth.
5. Morsel.
   Loins.
   Fleece.
   Shoulder-blade.
6. Destruction.
   Furrows.

LESSON XXXI.

Spell and define—

. U-NI-VER'SI-TY, an institution of learning of the highest order.

PER-PLEX'I-TY, confusion of mind.

COUN TE-NANCE, expression of the face.

4. PRO-CEED'ED, began.

BOUN'TY, liberality in bestowing gifts and favors.

5. AF-FEC'TED, touched in feelings.

AP'PROACH, draw near to.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

1. A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a niversity, took a walk one day with a professor, who as commonly called the "student's friend," such was is kindness to the young men it was his office to instruct. Vhile they were walking together, and the professor was eeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed belong to a poor man who was at work close by, and ho had nearly finished his day's task.

2. The young man turned to the professor, saying, "Let s play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind these bushes, and watch his perplexy when he cannot find them." "My young friend," nswered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves t the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may ive yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor an. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourelves."

3. The student did so, and then placed himself with the rofessor, behind the bushes close by, through which they ould easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or oy he might express. The poor man had soon finished is work, and came across the field to the path, where he ad left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat, he lipped one foot into one of his shoes; but, feeling some-

thing hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astoi ishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance. H gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked agai and again; then he looked around him on all sides, bu could see no one.

4. Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceede to put on the other shoe; but how great was his surpris when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcam him; he saw that the money was a present, and he fe upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sic and helpless, and his children without bread, whom th timely bounty from some unknown hand would save fro perishing.

5. The young man stood there deeply affected, and tea filled his eyes. "Now," said the professor, "are you n much better pleased than if you had played your intende trick?" "O, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you hav taught me a lesson now that I will never forget! I fe now the truth of the words, which I never before unde stood, 'It is better to give than to receive.' We shoul never approach the poor but with the wish to do the good." FROM THE GERMAN.

Spell and define—

1. Commonly.
3. Astonishment.
Gazed.
4. Surprise.
Uttered.
Fervent.
Thanksgivin
Timely.
Perishing.

LESSON XXXII.

Spell and define—

2. RE-SERVED', restrained.
3. CON-CIL'I-A-TO-RY, tending to secure peace.
   OP'U-LENCE, wealth.
4. FAS'CI-NATES, charms, captivates.
   DAZ'ZLES, overpowers with light.
5. DIS-CRIM'I-NAT-ING, readily seeing the difference in things.
8. MAG-NA-NIM'I-TY, nobleness of soul.
9. DU-PLIC'I-TY, double dealing.
   MAX'IM, established principle.

WASHINGTON.

1. General Washington was rather above the common size, his frame was robust, and his constitution vigorous—capable of enduring great fatigue, and requiring a considerable degree of exercise for the preservation of his health. His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength united with manly gracefulness.

2. His manners were rather reserved than free, though they partook nothing of that dryness and sternness which accompany reserve when carried to an extreme; and on all proper occasions he could relax sufficiently to show how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation and the pleasures of society. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, unmingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship and enjoyed his intimacy, was ardent but always respectful.

3. His temper was humane, benevolent, and conciliatory; but there was a quickness in his sensibility to any thing apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to watch and correct. In the management of his private affairs, he exhibited an exact yet liberal economy. His funds were not prodigally wasted on capricious and ill-examined schemes, nor refused to beneficial though costly improvements. They remained therefore competent to that ex-

pensive establishment which his reputation, added to a hospitable temper, had in some measure imposed upon him; and to those donations which real distress has a right to claim from opulence.

4. He made no pretensions to that vivacity which fascinates, or to that wit which dazzles and frequently imposes on the understanding. More solid than brilliant, judgment rather than genius constituted the most prominent feature of his character. As a military man he was brave, enterprising, and cautious. That malignity which has sought to strip him of all the higher qualities of a general, has conceded to him personal courage and a firmness of resolution which neither dangers nor difficulties could shake. But candor will allow him other great and valuable endowments. If his military course does not abound with splendid achievements, it exhibits a series of judicious measures adapted to circumstances, which probably saved his country.

5. Placed, without having studied the theory, or been taught in the school of experience the practice of war, at the head of an undisciplined and ill-organized multitude, which was unused to the restraints and unacquainted with the ordinary duties of the camp, without the aid of officers possessing those lights which the commander-in-chief was yet to acquire, it would have been a miracle indeed had his conduct been absolutely faultless. But possessing an energetic and discriminating mind, on which the lessons of experience were never lost, his errors, if he committed any, were quickly repaired; and those measures which the state of things rendered advisable were seldom, if ever, neglected.

6. Inferior to his adversary in the numbers, in the equipment, and in the discipline of his troops, it is evidence of real merit, that no great or decisive advantages were ever obtained over him, and that the opportunity to strike an important blow never passed away unused. He has been termed the American Fabius; but those who compare his

ctions to his means will perceive at least as much of Marellus as of Fabius in his character. He could not have been more enterprising without endangering the cause he defended. Not relying upon those chances which sometimes give a favorable issue to attempts apparently desperate, his conduct was regulated by calculations made upon the capacities of his army and the real situation of his country.

7. In his civil administration, as in his military career, were exhibited ample and repeated proofs of that practical good sense, of that sound judgment which is, perhaps, the most rare, and is certainly the most valuable quality of the human mind. Devoting himself to the duties of his station, and pursuing no object distinct from the public good, he was accustomed to contemplate from a distance those critical situations in which the country might probably be placed; and to digest, before the occasion required action, the line of conduct which it would be proper to observe.

8. Respecting, as the first magistrate in a free government must ever do, the real and deliberate sentiments of the people, their gusts of passion passed over without ruffling the smooth surface of his mind. Trusting to the reflecting good sense of the nation for approbation and support, he had the magnanimity to pursue its real interests in opposition to its temporary prejudices; and though far from being regardless of popular favor, he could never stoop to retain by deserving to lose it. In more instances than one, we find him committing his whole popularity to hazard, and pursuing steadily, in opposition to a torrent which would have overwhelmed a man of ordinary firmness, that course which had been dictated by a sense of duty.

9. No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action whose integrity was more incorruptible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Having no views

which required concealment, his real and avowed motive were the same; and his whole correspondence does not fu nish a single case from which even an enemy could infe that he was capable, under any circumstance, of stoopin to the employment of duplicity.

10. No truth can be uttered with more confidence tha that his ends were always upright, and his means alway pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whor wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions t foreign governments and to his own countrymen were a ways sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real dis tinction which ever exists between wisdom and cunning, an the importance as well as the truth of the maxim, tha "Honesty is the best policy." HON. JOHN MARSHALL

Spell and define—

1. Robust.
2. Deportment.
   Dignity.
   Haughtiness.
   Ardent.
3. Capricious.
   Beneficial.
4. Malignity.
5. Advisable.
6. Enterprising.
7. Contemplate.
8. Regardless.
9. Integrity.
   Contamination.
10. Exemplified.

LESSON XXXIII.

Spell and define—

2. UN-IN-TER-MIT'TING, ceaseless.
   COL-LO'QUI-AL, conversational.
   AL-LE'GI-ANCE, acknowledgment of authority.
4. AD-VEN-TI'TIOUS, coming from abroad.
5. SYS-TEM-AT'IC, regular, orderly
   SAL'U-TA-RY, healthful.
   COR'US-CA-TIONS, flashes of ligh
7. EX'QUI-SITE, highly finished.
   FE-LIC'I-TY, happiness.

DR. FRANKLIN'S CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

1. Never have I known such a fireside companion as Dr Franklin. Great as he was, both as a statesman and a phi losopher, he never shone in a light more winning than whe he was seen in a domestic circle.

2. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him, at the house of a private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvania; and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time, by the unintermitting constancy and depth of the snow. But confinement could never be felt where Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine, in any thing that came from him. There was nothing which made any demand either upon your allegiance or your admiration.

3. His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you at once at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties.

4. His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They required only a medium of vision like his pure and simple style, to exhibit to the highest advantage their native radiance and beauty.

5. His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the effect of the systematic and salutary exercise of the mind, as of its superior organization. His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations; but, without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse.

6. Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius for ever clear and unclouded. And then the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant, that nothing had escaped his observation, and a judgment so solid, that every incident was turned to advantage.

7. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor over-

cast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials, which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added a hundred-fold to their original value, and justly made them his own. WM. WIRT.

Spell and define—

1. Domestic.
2. Constancy. Perpetual.
3. Patriarch.
4. Medium.
5. Unremitting.
6. Faculties. Organization. Inexhaustible.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE.

FALLS OF TOWALIGA, GA.—The Falls of Towaliga are eight miles from Indian Spring. The stream has its origin in Henry county, and pursues a course of seventy miles, to the Ocmulgee, of which it is a tributary. Just before it reaches the falls, the bed has a rapid descent for some distance, where the surface of the water is broken in rapids.

The falls, seen from below, make an impressive appearance. The breadth of the bed is there about three hundred feet, and a mass of rocks, at the brow of the first precipice, divides it into two sheets, which descend perpendicularly about fifty feet, in beautiful foam, made in the course of its tumultuous passage down the rapids. Here it is received by a deep gulf which suddenly checks its fury; but, before it has time to recover its tranquillity, it reaches the brow of the second rapids, down which it hurries, with roar and turbulence, a distance of two hundred feet, and then pours over the second fall, in a current broken into several cascades, when it soon subsides, below, to comparative quietness. The height, roughness, and thick shade of the banks, greatly increase the effect of the scene.

LESSON XXXIV.

Spell and define—

MIS'TLE-TOE, an evergreen shrub that grows on trees.
DRU'IDS, the priests of the ancient Celtic nations.
IN-CAN-TA'TIONS, enchantments.
IN-TRUD'ER, one who enters without right or welcome.
FEN'NY, marshy, boggy.
MA-RINE', belonging to the sea.
OP'TI-CAL, relating to sight.

THE TUTOR AND HIS PUPILS.

Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon? said a tutor to one of his pupils, at the close of a holiday.

Robert. I have been to Broom-heath, and so round by the windmill, upon Camp-mount, and home, through the meadows by the river-side.

Tutor. Well, that is a pleasant round.

Robert. I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I would much rather have gone along the turnpike road.

Tutor. Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would, indeed, be better entertained on the high road. But did you see William?

Robert. We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

Tutor. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

Robert. Oh, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that; I would rather walk alone. I dare say he has not got home yet.

Tutor. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

William. Oh, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broom-heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the mount, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

Tutor. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking; and he complains of its dulness, and prefers the high road.

William. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought home my handkerchief full of curiosities.

Tutor. Suppose, then, you give us an account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

William. I will do it readily. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy; so I did not delay there long, but hurried on my way; however, I spied a very curious thing in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great branch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Tutor. Ah, this is mistletoe; a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old, in their religious rites and incantations. It bears a slimy white berry, of which bird-lime is made, whence its Latin name of *viscus*. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been humorously styled "parasitical," as being hangers-on or dependents. It was the mistletoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honored.

William. A little further on I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

Tutor. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for this purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

William. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never observed before. There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath that amused me much. As I came near them some of them kept flying round and round, just over my

head, and crying "pewit" so distinctly one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always contrived to get away.

Tutor. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in, then! This was all an artifice of the bird's to entice you away from its nest; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed did they not draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeited lameness.

William. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy, who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at.

I then took my course up to the wind-mill, on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill, in order to get a better view of the country around. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church-steeples: and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills.

From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a little brook till it entered the river, and then I took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

Tutor. I suppose they were sand-pipers — one of the numerous family of birds that get their living by wading among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects.

William. There were a great many swallows, too, sporting on the surface of the water, that entertained me with

their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quickly that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high, steep sand-bank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes, of which the bank was bored full.

Tutor. Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our four species of swallows. They are of a mouse-color above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run to a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

William. A little further, I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole, with broad iron prongs at the end, just like Neptune's trident, only there were five instead of three. This he pushed straight down among the mud in the deepest part of the river, and brought up eels sticking between the prongs.

Tutor. I have seen this method. It is called spearing for eels.

William. While I was looking at him, a heron came flying over my head with his large flagging wings. He alighted at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he dashed his long bill, as quick as lightning, into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Tutor. Probably his nest was there; for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together, like rooks. Formerly, when these birds were valued for the amusement of hawking, many gentlemen had their heronries, and a few are still remaining.

William. I then turned homeward across the meadows,

where I stopped awhile to look at a large flock of starlings, which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they rose altogether from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a kind of black cloud, hovering over the field; after taking a short round, they settled again, and presently rose again in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them.

Tutor. Perhaps so; in the fenny countries their flocks are so numerous as to break down whole acres of reeds, by settling on them. This disposition of starlings to fly in close swarms was remarked even by Homer, who compares the foe flying from one of his heroes to a cloud of starlings retiring dismayed at the approach of the hawk.

William. After I had left the meadows, I crossed the cornfields in the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marl pit. Looking into it, I saw in one of the sides a cluster of what I took to be shells; and upon going down, I picked up a clod of marl, which was quite full of them; but how sea-shells could get there, I cannot imagine.

Tutor. I do not wonder at your surprise, since many philosophers have been much perplexed to account for the same appearance. It is not uncommon to find great quantities of shells and relics of marine animals even in the bowels of high mountains very remote from the sea.

William. I got to the high field next to our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged with purple and crimson and yellow, of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is overhead.

Tutor. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising.

William. I have; but pray what is the reason of this?

Tutor. It is an optical delusion, depending upon princi-

ples which I cannot well explain to you till you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing; it has been very instructing, too. Did you see nothing of all these sights, Robert?

Robert. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Tutor. Why not?

Robert. I do not know. I did not care about them; and I made the best of my way home.

Tutor. That would have been right if you had been sent on a message; but as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is—one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other.

I have known a sailor who had been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses he frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the English Channel without making some observations useful to mankind.

While many a vacant, thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe, without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter for improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do you, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes, and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.

AIKIN.

Spell and define—

Turnpike.	Unbounded.	Turf.
Lagged.	Lapwings.	Plunderers.
Handkerchief.	Continued.	Hovering.
Curiosities.	Artifice.	Marl-pit.
Parasitical.	Counterfeited.	Superiority.

LESSON XXXV.

Spell and define—

Co'GENT, powerful, forcible.
THE'O-RY, explanation of principles.
FAL'LA-CY, mistake, deception.
GEN-O-ESE', an inhabitant of Genoa.
A-CHIEVED', accomplished.
FRI-VOL'I-TY, thoughtless trifling.
JEER'ING, mocking, scoffing.
FI-NAN'CES, funds belonging to the public treasury.
PRE-SENT'I-MENT, firm belief or opinion.

QUEEN ISABELLA'S RESOLVE.

Isabella of Spain—Don Gomez—Columbus.

Isabella. And so, Don Gomez, it is your conclusion that we ought to dismiss the proposition of this worthy Genoese.

Don Gomez. His scheme, your majesty, seems to me fanciful in the extreme; but I am a plain, matter-of-fact man, and do not see visions and dream dreams, like some.

Isa. And yet Columbus has given us cogent reasons for believing that it is practicable to reach the eastern coast of India by sailing in a westerly direction.

Don G. Admitting that his theory is correct—namely, that the earth is a sphere—how would it be possible for him to return if he once descended that sphere in the direction he proposes? Would not the coming back be all uphill? Could a ship accomplish it with even the most favorable wind?

Columbus. Will your majesty allow me to suggest that if the earth is a sphere, the same laws of adhesion and motion must operate at every point on its surface; and the objection of Don Gomez would be quite as valid against our being able to return from crossing the Strait of Gibraltar.

Don G. This gentleman, then, would have us believe the monstrous absurdity that there are people on the earth

who are our antipodes; who walk with their heads down, like flies on the ceiling.

Col. But, your majesty, if there is a law of attraction which makes matter gravitate to the earth, and prevents its flying off into space, may not this law operate at every point on the round earth's surface?

Isa. Truly, it so seems to me, and I perceive nothing absurd in the notion that this earth is a globe floating or revolving in space.

Don G. May it please your majesty, the ladies are privileged to give credence to many wild tales which we plain, matter-of-fact men, cannot admit. Every step I take confutes this visionary idea of the earth's rotundity. Would not the blood run into my head if I were standing upside down? Were I not fearful of offending your majesty, I would quote what the great Lactantius says.

Isa. We are not vain of our science, Don Gomez, so let us have the quotation.

Don G. "Is there any one so foolish," he asks, "as to believe that there are antipodes with their feet opposite to ours; that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy; where the trees grow with their branches downward, and where it rains, hails, and snows, upward?"

Col. I have already answered this objection. If there are people on the earth who are our antipodes, it should be remembered that we are theirs also.

Don G. Really, that is the very point wherein we matter-of-fact men abide by the assurance of our own senses. We know that we are not walking with our heads down.

Isa. To cut short the discussion, you think that the enterprise which the Genoese proposes is one unworthy of our serious consideration, and that his theory of an unknown shore to the westward of us is a fallacy.

Don G. As a plain, matter-of-fact man, I must confess that I so regard it. Has your majesty ever seen an ambassador from this unknown coast?

Isa. Do you, Don Gomez, believe in the existence of a world of spirits?

Don. G. I accept what the Church says.

Isa. But have you ever seen an ambassador from that unknown world?

Don G. Certainly not. By faith we look forward to it.

Isa. Even so by faith does the Genoese look forward, far over the misty ocean, to an undiscovered shore.

Col. Your majesty is right; but let it be added that I have reasons—oh, most potent and resistless reasons—for the faith that is in me: the testimony of many navigators who have picked up articles that must have drifted from this distant coast; the nature of things, admitting that the earth is round; the reports current among the people of one of the northern nations, that many years ago their mariners had sailed many leagues westward till they reached a shore where the grape grew abundantly; these and other considerations have made it (next to faith in my Saviour) the fixed persuasion of my mind that there is a great discovery reserved for the man who will sail patiently westward, trusting in God's good providence, and turning not back till he has achieved his purpose.

Don G. Then truly we should never hear of him again. Speculation! mere speculation, your majesty! When this gentleman can bring forward some solid facts that will induce us plain, matter-of-fact men, to risk money in forwarding his enterprise, it will then be time enough for royalty to give it heed. Why, your majesty, the very boys in the street point at their foreheads as he passes along.

Isa. And do you bring forward the frivolity of boys, jeering at what they do not comprehend, as an argument why Isabella should not give heed to this great and glorious scheme—ay, sir, though it should fail, still great and glorious—urged in language so intelligent and convincing, by this grave and earnest man, whom you think to undervalue by calling him an adventurer? Know, Don Gomez, that

the "absurdity," as you style it, shall be tested, and that forthwith.

Don G. Your majesty will excuse me if I remark that I have from your royal consort himself the assurance that the finances are so exhausted by the late wars that he cannot consent to advance the necessary funds for fitting out an expedition of the kind proposed.

Isa. Be mine, then, the privilege! I have jewels, by the pledging of which I can raise the amount required; and I have resolved that they shall be pledged to this enterprise without any more delay.

Col. Your majesty shall not repent your heroic resolve. I will return, your majesty—be sure I will return—and lay at your feet such a jewel as never queen wore yet—an imperishable fame—a fame that shall couple with your memory the benedictions of millions yet unborn in climes yet unknown to civilized man. There is an uplifting presentiment in my mind—a conviction that your majesty will live to bless the hour you came to this decision.

Don G. A presentiment? A plain, matter-of-fact man, like myself, must take leave of your majesty, if his practical common-sense is to be met and superseded by presentiment! An ounce of fact, your majesty, is worth a ton of presentiment.

Isa. That depends altogether upon the source of the presentiment, Don Gomez. If it come from the Fountain of all truth, shall it not be good?

Don G. I humbly take my leave of your majesty.

ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

Fanciful.	Confutes.	Reserved.
Sphere.	Rotundity.	Speculation.
Adhesion.	Topsy-turvy.	Adventurer.
Absurdity.	Ambassador.	Benedictions.
Antipodes.	Navigators.	Conviction.
Gravitate.	Mariners.	Superseded.
Credence.	Leagues.	Majesty.

LESSON XXXVI.

Spell and define—

COU'RI-ER, a messenger sent to carry dispatches.
FER'MENT, commotion, tumult.
EN-THU'SI-ASM, violent excitement of mind.
PRE-POS'TER-OUS, absurd, contrary to reason.
DE-LU'SION, deception, error.
CRED'U-LOUS, easily deceived.
SUS-PI'CION, doubt, mistrust.

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

Don Gomez—His Secretary.

Don Gomez. What! what is this you tell me? Columbus returned? A new world discovered? Impossible!

Secretary. It is even so. A courier arrived at the palace but an hour since with the intelligence. Columbus was driven by stress of weather to anchor in the Tagus. All Portugal is in a ferment of enthusiasm, and all Spain will be equally excited soon. The sensation is prodigious.

Don G. Oh, it is a trick! It must be a trick!

Sec. But he has brought home the proofs of his visit; gold and precious stones, strange plants and animals; and above all, specimens of a new race of men, copper-colored, with straight hair.

Don G. Still I say, a trick! He has been coasting along the African shore, and there collected a few curiosities, which he is passing off for proofs of his pretended discoveries.

Sec. It is a little singular that all his men should be leagued with him in keeping up so unprofitable a falsehood.

Don G. But it is against reason—against common-sense—that such a discovery should be made.

Sec. King John of Portugal has received him with royal magnificence—has listened to his accounts, and is persuaded that they are true.

Don G. We shall see—we shall see. Look you, sir, a plain, matter-of-fact man, such as I, is not to be taken in by any such preposterous story. This vaunted discovery will turn out no discovery at all.

Sec. The king and queen have given orders for preparations on the most magnificent scale for the reception of Columbus.

Don G. What delusion! Her majesty is so credulous! A practical, common-sense man, like myself, can find no points of sympathy in her nature.

Sec. The Indians on board the returned vessels are said to be unlike any known race of men

Don G. Very unreliable all that! I take the common-sense view of the thing. I am a matter-of-fact man; and do you remember what I say—it will all turn out a trick! The crews may have been deceived. Columbus may have steered a southerly course instead of a westerly. Any thing is probable rather than that a coast to the westward of us has been discovered.

Sec. I saw the courier, who told me he had conversed with all the sailors; and they laughed at the suspicion that there could be any mistake about the discovery, or that any other than a westerly course had been steered.

Don G. Still I say a trick! An unknown coast reached by steering west? Impossible! The earth a globe, and men standing with their heads down in space? Folly! An ignorant sailor from Genoa in the right, and all our learned doctors and philosophers in the wrong? Nonsense! I'm a matter-of-fact man, sir. I will believe what I can see and

handle and understand. But as for believing in the antipodes—or that the earth is round—or that Columbus has discovered land to the west. Ring the bell, sir—call my carriage—I will go to the palace and undeceive the king.

ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

Discovered.	Prodigious.	Magnificence.
Stress.	Specimens.	Persuaded.
Sensation.	Leagued.	Vaunted.

LESSON XXXVII.

Spell and define—

1. AD'MI-RAL, the commander of a fleet.
   MU-NIF'I-CENCE, bounty, liberality.
2. SQUAD'RON, a division of a fleet.
3. CA-PAR'I-SONED, richly adorned.
   COURT'IERS, attendants of princes.
4. AP-PRE-CI-A'TION, proper estimate.
5. IN-SPIRED', divinely commissioned.
6. EX-U'BER-ANT, rich, overflowing.
   FER'VID, earnest, eager.
   VOUCH-SAFED', granted, bestowed.

RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS.

1. Ferdinand and Isabella, having been informed of the return and discoveries of their admiral, by the messenger whom he had dispatched from Lisbon, awaited him at Barcelona with honor and munificence worthy the greatness of his services. The Spanish nobility came from all the provinces to meet him. He made a triumphal entry as a prince of future kingdoms.

2. The Indians brought over by the squadron as a living proof of the existence of new races of men in these newly discovered lands, marched at the head of the procession, their bodies painted with divers colors, and adorned with gold necklaces and pearls. The animals and birds, the unknown plants, and the precious stones collected on these

shores, were exhibited in golden basins, carried on the heads of Moorish or Negro slaves.

3. The eager crowd pressed close upon them, and wondrous tales were circulated around by the officers and companions of Columbus. The admiral himself, mounted upon a richly caparisoned charger, presented by the king, next appeared, accompanied by a numerous cavalcade of courtiers and gentlemen. All eyes were directed toward the man, inspired of Heaven, who first had dared to lift the vail of Ocean. People sought in his face for a visible sign of his mission, and thought they could discern one.

4. The beauty of his features, the thoughtful majesty of his countenance, the vigor of youth joined to the dignity of riper age, the combination of thought with action, of strength with experience, a thorough appreciation of his worth, combined with piety toward God, and with gratitude toward his sovereigns, who awarded the honor which he brought them as a conqueror, made Columbus then appear (as those relate who saw him enter Barcelona) like a prophet, or a hero of Holy Writ or Grecian story.

5. "None could compare with him," they say, "all felt him to be the greatest or the most fortunate of men." Ferdinand and Isabella received him on their throne, shaded from the sun by a golden canopy. They rose up before him, as though he had been an inspired messenger. They made him sit on a level with themselves, and listened to the solemn and circumstantial account of his voyages.

6. At the end of the recital, which habitual eloquence had colored with his exuberant imagination and impregnated with fervid enthusiasm, the king and queen, moved even to tears, fell on their knees and repeated the "Te Deum," a hymn of thanksgiving, for the greatest conquest that the Almighty had ever yet vouchsafed to sovereigns.

7. Couriers were instantly dispatched to carry the wondrous news and fame of Columbus to all the courts of Europe. The obscurity with which he had until then been

urrounded changed to a brilliant renown, filling the earth vith his name. His discovery became the subject of con- ersation for the world. This was in the year 1493.

LAMARTINE.

Spell and define—

. Dispatched.
Provinces.
Triumphal.
. Divers.
. Charger.
Cavalcade.
4. Combination.
Awarded.
5. Canopy.
Circumstantial.
6. Recital.
Impregnated.
7. Instantly.
Obscurity.
Brilliant.

LESSON XXXVIII.

Spell and define—

. RES-TO-RA'TION, replacing in a former condition.
. EF-FER-VES'CENCE, commotion.
. DIS-GUIS'ES, false appearances.
. HAG'GLED, hesitated and cavilled.
7. SYN'O-NYMS, words having the same meaning.
8. SYC'O-PHANTS, mean flatterers.
10. WHEE'DLE, flatter, coax.
11. AU'DI-ENCE, interview.

CHARLES THE SECOND, OF ENGLAND.

1. Charles the Second, of England, on his restoration to he throne of his ancestors, was more loved by the people han any of his predecessors had ever been. The calami- ies of his house, the heroic death of his father, his own ong sufferings and romantic adventures, made him an ob- ect of tender interest. His return had delivered the coun- ry from an intolerable bondage.

2. He had received from nature excellent parts and a appy temper. His education had been such as might have een expected to develop his understanding, and to form im to the practice of every public and private virtue. He ad passed through all varieties of fortune, and had seen oth sides of human nature. He had, while very young, een driven forth from a palace to a life of exile, penury, nd danger

3. He had, at the age when the mind and body are in their highest perfection, and when the first effervescence of boyish passions should have subsided, been recalled from his wanderings to wear a crown. He had been taught, by bitter experience, how much baseness, perfidy, and ingratitude, may lie hid under the obsequious demeanor of courtiers. He had found, on the other hand, in the huts of the poorest, true nobility of soul.

4. When wealth was offered to any who would betray him, when death was denounced against all who should shelter him, cottagers and serving-men had kept his secret truly, and had kissed his hand, under his mean disguises with as much reverence as if he had been seated on his ancestral throne. From such a school it might have been expected that a young man who wanted neither abilities nor amiable qualities would have come forth a great and good king.

5. Charles came forth from that school with social habits, with polite and engaging manners, and with some talent for lively conversation; addicted beyond measure to sensual indulgence, fond of sauntering and of frivolous amusements, incapable of self-denial and exertion, without faith in human virtue or in human attachment, without desire of renown, and without sensibility to reproach.

6. According to him, every person was to be bought. But some people haggled more about their price than others; and when the haggling was very obstinate and very skilful, it was called by some fine name. The chief trick by which clever men kept up the price of their abilities was called integrity.

7. The love of God, the love of country, the love of family, the love of friends, were phrases of the same sort—delicate and convenient synonyms for the love of self. Thinking thus of mankind, Charles naturally cared very little what they thought of him. Honor and shame were scarcely more to him than light and darkness to the blind. His

contempt of flattery has been highly commended, but seems, when viewed in connection with the rest of his character, to deserve no commendation.

8. It is possible to be below flattery as well as above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust sycophants. One who does not value real glory will not value its counterfeit. It is creditable to Charles's temper that, ill as he thought of his species, he never became a misanthrope. He saw little in men but what was hateful. Yet he did not hate them. Nay, he was so far humane that it was highly disagreeable to him to see their sufferings or to hear their complaints.

9. This, however, is a sort of humanity which, though amiable and laudable in a private man whose power to help or hurt is bounded by a narrow circle, has in princes often been rather a vice than a virtue. More than one well-disposed ruler has given up whole provinces to rapine and oppression, merely from a wish to see none but happy faces round his own board and in his own walks.

10. No man is fit to govern great societies who hesitates about disobliging the few who have access to him for the sake of the many whom he will never see. The facility of Charles was such as has perhaps never been found in any man of equal sense. He was a slave, without being a dupe. Worthless men and women, to the very bottom of whose hearts he saw, and whom he knew to be destitute of affection for him and undeserving of his confidence, could easily wheedle him out of titles, places, domains, state secrets, and pardons.

11. He bestowed much; yet he neither enjoyed the pleasure nor acquired the fame of beneficence. He never gave spontaneously; but it was painful to him to refuse. The consequence was, that his bounty generally went, not to those who deserved it best, nor even to those whom he liked best, but to the most shameless and importunate suitor who could obtain an audience.

12. The motives which governed the political conduct

of Charles the Second differed widely from those by which his predecessor and his successor were actuated. He was not a man to be imposed upon by the patriarchal theory of government, and the doctrine of divine right. He was utterly without ambition. He detested business, and would sooner have abdicated his crown than have undergone the trouble of really directing the administration.

13. Such was his aversion to toil, and such his ignorance of affairs, that the very clerks who attended him when he sat in council could not refrain from sneering at his frivolous remarks, and at his childish impatience. Neither gratitude nor revenge had any share in determining his course; for never was there a mind on which both services and injuries left such faint and transitory impressions.

14. He wished merely to be a king such as Louis the Fifteenth of France afterward was; a king who could draw without limit on the treasury for the gratification of his private tastes, who could hire with wealth and honors persons capable of assisting him to kill the time, and who, even when the state was brought by maladministration to the depths of humiliation and to the brink of ruin, could still exclude unwelcome truth, and refuse to see and hear whatever might disturb his luxurious repose.

15. For these ends, and for these ends alone, he wished to obtain arbitrary power, if it could be obtained without risk or trouble. In the religious disputes which divided his Protestant subjects his conscience was not at all interested. For his opinions oscillated in a state of contented suspense between infidelity and popery. But, though his conscience was neutral in the quarrel between the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians, his taste was by no means so.

16. His favorite vices were precisely those to which the Puritans were least indulgent. He could not get through one day without the help of diversions which the Puritans regarded as sinful. As a man eminently well-bred and

keenly sensible of the ridiculous, he was moved to contemptuous mirth by the Puritan oddities.

17. He had, indeed, some reason to dislike the rigid sect. He had, at the age when the passions are most impetuous, and when levity is most pardonable, spent some months in Scotland, a king in name, but in fact a state prisoner in the hands of austere Presbyterians. Not content with requiring him to conform to their worship and to subscribe their covenant, they had watched all his motions, and lectured him on all his youthful follies.

18. He had been compelled to give reluctant attendance at endless prayers and sermons, and might think himself fortunate when he was not insolently reminded from the pulpit of his own frailties, of his father's tyranny, and of his mother's idolatry. Indeed he had been so miserable during this part of his life that the defeat which made him again a wanderer might be regarded as a deliverance rather than as a calamity. Under the influence of such feelings as these, Charles was desirous to depress the party which had resisted his father. MACAULAY.

Spell and define—

1. Predecessor.
   Adventures.
2. Develop.
   Varieties.
3. Obsequious.
   Demeanor.
5. Sauntering.
   Renown.
7. Commendation.
8. Counterfeit.
   Misanthrope.
9. Laudable.
11. Spontaneously.
    Importunate.
12. Abdicated.
    Administration.
13. Aversion.
    Transitory.

LESSON XXXIX.

Spell and define—

2. HAM'LET, a small village.
3. TU'MU-LUS, a hillock raised over the dead.
5. PRI-ME'VAL, original, primitive.
7. EF-FAC'ING, blotting out.
17. FLAUNT'ING, making a display.
19. MO'LOCH, a god of the Ammonites, to whom human sacrifices were offered.
20. YEARN'ING, longing desire.
26. RAM'PART, fortification.
28. LITHE, supple, limber.
30. EY'RY, eagle's nest.

BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE.

1. Soft is the veil of moonlight o'er the waters,
Soft is the swell, upon the shore, of billows,
Soft, in the distance, the great city's spires,
And soft the breezes.

2. Peace is upon the land and on the ocean;
Peaceful the slumbers of this ocean hamlet;
And the blue concave, by a cloud unshadowed,
Looks loving peace.

3. Before us sleeps a mound, whose solemn shadow
Beseems the red man's tumulus of ages,
As keeping in its deep and vaulted chambers
A realm of dead.

4. With gentle light the moon stoops down to hallow
The deep repose that wakes not to sweet voices;
She leaves her smiles, where sad, in seasons vanished,
Man left but tears.

5. No sleepless bird is heard, with cry or music,
Unsuited to the quiet, deep and sacred,
Where silence, in her own primeval temple,
Still reigns supreme.

6. Who that beholds that ocean wrapt in brightness;
Who that enjoys embrace with these sweet zephyrs;
That feels the beauty and the calm about him,
Would dream of strife?

7. Would dream of tempests raging o'er this ocean;
Clouds in that azure vault, its charm effacing;
And for this breeze, so meek, yet full of fondness,
Would look for storm?

8. Yet will the tempest, with a wild transition,
Stifle these gentle breathings of the zephyr,
While great tornadoes sweep the face of heaven,
With all its charms!

9. Yet will the seas, in beauty now reposing,
Boil up in madness and o'erthrow their barriers,
Defacing lawny shore and verdant meadow,
Now blest with peace.

10. Thus in a moment—let the foe but threaten—
That silent mound becomes a fiery fortress,
Whose flashing death-bolts, hurtling o'er the waters,
Ring out his doom!

11. Such awful change of old this shore hath witnessed,
When first our young republic, bold but feeble,
Claimed, though at peril of all wreck of fortune,
Her place of pride.

12. Thus calm the seas, when o'er the waters raging,
Rushed, swollen with wrath, the giant form of Britain,
Her thunders hurling on our peaceful hamlets,
With hate of hell!

13. Thus silent lay our bulwarks of palmetto,
Behind them little groups of youthful heroes,
Waiting the signal when, with answering thunders,
To meet her wrath.

14. How patient was their watch beneath that banner,
The light blue stream, lighted by our crescent,
That showed the modest hope that warmed their courage
In that dark hour!

15. How doubtful, yet how fearless of the struggle,
When, in the strength assured of thousand battles,
Britain, in armor, 'gainst the youthful shepherd
Came fiercely on!

16. Doubtful our young men stood, but undespairing,
Not blind to all the fearful odds against them,
But sworn in faith, that finds it better falling
In fight than fear!

17. How beautiful, as serpents fanged with venom,
Glide the swans of battle to the conflict,
Their streamers flaunting with Britannia's lion,
Rampant in red!

18. How silently they moored beneath our fortress,
Unmuzzled their grim ministers of vengeance,
And waited but the signal, to send terror
Among our sons!

19. One awful pause preceded the wild tempest:
Then roared the storm, and fell the hail of battle,
A thousand fires were lighted, in a moment,
At Moloch's shrine!

20. One look of yearning to the distant city,
Where hung, in tears and fondness, wives and mothers,
Forms of most fond delight and dear devotion,
Weeping in prayer:

21. And then, the brave hearts of our youthful warriors,
Nerved with new courage by those sweet spectators,
Conscious what hopes and eyes were set upon them,
Rushed to the strife!

22. Thunder for thunder, and defiant voices,
Bore witness to the love that faced that conflict—
How the brave spirits, battling for their homesteads,
Defied the Fates!

23. Through the long day of summer, still unshaken,
They stood beside their cannon, while each broadside
Shook their frail, simple bastions of palmetto,
But shook no hearts.

24. There Moultrie coolly stands, the scene surveying,
Ranging his muzzles on each mighty frigate,
Speeding each fearful missile on its mission
Of blood and wreck.

25. There Marion ministers, his young lieutenant—
Wheels the swift piece, and sights the flaming cannon,
Or, when the bullet rends the reeling vessel,
Shouts loud with cheer!

26. There stout McDonald, slain upon the rampart,
The first brave martyr in the fearful battle,
Shrieks, as he falls, "I die, my gallant comrades,
But not our cause!"

27. Down sinks the crescent streamer of the fortress,
While o'er the city sudden darkness lowers,
As if a star, the only one in heaven,
Had sunk in night.

28. But lo! it rises from the cloud, and waving,
Reveals the lithe and active form of Jasper.

He plucks it from the breach, and rears it proudly
Through all the storm!

29. If then one heart had trembled in its terror,
It gathers hope and pride from that glad omen,
And hears the whispered cry from each fond mother,
"Be strong, my son!"

30. And they were strong, as for the rock, the eagle,
Who hears the cry of young ones in his eyry,
Assailed by subtlest foes, and bends his pinion
To guard his nest.

31. Day wanes, and Night hangs out her starry banner,
Blue spread the curtains of the sky for slumber,
Peace soars aloft, as if in prayer imploring
For peace below:

32. But still the cannon thundered with its mission;
Still spoke fierce music to the hearts of valor,
Still shouted high the brave and shrieked the dying
Till midnight fell!

33. The lion banner sank, at length, in darkness,
The crescent soared, in every eye triumphant,
While in the distant city rose the shouting
Of hearts made glad.

34. With dawn, the shattered hulks to sea were drifting,
Upon the shores the gentle waves were breaking;
And, with the triumph of our infant valor,
Came peace once more!

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Spell and define—

2. Concave.
3. Realm.
4. Vanished.
7. Azure.
8. Transition.
9. Barriers.
Defacing.
Lawny.
10. Hurtling.
13. Bulwarks.
Signal.
17. Venom.
Rampant.
19. Shrine.
22. Defiant.
23. Bastions.
30. Subtlest.
34. Hulks.

LESSON XL.

Spell and define—

1. BOURN, limit, bound.
2. REALM, kingdom, region.
TINT'INGS, colorings.
3. BALM, aromatic tree or shrub.
SOOTHED', made calm, softened.
BLEND'ED, mingled.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

1. Time is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight, away, away.
Where are they sped—they who return
No more to glad our wandering eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourn,
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

2. 'Tis hid from view, but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds, that o'er it throw
Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

3. And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear.
And sometimes listening ear may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats—
The echo of a distant strain
Of harps, and voices, blended notes,
Beyond the river.

4. There are our loved ones in their rest;
They've crossed time's river; now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But there pure love can live, can last;
They look for us their home to share—
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river! N. O. CREOLE.

LESSON XLI.

Spell and define—

2. FA-TAL'I-TY, a fixed course of things.
3. REEFED, having a portion of the sails folded up and made fast to the yard.
GUN'WALE, the upper edge of a ship's side.
4. IM-MER'SION, the act of plunging into a fluid until covered.
8. SOCK'ETS, hollow places which receive something.
9. RE-IT'ER-AT-ED, repeated again and again.
11. MAR'I-NERS, seamen.
13. LEE'WARD, the part toward which the wind blows.
16. STREAM'ERED, filled with narrow stripes like flags or streamers.
18. FLUC-TU-A'TIONS, risings and fallings of the waves.

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION.

1. You have often asked me to describe to you on paper an event in my life to which, at the distance of thirty

years I cannot look back without horror. No words can give an adequate image of the miseries I suffered during that fearful night; but I shall try to give you something like a faint shadow of them, that from it your soul may conceive what I must have suffered.

2. I was, you know, on my voyage back to my native country, after an absence of five years spent in unremitting toil in a foreign land, to which I had been driven by a singular fatality. Our voyage had been most cheerful and prosperous, and, on Christmas day, we were within fifty leagues of port. Passengers and crew were all in the highest spirits, and the ship was alive with mirth and jollity.

3. The ship was sailing at the rate of seven knots an hour. A strong snow-storm blew, but steadily and without danger; and the ship kept boldly on her course, close-reefed, and mistress of the storm. While leaning over the gunwale, admiring the water rushing by like a foaming cataract, by some unaccountable accident I lost my balance, and in an instant fell overboard into the sea.

4. I remember a convulsive shuddering all over my body, and a hurried leaping of my heart, as I felt myself about to lose hold of the vessel, and afterward a sensation of the most icy chilliness, from immersion in the waves, but nothing resembling a fall or precipitation. When below the water, I think that a momentary belief rushed across my mind, that the ship had suddenly sunk, and that I was but one of a perishing crew. I imagined that I felt a hand, with long fingers, clutching at my legs, and made violent efforts to escape, dragging after me, as I thought, the body of some drowning wretch.

5. On rising to the surface, I recollected in a moment what had befallen me, and uttered a cry of horror, which is in my ears to this day, and often makes me shudder, as if it were the mad shriek of another person in extremity of perilous agony. Often have I dreamed over again that dire moment, and the cry I utter in my sleep, is said to be

something more horrible than a human voice. No ship was to be seen. She was gone for ever.

6. The little, happy world to which, a moment before, I had belonged, had been swept by, and I felt that God had flung me at once from the heart of joy, delight, and happiness, into the uttermost abyss of mortal misery and despair. Yes! I felt that the Almighty God had done this, that this was an act, a fearful act of Providence, and miserable worm that I was, I thought that the act was cruel, and a sort of wild, indefinite, objectless rage and wrath assailed me, and took for a while the place of that first shrieking terror. I gnashed my teeth, and cursed myself, and with bitter tears and yells, blasphemed the name of God.

7. It is true, my friend, that I did so. God forgave that wickedness. The Being, whom I then cursed, was in His tender mercy not unmindful of me—of *me*, a poor, blind, miserable, mistaken worm. But the waves dashed over me, and struck me on the face, and howled at me; and the winds yelled, and the snow beat like drifting sand into my eyes, and the ship, the *ship* was *gone*, and there was I left to struggle, and buffet, and gasp, and sink, and perish, alone, unseen and unpitied by man, and, as I thought, too, by the everlasting God.

8. I tried to penetrate the surrounding darkness with my glaring eyes, that felt as if leaping from their sockets; and saw, as if by miraculous power, to a great distance through the night: but no *ship;* nothing but white-crested waves and the dismal noise of thunder.

9. I shouted, shrieked, and yelled, that I might be heard by the crew, till my voice was gone, and that, too, when I knew that there were none to hear me. At last I became utterly speechless, and, when I tried to call aloud, there was nothing but a silent gasp and convulsion, while the waves came upon me like stunning blows, reïterated, and drove me along like a log of wood or a dead animal.

10. All this time, I was not conscious of any act of swimming; but I soon found that I had instinctively been exerting all my power and skill, and both were requisite to keep me alive in the tumultuous wake of the ship. Something struck me harder than a wave. What it was I knew not, but I grasped it with a passionate violence; for the hope of salvation came suddenly over me, and with a sudden transition from despair, I felt that I was rescued.

11. I had the same thought as if I had been suddenly heaved on shore by a wave. The crew had thrown overboard every thing they thought could afford me the slightest chance of escape from death, and a hencoop had drifted toward me. At once all the stories I had ever read, of mariners miraculously saved at sea, rushed across my recollection. I had an object to cling to, which I knew would prolong my existence.

12. I was no longer helpless on the cold weltering world of waters; and the thought that my friends were thinking of me, and doing all they could for me, gave to me a wonderful courage. I may yet pass the night in the ship, I thought; and I looked round eagerly to hear the rush of her prow, or to see through the snowdrift the gleaming of her sails.

13. This was but a momentary gladness. The ship, I knew, could not be far off, but, for any good she could do to me, she might as well have been in the heart of the Atlantic Ocean. Ere she could have altered her course, I must have drifted a long way to leeward, and in that dim, snowy night, how was such a speck to be seen? I saw a flash of lightning, and then there was thunder. It was the ship firing a gun, to let me know, if still alive, that she was somewhere lying to.

14. But wherefore? I was separated from her by a dire necessity by many thousand fierce waves, that would not let my shrieks be heard. Each succeeding gun was heard fainter and fainter, till at last I cursed the sound that,

scarcely heard above the hollow rumbling of the tempest ous sea, told me that the ship was further and further o till she and her heartless crew had left me to my fate.

15. Why did they not send out all their boats to ro round and round all that night through, for the sake c one whom they pretended to love so well? I blame blessed, and cursed them by fits, till every emotion of m soul was exhausted, and I clung in sullen despair to th wretched piece of wood that still kept me from eternity.

16. Every thing was now seen in its absolute, dreadf reality. I was a castaway, with no hope of rescue. was broad daylight, and the storm had ceased; but cloud lay round the horizon, and no land was to be seen. Wha dreadful clouds! Some black as pitch, and charged wit thunder; others like cliffs of fire, and here and there a streamered over with blood. It was indeed a sullen, wrath ful, and despairing sky.

17. The sun itself was a dull, brazen orb, cold, dead, an beamless. I beheld three ships afar off, but all their head were turned away from me. For whole hours, they would ad here motionless to the sea, while I drifted away from them and then a rushing wind would spring up, and carry then one by one, into the darkness of the stormy distance. Man birds came close to me, as if to flap me with their larg spreading wings, screamed round and round me, and the flew away in their strength, and beauty, and happiness.

18. I now felt myself indeed dying. A calm came ove me. I prayed devoutly for forgiveness of my sins, an for all my friends on earth. A ringing was in my ear and I remember only the hollow fluctuations of the se with which I seemed to be blended, and a sinking dow and down an unfathomable depth, which I thought wa Death, and into the kingdom of the eternal Future.

19. I awoke from insensibility and oblivion, with a hid eous racking pain in my head and loins, and in a place o utter darkness. I heard a voice say, "Praise the Lord!

My agony was dreadful, and I cried aloud. Wan, glimmering, melancholy lights kept moving to and fro. I heard dismal whisperings, and now and then, a pale, silent ghost glided by. A hideous din was overhead, and around me the fierce dashing of the waves. Was I in the land of spirits?

20. But why try to recount the mortal pain of my recovery, the soul-humbling gratitude that took possession of my being? I was lying in the cabin of a ship, and kindly tended by a humane and skilful man. I had been picked up, apparently dead, and cold. The hand of God was there. Adieu, my dear friend. It is now the hour of rest, and I hasten to fall down on my knees before the merciful Being who took pity upon me, and who, at the intercession of our Redeemer, may, I hope, pardon all my sins.

PROF. WILSON.

Spell and define—

1. Adequate.
2. Jollity.
8. Glaring.
9. Stunning.
15. Exhausted.
16. Absolute.

LESSON XLII.

Spell and define—

1. FOUNT'AIN, a spring of water.
   CIS'TERN, a reservoir for water.
2. AC-CEPT'A-BLE, agreeable.

GOAD, a pointed instrument used for driving beasts.
AD-MON'ISHED, warned.

ECCLESIASTES, CHAP. XII.

1. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because

they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

2. Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity. And moreover, because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs. The preacher sought to find out acceptable words: and that which was written was upright, even words of truth. The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd. And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end: and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

3. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it b e evil. BIBLE.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE.

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.—Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us, with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around their midnight throne, are set above the grasp

of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will lie out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that now passes before us like the meteor, will stay in our presence for ever.

LESSON XLIII.

Spell and define—

1. IN'TER-VIEWS, meetings, mutual sight or view.
3. ARM'A-MENT, a body of naval forces equipped for war; ships of war.
LE-VI'A-THAN, a huge sea animal; *here used figuratively for* ships.
AR'BI-TER, one who controls or decides between others.
YEST, (the same as *yeast,*) the foam of the sea.
4. AZ'URE, blue, like the sky.
5. GLASS'ES, mirrors as in a glass.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

1. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

2. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

. . . . . .

3. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yest of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

4. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage—what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

5. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed; in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime

The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

BYRON.

Spell and define—

Rapture.
Intrudes.
Universe.
Control.
Wrecks.
Bubbling.
Uncoffined.
3. Quake.
Capitals.
Mar.
4. Empires.
Decay.
Wrinkles.
5. Mirror.
Convulsed.

LESSON XLIV.

Spell and define—

VIS'TA, a long avenue.
BIERS, frames used for carrying the dead.
SPRAY, foam.
MYS'TE-RY, anything not easily understood.
LAUNCH, to go forth.
CREST'ED, having the tops white with spray.
4. BE-GUILED', passed pleasingly.
CHEER'ING, animating, joyous.
5. PEACE'FUL, calm, quiet.
7. TRIB'UTE, token of love or respect.

LIEUT. SAMUEL PARK WEIR.

And must it be that we no more shall meet,
Again to wander on the lonely shore,
Pressing the Ocean gems beneath our feet,
And listening to the music of its roar?
Oh! can it be those happy days are o'er,
And through the vista of all coming years
Shall memory link thee with the field of gore,
And with its victims on their bloody biers,
Shall the fond heart's relief be but a flood of tears?

No! I still see thee, as I saw thee then,
Beside the margin of the mighty deep,
At dewy morn, at noon, at even-tide.

And while the stars their lonely vigils keep,
We could not give those precious hours to sleep,
Amid the beauty that around us lay—
The Ocean stretching with its boundless sweep,
The waves that rose and fell in sportive play,
And met the rude, dark rocks
And broke in mist-like spray.

3. The Ocean! with its veil of mystery,
Whene'er I think of it, I think of thee;
And how we longed to know the history
Its wild, dark waves might tell if they were free;
And how we gazed, and thought in childish glee,
If we a few dear ties could only sever,
How well to launch upon the "deep blue sea,"
And with its crested billows round us ever,
And the bright stars above, to wander on for ever.

4. But thou art gone! A shade of sorrow lies
Upon those scenes that once the hours beguiled;
The light has fled from out those sunny eyes,
The lips are sealed that once so sweetly smiled;
And destiny has from her wayward child
Another land mark taken. I stand again alone,
Before me stretches out the entangled wild—
The rugged steep, all that I once had known;
But many a cheering spot has from the prospect flow

5. Farewell! the dream of life is passed—
Full many a hope has perished in thy tomb;
We should have known they were too bright to last,
Like earliest flowers, that soonest lose their bloom
Sleep, brother, sleep, within thy peaceful bed,
Far from the field by hurrying masses pressed;
The battle's shock, the shout, the foeman's tread,
Shall never break the quiet of thy rest—
Calm as an infant's sleep upon its mother's breast.

6. The Spring shall come, and with its earliest showers,
The violet bloom above thy lowly head;
And gentle hands shall cull the fairest flowers,
And wreathe their garlands for the honored dead;
And many a gentle one, by pity led,
Shall seek at even-tide thy quiet grave,
And many a heartfelt tear in silence shed
For thee, the young, the beautiful, the brave,
Who for thy country's cause thy life so freely gave.

7. The only tribute they can give to thee,
They offer thus upon thy new-made sod;
They weep, although they know that thou art free,
An angel near the shining throne of God. T. C.

Spell and define—

1. Gore.
2. Margin.
3. Sever.
4. Destiny.
6. Cull.
Wreathe.

LESSON XLV.

Spell and define—

1. A-POC'A-LYPSE, the last book of the New Testament.
WIELD'ED, used with power.
2. GORGEOUS, showy, splendid.
IM'AGE-RY, lively description.
3. TONGUES, languages.
4. PAS'TOR-AL, pertaining to shepherds.
DO-MAIN', territory, country.
5. HAR'MO-NIZE, cause to agree.
6. VEN-ER-A'TION, respect and reverence.

THE SACRED WRITERS.

1. For fifteen hundred years, till John closed the canon with the Apocalypse, and sealed up the prophecy, did God continue from time to time to reveal His will, and move men to write it down. No less than from thirty-five to forty men, whose names are mostly known, wielded the

pen under the Holy Spirit's guidance, and have given us a book of various contents: laws, histories, psalms, proverbs, philosophy, prophecies, biography, epistles.

2. They were men of various culture, various tastes and tempers of mind. They were priests, poets, prophets, warriors, herdsmen, fishermen, scholars. They wrote in the deserts, in the schools of the prophets, in the temple, in the courts of kings, in Western and Central Asia, amid Grecian and Roman civilization. They wrote in the purest simplicity, in strains of unutterable tenderness, and again with a stately and magnificent march of thought and language, in gorgeous imagery, in awful sublimity.

3. The Bible, therefore, is a book of endless variety, of undying freshness, of constant surprises, of which, if we enter into its spirit, we never tire. It is written, for the most part, in two remarkable tongues, the Hebrew, full of passion, full of feeling, and full of movement and life; and the Greek, exact, copious, and eminently suited to convey definite and clear views of abstract and philosophic truth.

4. The one was the language, for the most part, of a pastoral people, of limited domain, suited to receive a divine revelation, while it was to be perpetuated and held in reserve till He who should stretch forth the rod of His strength from Zion, and carry forth truth unto victory, should come; the other, a language more widely diffused over the civilized world, through which the truth could reach men of many races, in one generation.

5. The Bible is equally interesting *for the opposition it has encountered.* The powerful and the weak have risen up against it. Learning has sought among its ample stores to prove its declarations at fault, and philosophy, with her boasted discoveries, to prove it inconsistent. It has shamed its enemies, and sent them back to correct their facts and harmonize their testimony. It has been ridiculed, insulted, torn, and burned. But it still lives, and exerts its blessed power upon the world.

6. We regard it with that curiosity and veneration with which we view the battlements of some renowned city, which has sustained siege after siege, and remains unconquered. It has, in turn, assailed its assailants, and ground them to powder. In every attack upon it they have been vanquished.

REV. GEORGE HOWE, D.D.

Spell and define—.

. Canon.
Reveal.
. Culture.
Tastes.
Civilization.
Magnificent.
Sublimity.

3. Surprises.
Copious.
Eminently.
Abstract.
Philosophic.
4. Perpetuated.
Reserve.
Diffused.
5. Encountered.
Inconsistent.
6. Battlements.
Sustained.
Siege.
Vanquished.

LESSON XLVI.

Spell and define—

CON-STRUCT'ED, built.
MAY'OR, the chief magistrate of a city.
SI-MUL-TA'NE-OUS, happening at the same time.
LEV'EE, a bank thrown up along a river to prevent its overflowing.
5. FAS-CINES', bundles of sticks used to fill up ditches or strengthen ramparts.
7. HAV'OC, great destruction.
8. PLA-TOONS', divisions of a company of soldiers.
9. CAR'NAGE, slaughter.

BATTLE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

1. On the morning of the 1st of January, 1815, Sir dward Packenham was discovered to have constructed atteries near the American works, and at daylight comenced a heavy fire from them, which was well returned by eneral Jackson. A bold attempt was, at the same time, ade to turn the left of the Americans; but in this the ene- y was completely repulsed. The British retired, in the ening, from their batteries, having spiked their guns, and

leaving behind a quantity of ammunition. The loss of the Americans on this occasion was eleven killed, and twenty-three wounded.

2. On the 4th, General Jackson was joined by twenty-five hundred Kentuckians, under General Adair; and on the 6th, the British were joined by General Lambert, at the head of four thousand men. The British force now amounted to little short of fifteen thousand of the finest troops; that of the Americans to about six thousand, chiefly raw militia, a considerable portion unarmed, and from the haste of their departure, badly supplied with clothing. All the private arms which the inhabitants possessed were collected, and the ladies of New-Orleans occupied themselves continually in making different articles of clothing. The mayor of the city, Mr. Girod, was particularly active at this trying moment.

3. The British general now prepared for a serious attempt on the American works. With great labor he had completed, by the 7th, a canal from the swamp to the Mississippi, by which he was enabled to transport a number of his boats to the river. It was his intention to make a simultaneous attack on the main force of General Jackson on the left bank, and, crossing the river, to attack the batteries on the right. The works of the American general were by this time completed; his front was a straight line of one thousand yards, defended by upward of three thousand infantry and artillerists.

4. The ditch contained five feet of water; and his front, from having been flooded by opening the levees and frequent rains, was rendered slippery and muddy. Eight distinct batteries were judiciously disposed, mounting in all twelve guns of different calibres. On the opposite side of the river, there was a strong battery of fifteen guns, and the intrenchments were occupied by General Morgan with the Louisiana militia, and a strong detachment of the Kentucky troops.

5. On the memorable morning of the 8th of January, General Packenham, having detached Colonel Thornton, with a considerable force, to attack the works on the right bank of the river, moved, with his whole force, exceeding twelve thousand men, in two divisions, under Major-Generals Gibbs and Kean, and a reserve under General Lambert. The first of these officers was to make the principal attack; the two columns were furnished with scaling-ladders and fascines.

6. Thus prepared, the Americans patiently waited the attack which would decide the fate of New-Orleans, and perhaps of Louisiana. The British deliberately advanced in solid columns, over an even plain, in front of the American intrenchments, the men carrying, besides their muskets, fascines, and some of them ladders. A dead silence prevailed, until they approached within reach of the batteries, which commenced an incessant and destructive cannonade; they, notwithstanding, continued to advance in tolerable order, closing up their ranks as fast as they were opened by the fire of the Americans.

7. When they came within reach, however, of musketry and rifles, these joined the artillery, and produced such dreadful havoc that they were instantly thrown into confusion. Never was there so tremendous a fire as that kept up from the American lines; it was a continued stream; those behind, loading for the men in front, enabled them to fire with scarcely an intermission. The British columns were literally swept away; hundreds fell at every discharge. The British officers were now making an effort to rally their men; and in this attempt, their commander, a gallant officer, General Packenham, was killed.

8. The two generals, Gibbs and Kean, succeeded in pushing forward their columns a second time; but the second approach was more fatal than the first; the continued rolling fire of the Americans resembled peals of thunder; it was such as no troops could withstand; the advancing columns

broke, and no effort to rally them could avail; a few platoons only advanced to the edge of the ditch, to meet a more certain destruction.

9. An unavailing attempt was made to bring them up a third time by their officers, whose gallantry, on this occasion, deserved a better fate in a better cause. Generals Gibbs and Kean were carried away severely wounded, the former mortally. The plain between the front of the British and the American lines was strewed with dead; so dreadful a carnage, considering the length of time and the numbers engaged, was perhaps never witnessed. Two thousand, at the lowest estimate, pressed the earth, besides a number of the wounded who were not able to escape. The loss of the Americans did not exceed seven killed and seven wounded. General Lambert was the only general officer left upon the field; being unable to check the flight of the British columns, he retired to his encampment.

10. In the mean time, the detachment under Colonel Thornton succeeded in landing on the right bank, and immediately attacked the intrenchments of General Morgan. The American right, believing itself outflanked, abandoned its position, while the left maintained its ground for a while; but finding itself deserted by those on the right, and being outnumbered by the enemy, they spiked their guns, and retired. Colonel Thornton was severely wounded, and the command devolved on Colonel Gobbins, who, seeing the fate of the assault on the left bank, and receiving orders from General Lambert, recrossed the river.

11. On the return of General Lambert to his camp, it was resolved, in consultation with Admiral Cochrane, to retire to their shipping. This was effected with great secrecy; and during the night of the 18th their camp was entirely evacuated. From the nature of the country it was found impossible to pursue them. They left eight of their wounded and fourteen pieces of artillery. Their loss in this fatal expedition was immense; besides their generals, and a number

of valuable officers, their force was diminished by at least five thousand men. It was vain, as in other instances, to conceal the truth of the affair; and the sensations which it produced in Great Britain are not easily described; the conduct of the ministry was regarded as shamefully dishonorable, in thus stretching forth one hand to receive the olive which was tendered by America, and at the same time wielding a dagger with the other. ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

1. Repulsed.
3. Transport.
   Infantry.
4. Detachment.
6. Incessant.
7. Intermission.
9. Unavailing.
   Mortally.
10. Abandoned.
    Assault.
11. Evacuated.
    Expedition.
    Diminished.
    Sensations.
    Ministry.

LESSON XLVII.

Spell and define—

1. DIS-SO-LU'TION, death, separation of the soul and body.
5. IN-AD'E-QUATE, partial, not equal to the reality.
   RAV'A-GES, destruction, ruin.
7. EX-TREM'I-TIES, utmost distress; *last extremities* here means *death.*
8. PRO-LON-GA'TION, the act of lengthening.
   VE'HI-CLES, carriages of any kind.
   RE-CEP'TA-CLES, places in which to receive any thing.
9. AS-SI-DU'I-TIES, services rendered with zeal and kindness.
10. CON-TA'GION, pestilence, sickness spreading from the touch.
12. DE-CI'PHERED, explained.

HORRORS OF WAR.

1. Though the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are hastening to our long home; yet, at each successive moment, life and death seem to divide between them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the larger share. It is otherwise in war; death reigns there without a rival, and without control.

2. War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph of death, who here glories not only in the extent of his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here they are the vigorous and the strong.

3. It is remarked by the most ancient of poets, that in peace, children bury their parents; in war, parents bury their children; nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely, indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow, which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects.

4. Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, every thing but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

5. But, to confine our attention to the number of the slain, would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are so liable.

6. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger or an enemy, without being sensibly moved and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment; every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

7. In the last extremities, we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their

wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amid the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe.

8. If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of the torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands.

9. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, are near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death! Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust?

10. We must remember, however, that as a very small proportion of military life is spent in actual combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword; confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed to sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms; their life is a continual scene of hardships and dangers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads among their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

11. We have hitherto only adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scenes of hostilities. How dreadful to hold every thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword!

12. How boundless the fears which such a situation must

inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except so far as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power!

13. Conceive but for a moment the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our own neighborhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors!

14. Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There, the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves, but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil!

15. In another place, you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged; and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin! ROBERT HALL.

Spell and define—

1. Successive.
3. Tranquil.
4. Capacity.
5. Instantaneously.
6. Resentment.
10. Combat.
Ascribed.
Perpetual.
Hospitals.
11. Adverted.
12. Inspire.
Caprices.
13. Consternation.
14. Pestilence.
Fugitives.
15. Opulent.
Demolished.
Massacre.

LESSON XLVIII.

Spell and define—

1. Sur'named, having a name added to the original name.
3. Proph'e-cy, prediction, foretelling.
4. Re-buffs', defeats, repulses. Cos'tume, dress.
7. Chiv'al-ry, a military order called knights.
8. Mar'tial, relating to war.
11. Main-tain', assert, defend.
12. Friv'o-lous, trifling, of little importance.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

1. Joan of Arc, surnamed the Maid of Orleans, from her heroic defence of that city, was born about the year 1411, in the little hamlet of Domremy, near the river Meuse, in France, where her house is still preserved as a national relic. Her parents were humble and honest peasants.

2. At that time the kingdom of France was nothing more than a province conquered by the English, who treated the inhabitants with great severity. The young and unfortunate King of France, Charles the Seventh, beheld, day by day, his possessions taken from him, and his people persecuted.

3. The calamitous state of the nation was a subject of great concern, even in the little obscure village where Joan dwelt; and in her prayers she never forgot France and its rightful monarch. It chanced that a prophecy was current that a virgin should rid France of its enemies; and this prophecy seems to have been realized by its effect upon the mind of Joan.

4. Such was her enthusiasm, such her perseverance, that, after many difficulties and rebuffs, she gained access to Charles the Seventh, and induced him to give her the rank of a military commander, and allow her to go to raise the siege of Orleans. She assumed a military costume, and, on the third of May, 1429, actually entered the besieged city

at the head of a convoy of provisions and munitions of war, which her panic-stricken enemies dared not attack.

5. A few days later, in an attack on the English intrenchments, she rushed, armed only with her standard, toward them, seized the first ladder, and planted her colors on the ramparts. An arrow struck her in the shoulder, and she fell to the ground: the English raised a shout of triumph, and the French fell back discouraged.

6. Joan, perceiving that victory was about to turn in favor of the enemy, tore, with her own hand, the arrow from her deep wound, sprang from the ground, rallied her soldiers, and penetrated with them into the English intrenchments.

7. "Thus," says an historian, "that famous siege, which had lasted seven month—during which all the efforts of the chivalry of France had only succeeded in repelling a few assaults—was raised, in a few hours, by the courage of a heroine of seventeen. A week after the arrival of Joan of Arc, the enemy had fled from the walls of the delivered city."

8. Other successes followed this. Wherever Joan presented herself, the enemy fled before her. The fortunes of Charles the Seventh were retrieved. The fourteenth of July, 1429, having assisted at the ceremony of his coronation, she exclaimed, when it was over, "Now I shall not regret to die!" Having liberated her country, she wished to retire to her native village, to "serve her father and mother in keeping their sheep;" but to this the king would not consent. She was prevailed upon to continue her martial career.

9. Scarcely had a year elapsed since the glorious day on which she had delivered Orleans, when the courageous girl, having remained to the very last while the French were retreating from the siege of Compiegne, saw herself surrounded by a troop of Burgundian archers. By parrying their blows, and receding step by step as she fought, she at last

succeeded in gaining the foot of the rdmparts. One step more, and she would have entered the town.

10. But whether from jealousy, or bad management, or treachery, those who guarded the entrance into the city closed the gate, the drawbridge was immediately raised, and Joan was a prisoner. She was delivered over to the English by the Burgundian leader, for a sum of money; and the English, ashamed of having been conquered by a young girl, thought to efface the memory of their defeats by accusing her of witchcraft.

11. Joan asserted her innocence of this cruel charge. "Were I condemned," she said, "were I to behold the fire kindled, the wood prepared, the executioner ready to tie me to the stake — were I even in the midst of the flames — I would say only what I have already said, and maintain it until death. I submit with resignation to whatever torments you have to inflict. I know not if I have more to suffer; but my trust is in God."

12. Fearing lest she might be torn by the people from their grasp, her cowardly and ever infamous judges condemned her to death. It was on the thirty-first of May, 1431—that is to say, when Joan was verging on her twentieth year—that, on a frivolous and wicked charge of heresy and witchcraft, she was led to the stake in the old marketplace at Rouen. Eight hundred English soldiers escorted her.

13. A stupendous pile had been erected. The magistrate commanded the executioner to take Joan, and place her on the pile. The English soldiers, seeing that she spoke with her confessor, lost all patience, and exclaimed, "Do you intend to make us dine here?" They then seized her themselves, and tied her to the stake, at the same time calling upon the executioner to apply his torch from below. He did so, and the flames began to crackle.

14. An intrepid priest was standing by Joan, and he lingered, offering her religious consolation, as the smoke

ascended. Even in that dreadful moment, the heroic girl seemed to think more of another's safety than of her own mortal anguish so near. She begged the priest to go down, but to continue "to speak pious words" to her from his station below.

15. The last audible utterance from the lips of Joan was the sacred name of Jesus. The assistants, unable to restrain their tears, exclaimed, "She is innocent! She is truly a Christian!" A secretary of the English monarch, being present, said, weeping, to one of the judges, "You have ruined us; for they are burning a holy creature, whose soul is in the hands of God." Her ashes were scattered to the winds. Her memory is immortal.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Spell and define—

1. Hamlet.
   Relic.
2. Province.
   Persecuted.
3. Calamitous.
4. Convoy.
5. Triumph.
6. Rallied.
   Penetrated.
7. Heroine.
10. Treachery.
    Witchcraft.
11. Executioner.
13. Stupendous.
14. Anguish.

LESSON XLIX.

Spell and define—

1. GNARLED, knotty.
2. SCALED, climbed.
3. IS'O-LAT-ED, standing by itself.
   PAN-O-RA'MA, a complete view in every direction.
4. HAZE, a misty appearance of the air.
6. IM'PE-TUS, force of motion.
7. IN-TER-ME'DI-ATE, lying between.
8. RE-MOT'EST, most distant.
   POL'ISHED, made smooth and bright.
9. EL'E-VAT-ED, very high.
   MA-JES'TIC, splendid, grand.

THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

1. After riding about a mile and a quarter we came to the point beyond which horses cannot be taken; and ais

nounting our steeds, commenced ascending on foot. The vay was very steep, and we halted often to take breath. As we approached the summit, the trees were all of a dwarf-sh growth, and twisted and gnarled by the storms of that igh region. There were also a few blackberry bushes earing their fruit long after the season had passed be-ow.

2. A few minutes longer brought us to where the trees eased to grow; but a huge mass of rocks, piled wildly on he top of each other, finished the termination of the peak. Our path lay for some distance round the base of it, until led to a part of the pile which, with some effort, could be caled. There was no ladder, nor any artificial steps, and he only means of ascent was by climbing over the successive ocks.

3. We soon stood upon the wild platform of one of nature's ost magnificent observatories—isolated, and apparently bove all things else terrestrial, and looking down upon a eautiful, variegated, and at the same time wild, grand, and most boundless panorama. I had been there before! I member, when a boy of little more than ten years old, to ave been taken to that spot, and how my unpractised erves forsook me at the awful sublimity of the scene.

4. On this day it was as new as ever; as wild, wonderful, nd sublime, as if I had never before looked from those iso-ted rocks, or stood on that lofty summit. On one side, to-ard eastern Virginia, lay a comparatively level country, the distance bearing a strong resemblance to the ocean; n the other hand were ranges of high mountains, inter-ersed with cultivated spots, and then terminating in piles mountains, following in successive ranges until they were st also in the haze.

5. Above and below, the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies n off in long lines, sometimes relieved by knolls and aks, and in one place above us, making a graceful curve, d then again running off in a different line of direction.

Very near us stood the rounded top of the other peak, looking like a sullen sentinel for its neighbor.

6. We paused in silence for a time. It was more hazy than at the time of my last visit, but not enough so to destroy the interest of the scene. There was almost a sense of pain at the stillness which seemed to reign. We could hear the flapping of the wings of the hawks and buzzards, as they gathered new impetus after sailing through one of their circles in the air below us.

7. North of us, and on the other side of the Valley of Virginia were the mountains near Lexington, just as seen from that beautiful village—the Jump, North, and House mountains succeeding each other. Further on down the valley, and at a great distance, was the top of a large mountain, which was thought to be the great North mountain away down in Shenandoah county—I am afraid to say how far off. Intermediate between these mountains, and extending opposite and far above us, was the Valley of Virginia, with its numerous and highly cultivated farms.

8. Across this valley, and in the distance, lay the remotest ranges of the Alleghany and the mountains about and beyond the White Sulphur Springs. Turning toward the direction of our morning ride, we had beneath us Bedford county with its smaller mountains, farms, and farm-houses, the beautiful village of Liberty, the county roads, and occasionally a mill-pond reflecting the sun like a sheet of polished silver.

9. It is said that John Randolph once spent the night on these elevated rocks, attended by no one but his servant, and that when in the morning he had witnessed the sun rising over the majestic scene, he turned to his servant, having no other to whom he could express his thoughts, and charged him, "never from that time to believe any one who told him there was no God."

So. Lit. Messenger.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE.

CANEBRAKES.—Canebrakes form a prevailing feature in many of the marshy regions of Louisiania. The peculiar nature of the plant which there occupies the soil renders a canebrake different from every other kind of growth.

The cane grows in one long, slender, upright stalk, from ten to twenty feet in height, giving out but a few thin leaves, especially when close together. Though hollow, it possesses great strength; it is jointed, and the texture is compact, and the external part is formed of a hard, shelly substance, containing silex. When green, it is also tough.

The difficulty of penetrating a canebrake is so great as to be but seldom attempted, except where paths have been made by cutting away or trampling down the canes when young. Paths once opened and frequently travelled, remain passable, except when overflown by the water. But when several paths cross each other, nothing is more easy than for a traveller to lose his way; for the tops of the canes often bend over and meet above his head, so as to shut out a view even of the sky.

LESSON L.

Spell and define—

2. FAN-TAS'TIC, fanciful, odd.
3. FAN'CIES, conceptions, images.
4. LULLED, quieted, composed.
5. STEALTH'Y, secret, unperceived.
7. MOULD, earth, the grave.
8. DE'VI-OUS, wandering.

THE SHADOWS.

1. They are gliding, they are gliding
O'er the meadows green and gay,
Like a fairy troop they're riding
Through the breezy woods away;

On the mountain tops they linger,
When the sun is sinking low,
And they point with giant finger
To the sleeping vale below.

2. They are flitting, they are flitting
O'er the waving corn and rye,
And now they're calmly sitting
'Neath the oak-tree's branches high;
And where the tired reaper
Hath sought the sheltering tree,
They dance above the speaker
In light, fantastic glee.

3. They are creeping, they are creeping
Over valley, hill, and stream,
Like the thousand fancies sweeping
Through a youthful poet's dream;
Now they mount on noiseless pinions
With the eagle to the sky—
Soar along those broad dominions
Where the stars in beauty lie.

4. They are leaping, they are leaping
Where a cloud beneath the moon
O'er the lake's soft breast is sleeping
Lulled by a pleasant tune;
And where the fire is glancing
At twilight through the hall,
Tall spectre forms are dancing
Upon the lofty wall.

5. They are lying, they are lying
Where the solemn yew-tree waves,
And the evening winds are sighing
In the lonely place of graves;

And their noiseless feet are creeping
With slow and stealthy tread
Where the ancient church is keeping
Its watch above the dead.

6. Lo they follow, lo they follow,
Or before flit to and fro,
By mountain, stream, or hollow,
Wherever man may go;
And never for another
Will the shadow leave his side—
More faithful than a brother,
Or all the world beside.

7. Ye remind me, ye remind me,
O shadows pale and cold!
That friends to earth did bind me,
Now sleeping in the mould;
The young, the loved, the cherished,
Whose mission early done,
In life's bright noontide perished,
Like shadows in the sun.

8. The departed, the departed—
I greet them with my tears,
The true and gentle-hearted,
The friends of early years;
Their wings like shadows o'er me,
Methinks are spread for aye,
Around, behind, before me,
To guard the devious way.

SOPHIA HELEN OLIVER.

Spell and define—

1. Gliding.
2. Flitting.
Reaper.
3. Mount.
Pinions.
4. Spectre.
Glancing.
6. Faithful.
7. Cherished.

LESSON LI.

Spell and define—

2. FLUSH, fresh, full of vigor.
3. ZE'NITH, the point in the heavens directly over head.
5. VAN, the front.
7. EX'IT, the departure, end.
8. PA-VIL'ION, a kind of building.
9. COUCH, a bed.
11. CON'VERSE, familiar conversation.
12. TRAN-SCRIB'ED, copied.
13. STEEDS, horses.

THE RAINBOW.

1. The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Played the sunshine and raindrops, the birds and the breeze;
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

2. For the Queen of the Spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smiles of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush, in her footsteps, sprang herbage and flowers.

3. The skies, like a banner, in sunset unrolled,
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold;
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased,
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.

4. We gazed on the scenes while around us they glowed,
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud;
'Twas not like the sun as at midday we view,
Nor the moon that rolls nightly through starlight and blue.

5. Like a spirit, it came in the van of the storm,
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form;

For it looked not severe, like an angel of wrath,
But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

6. In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

7. 'Twas the bow of Omnipotence bent in His hand
Whose grasp at creation the universe spanned;
'Twas the presence of God in symbol sublime;
His vow from the flood to the exit of time.

8. Oh, such was the rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its keystone the sun;
A pavilion it seemed, which the Deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.

9. A while, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene; whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanished, or Hope had expired.

0. I gazed not alone on that source of my song;
To all who beheld it these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.

1. Like a visit, the converse of friends, or a day,
That bow from my sight passed for ever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day, to my heart
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

2. 'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined
With the strong and unperishing colors of mind—

A part of my being, beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, but transcribed on my soul.

13. Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind He pleads,
When storms are His chariot, and lightning His steeds
The black clouds, His banner of vengeance unfurled,
And thunder His voice to a guilt-stricken world:

14. In the breath of His presence, when thousands expire,
And the seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.

CAMPBELL.

Spell and define—

1. Landscape.
2. Herbage.
3. Azure.
4. Vision.
6. Hues.
7. Symbol.
8. Arch.
Refraction.
9. Expired.
10. Expanded.
Adored.
12. Unperishing.
13. Chariot.
Vengeance.
14. Vultures.

LESSON LII.

Spell and define—

1. AR-TIC'U-LATE, speak distinctly.
2. FREN'ZY, madness, distraction.
3 AT-TIRE', dress.
5. A-VID'I-TY, eagerness.
8. PROS'E-CUT-ED, pursued, carried on.
9. AR'DOR, eager love.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

1. John James Audubon was born in Louisiana, about the year 1782. He was of French descent, and his parents possessed that happy nature which disposed them to en-

ourage the spirit of inquiry which they early perceived in he mind of their son; and which exists in the mind of every hild of good natural abilities. "When I had hardly learnd to walk," says Audubon, "and to articulate those first ords always so endearing to parents, the productions of ature that lay spread all around were constantly pointed ut to me.

2. "They soon became my playmates; and before my leas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the ifference between the azure tints of the sky, and the emerd hue of the bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy with em, not of friendship merely, but bordering upon frenzy, ust accompany my steps through life. And now, more an ever, am I persuaded of the power of those early imessions. They laid such hold of me, that when removed om the woods, the prairies, and the brooks, or shut up om the view of the wide Atlantic, I experienced none of ose pleasures most congenial to my mind.

3. "My father generally accompanied my steps, procured rds and flowers for me, and pointed out the elegant moveents of the former, the beauty and softness of their pluage, the manifestations of their pleasures or their sense danger, and the always perfect forms and splendid ate of the latter. He would speak of the departure and urn of the birds with the seasons, describe their haunts, d, more wonderful than all, their change of livery; thus citing me to study them, and to raise my mind toward eir great Creator.

4. "A vivid pleasure shone upon those days of my early uth, attended with a calmness of feeling that seldom led to rivet my attention for hours, while I gazed with stasy upon the pearly and shining eggs, as they lay emdded in the softest down, or among dried leaves and igs, or were exposed upon the burning sand or weatherten rocks of our Atlantic shore. I was taught to look on them as flowers yet in the bud.

5. "I grew up, and my wishes grew with my form. I was fervently desirous of becoming acquainted with nature. I wished to possess all the productions of nature, but I wished life with them. This was impossible. Then, what was to be done? I turned to my father, and made known to him my disappointment and anxiety. He produced a book of illustrations. A new life ran in my veins. I turned over the leaves with avidity, and although what I saw was not what I longed for, it gave me a desire to copy nature. To nature I went, and tried to imitate her.

6. "How sorely disappointed did I feel, for many years when I saw that my productions were worse than those which I ventured to regard as bad in the book given to me by my father. My pencil gave birth to a family of cripples. So maimed were most of them, that they more nearly resembled the mangled corpses on the field of battle, than the objects which I had intended to represent.

7. "These difficulties and disappointments irritated me, but never for a moment destroyed the desire of obtaining perfect representations of nature. The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals. To have been torn from the study, would have been as death to me. My time was entirely occupied with it. I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually, and for a long time at my request, they made bonfires on the anniversary of my birthday."

8. In his sixteenth year, young Audubon was sent to France, to pursue his education. While there, he attended schools of natural history and the arts, and took lessons in drawing from the celebrated David. Although he prosecuted his studies zealously, his heart still panted for the sparkling streams of his "native land of groves."

9. He returned in his eighteenth year, with an ardor for the woods, and soon commenced a collection of drawings which have since swelled into a series of magnificent volumes—"The Birds of America." These designs were b

gun on the farm given to him by his father, situated near Philadelphia, on the banks of the Schuylkill.

10. There, amid its fine woodlands, its extensive fields, ts hills crowned with evergreens, he meditated upon these imple and agreeable objects, and pursued his rambles, from he first faint streaks of day until late in the evening, when vet with dew, and laden with feathered captives, he re- urned to the quiet enjoyment of the fireside. There, too, ie was married, and was fortunate in choosing one who nimated his courage amid vicissitudes, and in prosperity ppreciated the grounds and measures of his success.

11. For many years the necessities of life drove him into ommercial enterprises, which proved unsuccessful. His ove for the fields and flowers, the forests and their winged nhabitants, unfitted him for trade. His chief gratification vas derived from observation and study. His friends trove to wean him from his favorite pursuits, and he was ompelled to struggle against the wishes of all, except his vife and children. They alone encouraged him, and were villing to sink or swim with the beloved husband and fa- her.

Spell and define—

. Disposed.
. Emerald.
Congenial.
. Manifestations.
4. Vivid.
Rivet.
5. Fervently.
Illustrations.
7. Irritated.
9. Designs.
10. Vicissitudes.
Appreciated.

LESSON LIII.

Spell and define—

. RAN-SACKED, searched closely.
. OR-NI-THOL'O-GIST, a person skilled in the natural history of birds.
. BROOD'ED, thought anxiously
TRAV'ERSED, wandered over.
LY-CE'UM, a literary association.
7. EN-THU-SI-AS'TIC, ardent, zealous.
8. EN-SU'ING, succeeding, next following.
13. GEN'IUS, uncommon powers of mind.
14. PRIME, first, original.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.—(*Continued.*)

1. At length Audubon gave himself entirely to the observation and study of the feathered inhabitants of the forest. He undertook long and tedious journeys; he ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and the shores of the Atlantic: he spent years away from his family. "Yet," says he, "I had no other object in view than simply to enjoy the sight of nature. Never for a moment did I conceive the hope of becoming, in any degree, useful to my fellow-beings, until I accidentally formed an acquaintance with Charles Lucien Bonaparte, at Philadelphia, on the fifth of April, 1824."

2. It was soon afterward that Bonaparte, having examined Audubon's large collection of beautiful drawings, and observed his extensive knowledge of birds, said to him, "Do you know that you are a great man?" In reply, Audubon asked him his intention in asking such a question. "Sir," answered Bonaparte, "I consider you the greatest ornithologist in the world." He then suggested to him the importance of collecting and offering to the public the treasures which he had amassed during his wild journeyings.

3. This idea seemed like a beam of new light to Audubon's mind, and added fresh interest to his employment. For weeks and months he brooded over the kindling thought. He went westward to extend the number and variety of his drawings, with a view of preparing for a visit to Europe, and the publication of his works. When far away from the haunts of man, in the depths of forest solitude, happy days and nights of pleasant dreams attended him.

4. Only two years passed after his first interview with Lucien Bonaparte in Philadelphia, before Audubon sailed for England. He arrived at Liverpool in 1826. Despondency and doubt seemed now to come upon him. There was not a known friend to whom he could apply in all the nation

And he imagined, in the simplicity of his heart, that every individual to whom he was about to present his subject might possess talents far superior to his own. For two days he traversed the streets of Liverpool, looking in vain for a single glance of sympathy.

5. There are kind and generous hearts everywhere, and men of noble faculties to discern the beautiful and true; and it was not long before Audubon's works procured him a generous reception from the most distinguished men of science and letters. In a short time he was the admired of all admirers; and men of genius and honor, such as Cuvier, Humboldt, Wilson, Roscoe, and Swainson, soon recognized his lofty claim.

6. Learned societies extended to him the warm and willing hand of friendship; the houses of the nobility were opened to him; and wherever he went, the solitary American woodman, whose talents were so little appreciated but a few years before, that he was rejected after being proposed by Lucien Bonaparte as a member of the Lyceum of Natural History, in Philadelphia, was now receiving the homage of the most distinguished men of science in the old world.

7. Before the close of 1830, his first volume of the "Birds of America" was issued. It was received with enthusiastic applause; royal names headed the subscription list, and one hundred and seventy-five volumes were sold at a thousand dollars each. In the mean time, (April, 1829,) Audubon returned to America, to explore anew the woods of the Middle and Southern States.

8. The winter and spring of 1832 he passed in Florida and in Charleston. Early in the ensuing summer he bent his steps northward, and explored the forests of Maine, New-Brunswick, the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the coast of Labrador. Returning as the cold season approached, he visited Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and, rejoining his family, proceeded

to Charleston, where he spent the winter in the preparation of his drawings and the accompanying descriptions. In the following spring, after nearly three years spent in travel and research, he sailed again for England.

9. In 1834 the second volume of his work was published. The three following years were passed in exploring Florida and Texas. A vessel was placed at his disposal by the Government of the United States, to aid him in this noble enterprise. At the close of this period he published the fourth and last volume of plates, and the fifth volume of descriptions. The whole work comprises four hundred and thirty-five plates, containing more than one thousand figures, from the Bird of Washington to the tiny Humming Bird, all represented of the size, color, and attitude of life.

10. In 1839, having returned for the last time to his native country, and established himself with his family at his beautiful residence on the banks of the Hudson, near New-York City, he commenced the republication in this country of the "Birds of America," in seven large octavo volumes, which were completed in 1844.

11. Before the expiration of this period, however, he began to prepare for the press the "Quadrupeds of America." In this work he was assisted by the Rev. John Bachman, D.D. Accompanied by his sons, Victor Gifford, and John Woodhouse, he explored the reedy swamps of our southern shores, traversed forest and prairie, making drawings and writing descriptions of quadrupeds. The first volume of "Quadrupeds" appeared in New-York in 1846. This work, consisting of five volumes, has recently been concluded, and is no less interesting and valuable than the works of his earlier life.

12. At the age of sixty, Audubon possessed the sprightliness and vigor of a young man. In person he was tall, and remarkably well formed. His aspect was sweet and animated; and the childlike simplicity of his manners, and the cheerfulness of his temper, were worthy of universal

imitation. These made him beloved by all who knew him.

13. Audubon had no faith in genius. He said that a man could make himself what he pleased by labor; and, by using every moment of time, the mind might be kept improving to the end of life. "Look at facts, and trust to yourself; meditate and reason," he would say; "it is thus a man should educate himself."

14. It was his object to learn every thing from the prime teacher, Nature. His glowing style, as well as his extensive knowledge, was the fruit of his own experience. He never wrote for the press until after the age at which most authors have established their reputation. His facility for ready writing, he said, was acquired by keeping a journal, in which he recorded the events and reflections of each day—a practice worthy the example of every one.

15. For some years past his health had been failing, and he was rarely seen beyond the limits of his beautiful residence. On the twenty-seventh of January, 1851, he died, full of years, and illustrious with the most desirable glory. He indissolubly linked himself with the undying loveliness of Nature, and thus left behind a monument of unending fame.

ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

1. Conceive.
2. Amassed.
4. Interview.
   Despondency.
5. Discern.
   Recognized.
6. Homage.
7. Applause.
9. Disposal.
   Comprises.
10. Completed.
11. Quadrupeds.
12. Sprightliness.
14. Reflections.
15. Indissolubly.

LESSON LIV.

Spell and define—

1. DIS-CI'PLES, followers.
2. SA'VOUR, taste, saltness.
3. SCRIBE, one skilled in Jewish law, and who explained it to the people.
4. RA'CA, foolish, a term of extreme contempt.
5. AUGHT, any thing.
6. FOR-SWEAR', to swear falsely.

MATTHEW, CHAP. V.

1. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

2. Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

3. Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

4. Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

5. Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into

hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement: but I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

6. Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

7. Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

8. Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the

same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do you more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect. BIBLE.

Spell and define—

1. Persecuted.
   Revile.
3. Fulfilled.
   Righteousness.
4. Council.
   Reconciled.
   Adversary.
5. Profitable.
   Divorcement.
6. Communication.
7. Twain.
8. Salute.

LESSON LV.

Spell and define—

1. ALMS, acts of charity to the poor.
   VER'I-LY, truly indeed.
2. CLOS'ET, a place for private devotion.
   A'MEN, so let it be.
4. MOTH, an insect that destroys woolen clothing.
   SIN'GLE, incorrupt, unbiassed.
   E'VIL, corrupt, perverse.
5. CU'BIT, a measure of about 22 inches.
   STAT'URE, height.
7. METE, to measure.
10. STRAIT, difficult.

MATTHEW, CHAP. VI. VII.

1. Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

2. And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their re-

ward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him. After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen. For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

3. Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father, which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

4. Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

5. No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

6. Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

7. Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

8. Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

9. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or, if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

10. Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

11. Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

12. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then I will profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

13. Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, nd doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which uilt his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and he floods came, and the wind blew, and beat upon that ouse; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And very one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth hem not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built is house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the oods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that ouse; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

14. And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these say-ngs, the people were astonished at his doctrine; for he aught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

BIBLE.

Spell and define—

Hypocrites. Repetitions Anoint.

4. Treasures. 5. Mammon. 7. Mote.

8. Pearls. 10. Ravening. 12. Profess.

LESSON LVI.

Spell and define—

MON'ARCH, king or prince.
AR-CADES', walks arched above.
SPELL, charm.
7. AISLE, a passage in a church.
TRO'PHIES, memorials of conquest.

THE SUNBEAM.

1. Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world for thee?

2. Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles—
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles—
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor, like words from home.

3. To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fireflies glance to the pools below.

4. I looked on the mountains—a vapor lay
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou brakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

5. I looked on the peasant's lonely cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;
But a gleam of *thee* on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

6. To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender light on the ruin's head.

7. Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of burning gold.

8. And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

9. Sunbeam of summer, oh, what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
One thing is like thee, to mortals given—
The faith, touching all things with hues of heaven.

MRS. HEMANS.

Spell and define—

2. Billows.
3. Quivering.
5. Gleam.
6. Flushing.
8. Gloom.
9. Wilderness.

LESSON LVII.

Spell and define—

VALES, valleys.
TREM'U-LOUS, quivering.
SHRIEK, a shrill cry or scream.
FREN'ZIED, affected with madness.
6. DE-SCRY', to see, discover.
MA'NI-AC, mad, deranged.
9. CHAM'OIS, a wild animal of the goat kind.
10. SHRED, narrow strip, fragment.

THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS.

I've been among the mighty Alps, and wandered through their vales,
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,
As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their daily work was o'er,
They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard of more.

And there I from a shepherd heard a narrative of fear,
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear:
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous;
But wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus:

"It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells;
But, patient, watching hour on hour upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

"One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising high,
When, from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,

As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of grief and
pain,
A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne'er may hear again.

5. "I hurried out to learn the cause; but, overwhelme
with fright,
The children never ceased to shriek, and from my frei
zied sight
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of m
care;
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailin
through the air.

6. Oh, what an awful spectacle to meet a father's eye—
His infant made a vulture's prey, with terror to descry
And know, with agonizing breast, and with a mani
rave,
That earthly power could not avail that innocent
save!

7. "My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to n
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly to g
free;
At intervals, I heard his cries, as loud he shrieked a
screamed,
Until upon the azure sky a lessening spot he seemed.

8. "The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heav
he flew;
A mote upon the sun's broad face he seemed unto
view;
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he wo
alight—
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished qu

9. "All search was vain, and years had passed; that c
was ne'er forgot,
When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spo

From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never reached,
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleached!

10. "I clambered up that rugged cliff—I could not stay away,
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to decay;
A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a shred;
The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon the head.

11. "That dreary spot is pointed out to travellers passing by,
Who often stand, and, musing, gaze, nor go without a sigh."
And as I journeyed the next morn, along my sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.

ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

1. Dismal.
2. Narrative.
3. Vulture.
5. Overwhelmed.
Searching.
6. Spectacle.
7. Imploringly.
Intervals.
8. Delusive.
9. Elements.
11. Musing.
Precipice.

LESSON LVIII.

Spell and define—

1. RE-PAIRED', went.
2. BAN-DIT'TI, robbers, outlaws.
3. ROUTS, fashionable assemblies.
DE-PLORE', lament, bewail.
RIG'OR-OUS, severe, strict.
4. CON-FIS-CA'TION, forfeiture of property.
CON-JURED', entreated, implored.
NA'TAL, pertaining to birth, native.
5. IM-MURED', imprisoned.
FET'ID, having an offensive smell.

THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

1. Amidst the general desolation, the women of Carolina exhibited an example of more than masculine fortitude. They displayed so ardent, so rare a love of country, that scarcely could there be found in ancient or modern history an instance more worthy to excite surprise and admiration. Far from being offended at the name of rebel ladies, they esteemed it a title of distinction and glory. Instead of showing themselves in assemblies, the seats of joy and pleasure, they repaired on board of ships, they descended into dungeons, where their husbands, children, and friends were in confinement; they carried them consolation and encouragement.

2. "Summon your magnanimity," they said: "yield not to the fury of tyrants; hesitate not to prefer prison to infamy, death to servitude. America has fixed her eyes on her beloved defenders; you will reap, doubt it not, the fruit of your sufferings; they will produce liberty, that parent of all blessings; they will shelter her for ever from the assaults of British banditti. You are the martyrs of such a cause, the most grateful to Heaven and sacred to men."

3. By such words these generous women mitigated the miseries of the unhappy prisoners. They would never appear at the balls or routs that were given by the victors. Those who consented to attend them were instantly despised by all the others. The moment an American officer arrived at Charleston as a prisoner of war, they sought him out, and loaded him with attention and civilities. They often assembled in the most retired parts of their houses to deplore without restraint the misfortunes of their country. Many of them imparted their noble spirit to their hesitating and wavering husbands; they determined them to prefer a rigorous exile to their interesting families; and death to the sweets of life.

4. Exasperated at their constancy, the English condemned ıe most zealous to banishment and confiscation. In bid- ing a last farewell to their fathers, their children, their rothers, and their husbands, those heroines, far from be- aying the least mark of weakness, which in them might ave been excused, exhorted them to arm themselves with trepidity. They conjured them not to allow fortune to anquish them, nor to suffer the love they bore their fami- es to render them unmindful of all they owed their coun- y. When comprehended, soon after, in the general de- ee of banishment issued against the partisans of liberty, ıey abandoned with the same firmness their natal soil.

5. A supernatural alacrity seemed to animate them when ıey accompanied their husbands into distant countries, and ven when they were immured with them in the fetid ships to which they were inhumanly crowded. Reduced to the ost frightful indigence, they were seen to beg bread for ıemselves and families. Among those who were nurtured the lap of opulence, many passed suddenly from the most elicate and the most elegant style of living to the rudest ils and to the humblest service. But humiliation could ot triumph over their resolution and cheerfulness ; their ample was a support to their companions in misfortune.

6. To this heroism of the women of Carolina, it is princi- lly to be imputed that the love, and even the name of berty, were not totally extinguished in the Southern prov- ces. The English hence began to be sensible that their iumph was still far from secure. For, in every affair of ıblic interest, the general opinion never manifests itself ith more energy than when women take part in it with l the life of their imagination. Less powerful as well as ss stable than that of men when calm, it is far more vehe- ent and pertinacious when roused and inflamed.

CHARLES BOTTA.

Spell and define—

1. Exhibited. Fortitude.
3. Civilities. Restraint.
4. Partisans.
5. Alacrity.

LESSON LIX.

Spell and define—

1. OUT'GROWTH, that which proceeds from.
   AT-TAIN'MENTS, acquisitions.
2. FOS'SIL, a substance dug from the earth.
   IN-CUL'CA-TING, enforcing by repeated instruction.
3. FEA'SI-BLE, that may be done.
   IN-FI-DEL'I-TY, disbelief of Christianity.
4. SYS-TEM-AT'I-CAL-LY, with regular method.
   DREGS, refuse, vilest part.
   VIC'TIMS, those wholly given up to.
   DIS-SI-PA'TION, evil course of life.
5. PEC-U-LA'TION, dishonesty, fraud.
   CAV'IL-LING, raising frivolous objections.

THE TEMPORAL BLESSINGS OF CHRISTIANITY.

1. A true civilization, with all its accompanying blessings, is the outgrowth of Christianity. No nation has ever yet advanced much beyond a state of barbarism, that was not to a great extent under the influence of those ideas that God's word reveals to us. Considerable attainments in a certain kind of civilization have been witnessed among nations, whose people have had little or no light from the written word. Egypt, Babylon, Greece, and Rome are examples in past history—China, Japan, and India in the present.

2. But what was—what is this civilization? The glittering fossil, dug from a mass of rough, unsightly rubbish. As a curiosity it may be of some interest; but as something of practical blessing to the world at large, it is utterly worthless. It has never gone forth among the people, educating the masses, relieving the distressed and suffering, and inculcating the great truth that we are one family on earth

nited together by a common brotherhood, each one in his lace, to advance the well-being of the others.

3. All practical, feasible efforts to relieve the temporal ufferings of the human family, as well as all efforts to pro- ote their spiritual and external good, are the outgrowth f Christianity. They have been established and carried n generally by professed Christians. Where has infidelity r unbelief ever reared up or supported a *benevolent* institu- ion—sending forth its streams of blessings through the arth, to make glad the hearts of the poor and needy, the ick and the afflicted, the fatherless, and the widow? Where such things have not been the direct result of church rganization, they have sprung from the individual efforts of warm Christian hearts, burning with love to God and man.

4. Infidelity may make its boast of benevolence—of love o man and of a desire to promote his welfare. It often- mes expresses great zeal for humanity. But it does noth- ng more than boast. It never puts its hand to the work ystematically, perseveringly, and successfully. It never oes down into the dregs of society, raising up the victims f dissipation and crime, and restoring them to friends and amily.

5. It may sneer at those who seek, by well-directed ef- orts, to relieve the spiritual wants of the human race, and harge them with all sorts of selfishness and peculation; ut it never has shown, and never can show, such an array f self-sacrificing laborers for the good of man here, to say othing of hereafter, as Christianity can show in any age f its existence to which we look. Let those who thus bring railing accusation against Christianity cease their cavil- ng, till they can point to something that *their* creed has one to relieve the wants of the poor and miserable. All he fountains of benevolence and love that are sending forth reams to bless the race are the outgushings of Christ's pirit in the hearts of His followers.

Rev. J. M. Sherwood.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE.

Oh, what is woman? what her smile?
Her lip of love? her eye of light?
What is she, if her lips revile
The lowly Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
And linger in her curls of jet:
The light, spring flowers may scarcely bow
Beneath her steps; and yet, and yet,
Without that meekest grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity.

LESSON LX.

Spell and define—

1. AS-PI-RA'TIONS, ardent desires.
2. DE-JEC'TION, depression of mind.
   IN-QUI-E'TUDE, restlessness.
3. PIQUES, excites to action.
4. RU'MI-NATE, to chew again what has been slightly chewed and swallowed.

THE DESTINY OF MAN.

1. The solicitudes, the afflictions, the aspirations of the life, are a proof that Man, less contented here than the brute has another destiny. If our end were here, if we had nothing after this life to expect—if here were our country, our final home, and the only scene of our felicity—why does not our present lot fill the measure of our happiness and our hopes?

2. If we are born only for the pleasure of the senses, why do not these pleasures suffice? Why do they always leave such a void of weariness and dejection in the heart? Has man have no higher destiny than that of the beast, why should not his existence, like the beast's, flow on without

are, without an inquietude, without a disgust, in the felicity of the senses and of the flesh?

3. If man may hope for a temporal happiness only, why does he find it nowhere, permanently, on the earth? Whence comes it that riches only bring disquiet; that honors speedily lose their charm; that pleasures fatigue; and that knowledge confounds him, and, far from satisfying, piques his curiosity? Whence is it that all these things collectively cannot fill the immensity of his desires, but still leave him something to long for?

4. All other creatures seem happy, after their nature, in their situation. The beasts of the field ruminate without envying the destiny of man, who inhabits cities and sumptuous palaces. The birds rejoice amid the branches and in the air, without thinking if there are creatures better off than they on the earth.

5. Throughout the domain of nature all are happy, all in their element, save only man; and he, in his best estate, is a stranger to absolute content; he only is a prey to his desires, is the sport of his anxieties, finds his punishment in his hopes, becomes sad and wearied in the midst of his pleasures, and finds nothing here below on which his heart can steadily repose. MASSILLON.

Spell and define—

Solicitudes. Destiny. Felicity.
2. Void.
3. Permanently. Confounds.
4. Sumptuous.
5. Absolute. Anxieties.

LESSON LXI.

Spell and define—

DEC'A-LOGUE, the ten commandments.
PRI'MAL, chief, first.
RE-FLEC'TION, contemplation, thought.
PAL'TRY, vile, mean.
3. GOAL, the point to be reached.
4. AD-VERT', turn to.
AU'GURS, conjectures, guesses.
5. CHIDE, reprove, blame.

FILIAL DUTIES.

1. The Almighty regards with favorable eye the efforts of filial duty. The first promise in the decalogue is to him that honoreth his father and mother. It is the primal bond of society, which the world, depraved and corrupt as it may be, respects with deferential homage.

2. Who is there that does not admire the filial love of the great Epaminondas, who declared that the greatest pleasure which the renowned victory of Leuctra had afforded him, consisted in the reflection that his aged parents had lived to rejoice in his fortune? It was a noble spectacle amid the flames that were consuming Troy, and while the eager multitude were intent only on rescuing their paltry treasure, to see the dutiful Æneas bearing on his shoulder the venerable Anchises, his aged father, to a place of safety.

3. We can scarcely contemplate a sublimer spectacle than that of a virtuous youth, urged on in his struggle for knowledge, not only by the love of science and by a sense of its importance, but burning with the holy purpose of making, by his mental triumphs, a father's heart beat with delight, and a mother's breast glow with rapture; sacrificing, with manly energy, the customary follies of his age, yielding his soul to the effort, and, like a successful competitor in a mighty race, pressing onward to the goal of honors, fame, and wealth. If the bosom of a parent ever burns with joy, it is in witnessing the efforts of such a son.

4. If, when contemplating the possibility of his own premature dismissal from the world, his soul can advert with comfort to any anchor for the shattered vessel which he leaves behind, it is, when, revolving in the recesses of his burdened mind the prospects and fortunes of his bereaved family, he augurs, from the energy, the decision, the diligence, the character of a son, that his wife and children will yet have one around whom they may cling with hope

ne arm to stay them in distress; one pillar to support
nem; one shield to ward from them the perils of desolate
idowhood and of orphan helplessness.

5. Take, then, young gentlemen, a retrospect of your
ast lives; and when, from the giddy thoughtlessness of
outh, your consciences shall reproach and chide you with
eglect and disobedience, hasten to ask forgiveness, and
enew your vows of veneration and fidelity.

6. And be assured, my dear young friends, that when the
rogress of time, or the casualties of life, or the invasions
f disease shall bring on that painful moment in which you
re to take a last look of the parent who has watched and
orked for you, the remembrance of your efforts to gratify
im will send through your hearts a thrill of satisfaction,
hich monarchs on a throne might envy.

HON. CHARLES MANLY.

Spell and define—

. Depraved.
Deferential.
. Renowned.
Afforded.
Spectacle.
Rescuing.
3. Rapture.
Customary.
Competitor.
4. Premature.
Recesses.
5. Retrospect.
6. Casualties.
Invasions.
Thrill.

LESSON LXII.

Spell and define—

SOM'BRE, gloomy, dusky.
PON'DER-OUS, heavy.
COM'PASS, attain to, comprehend.
9. REN'O-VATED, renewed.
GOR'Y, bloody.
11. IM-MOR'TAL-IZED, rendered perpetual.

BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

1. Between the rivers Iser and Inn there extends for
any leagues an enormous forest of sombre firs and pines.
is a dreary and almost uninhabited wilderness of wild
vines and tangled under-brush.

2. Two great roads have been cut through the forest, and sundry woodman's paths penetrate it at different points. In the centre there is a little hamlet of a few miserable huts called Hohenlinden.

3. In this forest, on the night of the third of December, 1800, Moreau, with sixty thousand men, encountered the Archduke John with seventy thousand Austrian troops. The clocks upon the towers of Munich had but just tolled the hour of midnight, when both armies were in motion, each hoping to surprise the other.

4. A dismal wintry storm was howling over the tree-tops and the smothering snow, falling rapidly, obliterated all traces of a path, and rendered it almost impossible to drag through the drifts the ponderous artillery.

5. Both parties in the dark, tempestuous night became entangled in the forest, and the heads of their columns met in various places. An awful scene of confusion, conflict and carnage then ensued. Imagination cannot compass the terrible sublimity of the spectacle.

6. The dark midnight, the howlings of the wintry storm, the driving sheets of snow, the incessant roar of artillery, and of musketry from one hundred and thirty thousand combatants, the lightning flashes of the guns, the crash of the falling trees as the heavy cannon-balls swept through the forest, the floundering of innumerable horsemen bewildered in the pathless snow, the shouts of onset, the shriek of death, and the burst of martial music from a thousand bands—all combined to present a scene of horror and of demoniac energy which probably even this lost world never presented before.

7. The darkness of the black forest was so intense, and the snow fell in flakes so thick and fast and blinding, that the combatants could with difficulty see each other. They often indeed fired at the flashes gleaming through the gloom. At times hostile divisions became intermingled in inextricable confusion, and hand to hand, bayonet crossing bayonet

and sword clashing against sword, they fought with the ferocity of demons.

8. As the advancing and retreating hosts wavered to and fro, the wounded, by thousands, were left on the hill-sides and in dark ravines, with drifting snow crimsoned with blood their only blanket, there in solitude and agony to mourn and freeze and die. What death-scenes the eye of God must have witnessed that night, in the solitude of that dark, tempest-tossed, and blood-stained forest!

9. At last the morning dawned through the unbroken clouds, and the battle raged with renovated fury. Nearly twenty thousand of the mutilated bodies of the dead and wounded were left upon the field, with gory locks frozen to their icy pillows, and covered with mounds of snow.

10. At the end the French were victorious at every point. The Austrians fled in dismay, having lost twenty-five thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, one hundred pieces of artillery, and an immense number of wagons.

11. This terrific combat was witnessed by the poet Campbell from the summit of a neighboring tower, and has been immortalized in his noble verses, which are now familiar wherever the English language is known.

J. S. C. Abbott.

HOHENLINDEN.

12. On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

13. But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

14. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

15. Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

16. But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

17. 'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

18. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

19. Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

Spell and define—

1. Ravines.
2. Sundry.
4. Obliterated.
6. Incessant.
7. Inextricable.
Ferocity.
8. Crimsoned.
9. Mutilated.
14. Arrayed.
17. Canopy.
19. Turf.
Sepulchre.

LESSON LXIII.

Spell and define—

1. SEM-I-DE'MON, half devil.
   EN-CHANT'ED, fascinated, bewitched.
2. IL-LU'SIVE, deceitful, false.
   GEM, adorn, embellish.
3. BARB, the points that stand backward in an arrow to prevent its pulling out.
   LEECH, a physician.
4. MEN'TOR, counsellor, monitor.

EIGHTEEN.

1. At eighteen the true narrative of life is yet to be commenced. Before that time, we sit listening to a tale, a marvellous fiction; delightful sometimes, and sad sometimes; almost always unreal. Before that time, our world is heroic; its inhabitants half-divine or semi-demon; its scenes are dream-scenes; darker woods, and stranger hills; brighter skies, more dangerous waters; sweeter flowers, more tempting fruits; wider plains, drearier deserts, sunnier fields than are found in nature, overspread our enchanted globe. What a moon we gaze on before that time! How the trembling of our hearts at her aspect bears witness to its unutterable beauty. As to our sun, it is a burning heaven—the world of gods.

2. At that time, at eighteen, drawing near the confines of illusive, void dreams, Elf-land lies behind us, the shores of reality rise in front. These shores are yet distant: they look so blue, soft, gentle, we long to reach them. In sunshine we see a green beneath the azure, as of spring meadows; we catch glimpses of silver lines, and imagine the roll of living waters. Could we but reach this land, we think to hunger and thirst no more; whereas many a wilderness, and often the flood of Death, or some stream of sorrow as cold and almost as black as Death, is to be crossed ere true bliss can be tasted. Every joy that life gives must be earned ere it is secured; and how hardly secured, those

only know who have wrestled for great prizes. The heart's blood must gem with red beads the brow of the combatant, before the wreath of victory rustles over it.

3. At eighteen we are not aware of this. Hope, when she smiles on us, and promises happiness to-morrow, is implicitly believed: Love, when he comes wandering like a lost angel to our door, is at once admitted, welcomed, embraced; his quiver is not seen; if his arrows penetrate, their wound is like a thrill of new life; there are no fears of poison, none of the barb which no leech's hand can extract; that perilous passion—an agony ever in some of its phases; with many, an agony throughout—is believed to be an unqualified good; in short, at eighteen, the school of experience is to be entered, and her humbling, crushing, grinding, but yet purifying and invigorating lessons are yet to be learned.

4. Alas, Experience! No other mentor has so wasted and frozen a face as yours; none wears a robe so black, none bears a rod so heavy, none with hand so inexorable, draws the novice so sternly to his task, and forces him with authority so resistless to its acquirement. It is by your instructions alone that man or woman can ever find a safe track through life's wilds; without it, how they stumble, how they stray! On what forbidden grounds do they intrude, down what dread declivities are they hurled!

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

Spell and define—

1. Narrative. Unreal.
2. Wrestled. Rustles.
3. Phases. Invigorating.

LESSON LXIV.

Spell and define—

5. ARO'MA, fragrance.
7. QUIV'ER-ING, trembling.
10. PULS'ING, beating.
23. VAGUE, fleeting, unsettled.
34. A-DIEU', farewell.
38. A-PACE', quick, fast.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

Lay him down gently, where shadows lie still
And cool, by the side of the bright mountain rill,
Where spreads the soft grass its velvety sheen,
A welcoming couch for repose so serene ;
Where opening flowers their aroma breathe
From clustering tendrils that lovingly wreathe,
And quivering leaves their murmurous song
In whispers are chanting the bright summer long—
There lay the young hero. See, from his side
Flows swiftly the current whose dark, pulsing tide
Is bearing away the bright sands of life,
And closing for ever this wild dream of strife.
Feebly uncloses the fast dimming eye,
Once bright as the jewels that light up the sky ;
A moment he looks on the bough-spreading dome,
Then whispers, in anguish, "Oh, take—take me home!
But no! far away o'er mountain and fen,
Lies the home that I never shall enter again ;
Whose loving ones wait to welcome in joy,
Back to its sunlight, their own soldier-boy.
Father, when proudly you gave up your child,
And brushed back the tears while your lips sadly smiled,
How vague was the thought that we never more
Should meet till we stood on eternity's shore.
And, mother, again I feel thy hot tears
Rain on my cheek. Not the mildew of years,
Nor shadows of death can tarnish the bliss,
The blessing you gave in that last, holy kiss.
Oh, darkly shall gather clouds o'er the hearth
That echoed once gayly with music and mirth;
O God! may Thy Spirit be there to sustain,
When record shall mingle my name with the slain.
And one, too, whose fair cheek whiter still grew
As I pressed on her lip my last sad adieu!

Will she soon forget?" Then raising his hand,
He lovingly gazed on the small golden band
That circled his finger—while over his face
The gray shadows of death seemed stealing apace.
"Dear comrades, farewell—my battles are o'er;
Together in conflict we'll rally no more;
'Tis bitter to die ere my country is free,
But painted in glory her future I see.
Farewell! life is o'er, earth fades from my sight,
Around me is closing death's long, dreamless night."
Thus softly, as star-light melts into day,
On pinions of angels his soul passed away.
Those strong men are bowed—in anguish they weep
O'er the dead still so fair, in death's quiet sleep.
Then, parting the flowers, they laid him to rest,
And heaped the green sod o'er the young martyr's breast.

ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

2. Rill.
3. Sheen.
6. Tendrils.
15. Dome.
16. Anguish.
17. Fen.
26. Mildew.
27. Tarnish.
50. Martyr.

LESSON LXV.

Spell and define—

1. SURG'ING, swelling and rolling like waves.
   SIC'KLE, a reaping-hook.
3. A-MAIN', suddenly, furiously.
4. FAL'TER, hesitate, tremble.
5. HORDES, companies, crowds.

BUENA VISTA.

1. From the Rio Grande's waters to the icy lakes of Maine,
Let all exult! for we have met the enemy again—

Beneath their stern old mountains, we have met them in their pride,
And rolled from Buena Vista back the battle's bloody tide;
Where the enemy came surging, like the Mississippi's flood,
And the reaper, Death, was busy with his sickle red with blood.

2. Santa Anna boasted loudly, that before two hours were past,
His lancers through Saltillo should pursue us thick and fast;
On came his soldier regiments, line marching after line;
Lo, their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver shine!
With thousands upon thousands, yea, with more than four to one,
A forest of bright bayonets gleams fiercely in the sun.

3. Upon them with your squadrons, May! outleaps the flaming steel,
Before his serried column how the frightened lancers reel!
They flee amain. Now to the left, to stay their triumph there,
Or else the day is surely lost in horror and despair;
For their hosts are pouring swiftly on, like a river in the spring,
Our flank is turned, and on our left their cannon's thundering.

4. Now, brave artillery! bold dragoon! Steady, my men, and calm!
Through rain, cold, hail, and thunder; now nerve each gallant arm;

What, though their shot fall round us here, still thicker than the hail!
We'll stand against them, as the rock stands firm against the gale.
Lo! their battery is silenced now; our iron hail still showers;
They falter, halt, retreat! Hurrah! the glorious day is ours!

5. Now charge again, Santa Anna! or the day is surely lost;
For back, like broken waves, along our left your hordes are tossed.
Still louder roar two batteries—his strong reserve moves on;
More work is there before you, men, ere the good fight is won;
Now for your wives and children stand! steady, my braves, once more!
Now for your lives, your honor, fight! as you never fought before.

6. Ho, Hardin breasts it bravely! McKee and Bissell there
Stand firm before the storm of hail that fills the astonished air.
The lancers are upon them, too! the foe swarms ten to one—
Hardin is slain—McKee and Clay the last time see the sun;
And many another gallant heart in that last desperate fray,
Grew cold, its last thoughts turning to its loved ones far away.

7. Still sullenly the cannon roared—but died away at last,
And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shadows fast,

And then above the mountains, rose the cold moon's
silver shield,
And patiently and pityingly looked down upon the field;
And careless of his wounded, and neglectful of his dead,
Despairingly and sullen, in the night Santa Anna fled.

GEN. ALBERT PIKE.

Spell and define—

. Exult.
. Standard.
3. Serried.
Flank.
6. Fray.
7. Sullen.

LESSON LXVI.

Spell and define—

. TÊTE' À TÊTE', face to face, in private.
. PRO-LIX', of long duration.
4. E-LOPE', run away.
SE'QUEL, succeeding part.
6. NUP'TIALS, marriage ceremony

MARRIAGE OF THE SUN AND MOON.

. Do you know that a wedding has happened on high,
And who were the parties united?
'Twas the Sun and the Moon! in the halls of the sky
They were joined, and our continent witnessed the tie—
No continent else was invited.

2. Their courtship was tedious, for seldom they met
Tête a tête, while long centuries glided;
But the warmth of his love she could hardly forget,
For, though distant afar, he could smile on her yet,
Save when Earth the fond couple divided.

3. But why so prolix the courtship? and why
So long was postponed their connection?
That the bridegroom was anxious, 'twere vain to deny,
Since the heat of his passion pervaded the sky;
But the bride was renowned for reflection.

4. Besides, 'tis reported their friends were all vexed;
The match was deemed, somehow, unequal;
And when bid to the wedding, each made some pretext
To decline, till the lovers, worn out and perplexed,
Were compelled to elope, in the sequel.

5. Mars and Jupiter never such business could bear,
So they haughtily kept themselves from it;
Herschel dwelt at such distance he could not be there;
Saturn sent, with reluctance, his Ring to the fair,
By the hands of a trustworthy Comet.

6. Only one dim, pale Planet, of Planets the least,
Condescended the nuptials to honor;
And that seemed like skulking away to the East:
Some assert it was Mercury acting as priest,
Some Venus a-peeping—shame on her!

7. Earth in silence rejoiced, as the bridegroom and bride
In their mutual embraces would linger;
Whilst careering through regions of light at his side,
She displayed the bright Ring, not "a world too wide"
For a conjugal pledge, on her finger.

8. Henceforth shall these orbs, to all husbands and wives,
Shine as patterns of duty respected;
All her splendor and glory from him she derives,
And she shows to the world, the kindness he gives
Is faithfully prized and reflected.

H. S. Ellenwood.

Spell and define—

3. Pervaded.
4. Decline.
5. Reluctance.
6. Condescended.
7. Conjugal.
8. Splendor.

LESSON LXVII.

Spell and define—

. TRANS-LU'CENT, clear, transparent.
. LUS'TROUS, bright, shining.
. MA-RAUD'ING, roving in search of plunder.
. SOM'NO-LENT, sleepy, drowsy.
8. DAZ'ZLED, dimmed by too strong a light.
9. PLAIN'TIVE, mournful, sad.
10. FAN-TAS'TIC, fanciful, odd.
13. LA-GOON', shallow pond, marsh.

THREE SUMMER STUDIES.

I.

1. The cock hath crowed. I hear the doors unbarred;
Down to the moss-grown porch my way I take,
And hear, beside the well within the yard,
Full many an ancient, quacking, splashing drake,
And gabbling goose, and noisy brood-hen—all
Responding to yon strutting gobbler's call.

2. The dew is thick upon the velvet grass—
The porch-rails hold it in translucent drops,
And as the cattle from th' inclosure pass,
Each one, alternate, slowly halts and crops
The tall, green spears, with all their dewy load,
Which grow beside the well-known pasture-road.

3. A lustrous polish is on all the leaves—
. The birds flit in and out with varied notes—
The noisy swallows twitter 'neath the eaves—
A partridge-whistle through the garden floats,
While yonder gaudy peacock harshly cries,
As red and gold flush all the eastern skies.

4. Up comes the sun: through the dense leaves a spot
Of splendid light drinks up the dew; the breeze

Which late made leafy music dies; the day grows hot,
And slumbrous sounds come from marauding bees;
The burnished river like a sword-blade shines,
Save where 'tis shadowed by the solemn pines.

II.

5. Over the farm is brooding silence now—
No reaper's song—no raven's clangor harsh—
No bleat of sheep—no distant low of cow—
No croak of frogs within the spreading marsh—
No bragging cock from littered farm-yard crows,
The scene is steeped in silence and repose.

6. A trembling haze hangs over all the fields—
The panting cattle in the river stand,
Seeking the coolness which its wave scarce yields.
It seems a Sabbath through the drowsy land:
So hushed is all beneath the summer's spell,
I pause and listen for some faint church bell.

7. The leaves are motionless—the song-birds mute—
The very air seems somnolent and sick:
The spreading branches with o'er-ripened fruit
Show in the sunshine all their clusters thick,
While now and then a mellow apple falls
With a dull sound within the orchard's walls.

8. The sky has but one solitary cloud,
Like a dark island in a sea of light;
The parching furrows 'twixt the corn-rows ploughed
Seem fairly dancing in my dazzled sight,
While over yonder road a dusty haze
Grows reddish purple in the sultry blaze.

III.

9. That solitary cloud grows dark and wide,
While distant thunder rumbles in the air,

A fitful ripple breaks the river's tide—
The lazy cattle are no longer there,
But homeward come in long procession slow,
With many a bleat and many a plaintive low.

9. Darker and wider-spreading o'er the west
Advancing clouds, each in fantastic form,
And mirrored turrets on the river's breast
Tell in advance the coming of a storm—
Closer and brighter glares the lightning's flash,
And louder, nearer, sounds the thunder's crash.

11. The air of evening is intensely hot,
The breeze feels heated as it fans my brows—
Now sullen rain-drops patter down like shot—
Strike in the grass, or rattle 'mid the boughs.
A sultry lull: and then a gust again,
And now I see the thick-advancing rain.

12. It fairly hisses as it comes along,
And where it strikes bounds up again in spray,
As if 'twere dancing to the fitful song
Made by the trees, which twist themselves and sway
In contest with the wind which rises fast,
Until the breeze becomes a furious blast.

13. And now, the sudden, fitful storm has fled,
The clouds lie piled up in the splendid west,
In massive shadow tipped with purplish red,
Crimson or gold. The scene is one of rest;
And on the bosom of yon still lagoon
I see the crescent of the pallid moon.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

Spell and define—

Twitter. Slumbrous. 9. Rumble. Fitful. 11. Sultry. Lull.

LESSON LXVIII.

Spell and define—

1. SAT-IS-FI'ETH, gratifies to the full extent.
   COV'E-NANT, an agreement between two or more persons.
2. COM-MAN'DER, a chief.
   GLO'RI-FIED, honored, exalted.
4. VOID, null, ineffectual.
   PROS'PER, be successful.
5. FIR'-TREE, a species of pine.

ISAIAH, CHAP. LV.

1. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

2. Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people. Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

3. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

4. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring

orth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and read to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth ut of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it hall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in he thing whereto I sent it.

5. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with eace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth be- ore you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall lap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir- ee, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree: nd it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting gn that shall not be cut off. BIBLE.

LESSON LXIX.

Spell and define—

SACK'CLOTH a coarse kind of cloth worn in mourning.
HEARK'ENED, listened
TRES'PASS, sin.
RE-NOWN', honor, distinction.
RE-PROACH', object of contempt.
DE'FER, delay, put off.
OB-LA'TION, sacrifice.
SANCT'U-A-RY, the temple at Jerusalem.
CON-SUM-MA'TION, completion, end.

DANIEL, CHAP. IX.

1. In the first year of Darius the son of Ahasuerus, of e seed of the Medes, which was made king over the alm of the Chaldeans; in the first year of his reign I aniel understood by books the number of the years, where- the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet, at he would accomplish seventy years in the desolations Jerusalem.

2. And I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by ayer and supplications, with fasting, and sackcloth, and hes: and I prayed unto the Lord my God, and made my

confession, and said, O Lord, the great and dreadful God keeping the covenant and mercy to them that love him, and to them that keep his commandments; we have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments: neither have we hearkened unto thy servants the prophets, which spake in thy name to our kings, our princes, and our fathers, and to all the people of the land.

3. O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto thee, but unto us confusion of faces, as at this day; to the men of Judah, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and unto all Israel that are near, and that are far off, through all the countries whither thou hast driven them, because of their trespass that they have trespassed against thee. O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face, to our kings, to our princes, and to our fathers, because we have sinned against thee. To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him; neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in his laws, which he set before us by his servants the prophets. Yea, all Israel have transgressed thy law, even by departing, that they might not obey thy voice; therefore the curse is poured upon us, and the oath that is written in the law of Moses the servant of God, because we have sinned against him.

4. And he hath confirmed his words, which he spake against us, and against our judges that judged us, by bringing upon us a great evil: for under the whole heaven hath not been done as hath been done upon Jerusalem. As it is written in the law of Moses, all this evil is come upon us: yet made we not our prayer before the Lord our God, that we might turn from our iniquities, and understand thy truth. Therefore hath the Lord watched upon the evil, and brought it upon us: for the Lord our God is righteous in all his works which he doeth: for we obeyed not his voice. And now, O Lord our God, that hast brought thy people

orth out of the land of Egypt with a mighty hand, and
ast gotten thee renown, as at this day; we have sinned, we
ave done wickedly.

5. O Lord, according to all thy righteousness, I beseech
ee, let thine anger and thy fury be turned away from thy
ty Jerusalem, thy holy mountain: because for our sins,
d for the iniquities of our fathers, Jerusalem and thy peo-
e are become a reproach to all that are about us. Now
erefore, O our God, hear the prayer of thy servant, and
s supplications, and cause thy face to shine upon thy
nctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake. O my God,
cline thine ear, and hear; open thine eyes, and behold
r desolations, and the city which is called by thy name:
r we do not present our supplications before thee for our
ghteousness, but for thy great mercies. O Lord, hear; O
rd, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer not, for
ine own sake, O my God: for thy city and thy people
e called by thy name.

6. And whiles I was speaking, and praying, and confess-
g my sin and the sin of my people Israel, and presenting
y supplication before the Lord my God for the holy moun-
in of my God; yea, whiles I was speaking in prayer, even
e man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the be-
nning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the
ne of the evening oblation. And he informed me, and
lked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to
ve thee skill and understanding. At the beginning of thy
pplications the commandment came forth, and I am come
show thee; for thou art greatly beloved: therefore under-
nd the matter, and consider the vision. Seventy weeks
e determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to
ish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to
ake reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting
ghteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to
oint the Most Holy.

7. Know therefore and understand, that from the going

forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem, unto the Messiah the Prince, shall be seven weeks, and threescore and two weeks: the street shall be built again, and the wall, even in troublous times. And after threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for himself: and the people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary; and the end thereof shall be with a flood, and unto the end of the war desolations are determined. And he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week: and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate, even until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolate. BIBLE.

Spell and define—

1. Desolation.
2. Confession.
3. Confusion.
   Transgressed.
4. Confirmed.
   Iniquities.
5. Supplications.
   Incline.
6. Presenting.
   Vision.
   Reconciliation.
7. Restore.

LESSON LXX.

Spell and define—

1. SOIL, tarnish, deface.
2. SEM'BLANCE, likeness, image.
3. BE-FIT', suit, become.
7. BRI'DAL, wedding, marriage.
8. QUENCHED, put out, destroyed.
   BIRTH'RIGHT, that to which one is entitled by birth.

FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

1. Come near!—ere yet the dust
   Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
   Look on your brother, and embrace him now,
   In still and solemn trust:
   Come near!—once more let kindred lips be pressed
   On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest.

Look yet on this young face!
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
Leave of its image, even where most it shone,
Gladdening its hearth and race?
Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impressed:
Come near! and bear the beautiful to rest.

Ye weep and it is well;
For tears befit earth's partings. Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seemed to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the blessed:
Now gaze—and bear the silent unto rest.

Look yet on him, whose eye
Meets yours no more in sadness or in mirth!
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?
But not where death has power may love be blessed:
Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest.

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart!
Is he not gone, our brightest and our best?
Come near! and bear the early called to rest.

Look on him! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?
Too still and sad the smile upon his face;
Yet that, even that, must fade!
Death holds not long unchanged his fairest guest:
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest.

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amid the vineyards! there is left no place

For him, whose dust received your vain embrace,
At the gay bridal feast!
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast:
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest.

8. Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quenched! For him the past
Is sealed. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright's hope away!
All is not here of our beloved and blessed:
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest.

MRS. HEMANS.

LESSON LXXI.

Spell and define—

1. BLARE, noise, roar.
3. MEED, reward, recompense.
STOLE, badge of distinction.
SCROLL, record or roll of names.
5. DON'JON-KEEP, the cent building or stronghold of ancient castle.

FESTINA LENTE.

1. Two Youths to Fortune as yet unknown,
Caught Fame's clear trumpet calls,
As they rang on the air, their defiant blare,
And each cannon's throat gave a jubilant note.
Quick they sprang to their feet, each eagerly pr
To the goal where at last they hoped for rest,
With a diamond star on each swelling breast,
In Fame's proud castle-halls.

2. They gathered their strength, they took up t
arms,
And rushed to the perilous fray.
For Ambition's voice with its whisperings clear,
Told that Fame's proud castle was nothing to fea

And away they sped, with steady tread,
Dreaming of laurels before them spread,
Thinking of mighty heroes dead,
And glory's fadeless day.

3. But alas! alas! Ambition's voice
Whispering to the youths,
Just tampering, told but of cloth of gold,
Of the meed of praise and garlands of bays.
All the briars and thorns that lead to the goal,
Where the diamond star and the regal stole
Give a title to fame on History's scroll,
Were dark and hidden truths.

4. But when they stood at the bastion high,
And saw there was no breach
In the masonry there—no cruel despair,
Or cowardly fear, to start the tear,
Unmanned their frames, but eager and brave,
Their banners above they boldly wave,
And learned the lessons The Master gave,
That Life to all must teach.

5. "I'll batter it down"—"I'll batter it down,"
Said Hotspur at the walls.
"My terrible arm, with its terrible blow,
In an hour will lay the bastion low:
And then with a light and easy leap,
Passing the dismal donjon-keep,
Secure and strong we'll proudly sweep
Through Fame's proud castle-halls."

. His terrible arm with terrible blow,
Went heaving quick and wild,
The bastion's breast with masonry sound,
Gave back the blows with elastic bound:

And the youth before the hour was past,
Felt that his strength was failing fast;
And sinking, he found himself at last
As powerless as a child.

7. "I'll patiently toil, I'll patiently toil,"
Said Fabius at the walls.
"My strength is so great, that I'll work and I'll wait
Till the hour shall come for my happier fate;
And then with a mind and body strong,
Moving the great and good among,
I'll chant the grand and glorious song,
In Fame's proud castle-halls."

8. He patiently stood and patiently toiled,
And stronger grew at length;
But the bastion's breast, with its masonry grand,
Was feeling the touch of his patient hand;
And he toiled and toiled and toiled away,
Till down the bastion fell one day,
And then he stood in bright array,
A conqueror in his strength.

SOUTH. LIT. MESSENGER.

Spell and define—

1. Defiant.
Jubilant.
2. Sped.
Laurels.
3. Tampering.
4. Bastion.
Masonry.
5. Dismal.
6. Elastic.
7. Chant.
8. Toiled.
Conqueror.

LESSON LXXII.

Spell and define—

3. FLIP'PANT, talkative, pert.
SHAL'LOW, superficial.
AS-SAIL'ANT, one who attacks.
5. CLEV'ER, with skill, ability.
6. NOUR'ISHED, supported.
8. RE-PROOF', blame, censure.

ALL HIS WORKS PRAISE HIM.

1. In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble estate, as you travel on the western bank of the river, which you may see lifting its ancient towers, on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself.

2. About forty years ago, there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall call Baron Mansberg. He had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

3. It happened, on a certain occasion, that, this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to the castle, who was a flippant, shallow assailant of that faith in Deity which all good men entertain. He began talking of sacred things in terms that chilled the old baron's blood; on which the baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?"

4. The gentleman (if gentleman we ought to call him) said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him. The baron this time did not notice what the gentleman said, but the next morning he conducted him about his castle grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said, "Whoever drew this picture knows very well how to use the pencil."

5. "My son drew that picture," said the baron. "Then your son is a clever man," replied the gentleman. The baron then went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers, and plantations of forest-trees. "Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman. "My son," replied the baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall." "Indeed!" said the gentleman; "I shall think very highly of him soon."

6. The baron then took him into the village, and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent, and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the baron, "What a happy man you are to have so good a son!"

7. "How do you know I have so good a son?" "Because I have seen his works; and I know that he must be good and clever, if he has done all that you have shown me." "But you have not seen him!" "No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works"

8. "True," replied the baron; "and in this way I judge of the character of our heavenly Father. I know, by His works, that He is a being of infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness." The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good baron any more by his remarks. FROM THE GERMAN.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE.

FLIGHT OF TIME.

Faintly flow, thou falling river,
  Like a dream that dies away;
Down to ocean gliding ever,
  Keep thy calm unruffled way;
Time with such a silent motion,
  Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
  Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither,
  Cheeks are bright, then fade and die,
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
  Then, like visions, hurry by;

Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

LESSON LXXIII.

Spell and define—

EN-LIST'ED, enrolled as a soldier.
NAME'SAKE, having the same name.
STOM'ACH, bear without opposition.
BUR'GO-MAS-TER, the chief magistrate of a town or city in Holland.
CZAR, the emperor of Russia.

PETER THE GREAT AND THE DESERTER.

The following scene is founded on an incident in the life of Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, who in 1697 went to Holland to learn the art of ship-building. He assumed the disguise and name of a common workman, was employed in the ship-yards at Saardam, and received wages like a common ship-carpenter.

Peter. (*Disguised as a carpenter.*) Well, before I quit this place, I may let you into my secret.

Stanmitz. And do you think of leaving us?

Pet. I have now been absent from my native country a twelvemonth. I have acquired some knowledge of ship-building—the object for which I came here—and it is time I should return home.

Sta. Our master, Von Block, will be sorry to lose you, because you are the most industrious fellow in the yard; and I shall be sorry, because—because, Peter, I like you.

Pet. And I don't dislike you.

Sta. Peter, I think I may venture to tell you a secret.

Pet. Why, surely you have done nothing to be ashamed of?

Sta. No, not ashamed; but I'm considerably afraid. Know, then, that I was born at Moscow.

Pet. Well, there is no crime in being born at Moscow; besides, that was no fault of yours.

Sta. That's not it. Listen! It happened, one day, that a party of soldiers halted near my mother's hut; the commanding officer presently cast an eye at me, and was so amazingly taken with my appearance, that he requested I'd make one of his company. I was about to decline; but he assured me that as the Czar Peter, (your namesake, you know,) having particular occasion for my services, would take it as an offence if I refused the invitation; so he forthwith clapped a musket on my shoulder, and marched me off.

Pet. Ay, you were enlisted.

Sta. Enlisted! why, I can't say but I was. Now, I was always an independent sort of fellow, fond of my own way, and couldn't stomach being ordered about against my inclination.

Pet. (*Aside.*) So, so! This fellow is a deserter!

Sta. I put up with it a long while, though; till, one bitter cold morning in December, just at three o'clock, I was roused from my comfortable, warm sleep, to turn out and mount guard on the bleak, blustering corner of a rampart, in the snow. It was too bad, wasn't it?

Pet. I don't doubt you would rather have been warm in bed.

Sta. Well, as I couldn't keep myself warm, I laid down my musket and began to walk; then I began to run, and—will you believe it?—I didn't stop running till I found myself five leagues away from the outposts!

Pet. So, then, you are a deserter!

Sta. A deserter! You call that being a deserter, do you? Well, putting this and that together, I shouldn't wonder if I were a deserter.

Pet. Do you know, my dear fellow, that if you are discovered you will be shot?

Sta. I have some such idea. Indeed, it occurred to me at the time; so, thinking it hardly worth while to be shot

for being so short a distance as only five leagues away from my post, I made the best of my way to Saardam; and here I am.

Pet. This is an awkward affair, indeed, and if the burgomaster were informed of it—however, be assured your secret is safe in my keeping.

Sta. I don't doubt you, for I suspect you're in a similar scrape yourself.

Pet. I? Ridiculous!

Sta. There's something very mysterious about you, at any rate. But I say—you will keep my secret?

Pet. Oh, trust me for that.

Sta. Because, if it should get to the ears of any of the agents of the Czar, I should be in rather a bad fix, you know.

Pet. The Czar shall know no more about it than he does now, if I can help it; so don't be afraid. He himself, they say, is rather fond of walking away from his post.

Sta. Ha, ha! Is he? Then he has no business to complain of me for running away—eh?

Pet. You must look out for him, though. They say he has a way of finding out every thing. Don't be too sure of your secret.

Sta. Come, now; he's in Russia, and I'm in Holland; and I don't see where's the danger, unless you mean to blab.

Pet. Fellow-workman, do you take me for a traitor?

Sta. Not so, Peter; but, if I am ever taken up here as a deserter, you will have been the only one to whom I have told my secret.

Pet. A fig for the Czar!

Sta. Don't say that—he's a good fellow, is Peter the Czar; and you'll have to fight me if you say a word in his dispraise.

Pet. Oh, if that's the case, I'll say no more.

ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

Industrious.	Bleak.	Mysterious.
Halted.	Outpost.	Blab.
Deserter.	Awkward.	Dispraise.

LESSON LXXIV.

Spell and define—

DRAG, a burden, encumbrance.
SCREEN, used to shelter or conceal.
MESS'MATE, an associate in eating.
O-VER-HAULED', turned over for examination.
DUC'AT, a European coin equal to about one dollar.
COURT'-MAR'TIAL, a court consisting of military officers to try offences of a military character.

PETER THE GREAT AND THE DESERTER.

Stanmitz—Mrs. Stanmitz—Peter the Great—Officer.

Stanmitz. Well, mother, I mustn't be skulking about here in Moscow any longer. I must leave you, and go back to Holland to my trade. At the risk of my life I came here, and at the risk of my life I must go back.

Mrs. Stanmitz. Ah, Michael, Michael, if it hadn't been for your turning deserter, you might have been a corporal by this time!

Sta. Look you, mother—I was made a soldier against my will, and the more I saw of a soldier's life the more I hated it. As a poor journeyman carpenter, I am at least free and independent; and if you will come with me to Holland, you shall take care of my wages and keep house for me.

Mrs. S. I should be a drag upon you, Michael. You will be wanting to get married, by and by; moreover, it will be hard for me to leave the old home at my time of life.

Sta. Some one is knocking at the door. Wait, mother, till I have concealed myself. [*Enter Peter the Great, disguised.*]

Pet. What, ho! comrade! No skulking! Come out from behind that screen! Didn't I see you through the window, as I passed?

Sta. Is it possible? Peter! My old fellow-workman! Give us your hand, my hearty! How came you to be here in Moscow? There is no ship-building going on so far inland.

Pet. No; but there is at St. Petersburg, the new city that the Czar is building up.

Sta. They say the Czar is in Moscow just now.

Pet. Yes; he passed through your street this morning.

Sta. So I heard. But I didn't see him. I say, Peter, how did you find me out?

Pet. Why, happening to see your mother's sign over the door, it occurred to me, after I returned to the palace——

Sta. The palace?

Pet. Yes; I always call the place where I put up a palace. It is a way I have.

Sta. You always were a funny fellow, Peter!

Pet. As I was saying, it occurred to me that Mrs. Stanmitz might be the mother or aunt of my old messmate; and so I put on this disguise——

Sta. Ha, ha! Sure enough, it is a disguise—the disguise of a gentleman. Peter, where did you get such fine clothes?

Pet. Don't interrupt me, sir!

Sta. Don't joke in that way again, Peter! Do you know you half frightened me by the stern tone in which you said, "Don't interrupt me, sir!" But I see how it is, Peter, and I thank you. You thought you could learn something of your old friend, and so stopped to inquire, and saw me through the window.

Pet. Ah, Stanmitz, many's the big log we have chopped at together through the long summer day in Von Block's shipyard.

Sta. That we have, Peter! Why not go back with me to Saardam?

Pet. I can get better wages at St. Petersburg.

Sta. If it weren't that I'm afraid of being overhauled for taking that long walk away from my post, I would go to St. Petersburg with you.

Pet. How happened you to venture back here?

Sta. Why, you must know that this old mother of mine wanted to see me badly; and then I had left behind here a sweetheart. Don't laugh, Peter! She has waited all this while for me; and the misery of it is that I am too poor to take her along with me yet. But next year, if my luck continues, I mean to return and marry her.

Pet. What if I should inform against you? I could make a pretty little sum by exposing a deserter.

Sta. Don't joke on that subject! You'll frighten the old woman. Peter, old boy, I'm so glad to see you. Halloo! Soldiers at the door! What does this mean? An officer? Peter, excuse me, but I must leave you.

Pet. Stay! I give you my word, it is not you they want. They are friends of mine.

Sta. Oh, if that's the case, I'll stay. But do you know one of those fellows looks wonderfully like my old commanding officer? [*Enter Officer.*]

Officer. A dispatch from St. Petersburg, your majesty, claiming your instant attention.

Mrs. S. Majesty!

Sta. Majesty! I say, Peter, what does he mean by majesty?

Officer. Knave! Know you not that this is the Czar?

Sta. What!—Eh?—This?—Nonsense! This is my old friend Peter.

Officer. Down on your knees, rascal, to Peter the Great, Czar of Russia!

Mrs. S. O your majesty, your majesty, don't hang the poor boy. He knew no better! He knew no better! He is my only son! Let him be whipped, but don't hang him.

Sta. Nonsense, mother! This is only one of Peter's jokes. Ha, ha, ha! You keep it up well, though. And those are dispatches you are reading, Peter.

Officer. Rascal! Dare you interrupt his majesty?

Sta. Twice you've called me rascal. Don't you think that's being rather familiar? Peter, have you any objection to my pitching your friend out of the window?

Officer. Ha! Now I look closer, I remember you! Soldiers, arrest this fellow! He's a deserter!

Sta. It's all up with me! And there stands Peter, as calm as if nothing had happened.

Mrs. S. I'm all in a maze! Good Mr. Officer, spare the poor boy!

Officer. He must go before a court-martial. He must be shot.

Mrs. S. O woe is me! woe is me! That ever my poor boy should be shot!

Pet. Officer, I have occasion for the services of your prisoner. Release him.

Officer. Your majesty's will is absolute.

Sta. (*Aside.*) Majesty again? What does it all mean? A light breaks in upon me. There were rumors in Holland when I left, that the Czar had been working in one of the ship-yards. Can my Peter be the emperor?

Pet. Stanmitz, you have my secret now.

Sta. And you are——

Pet. The emperor! Rise, old woman; your son, Baron Stanmitz, is safe!

Mrs. S. Baron Stanmitz!

Pet. I want him to superintend my ship-yard at St. Petersburg. No words. Prepare, both of you, to leave for the new city to-morrow. Baron Stanmitz, make that sweetheart of yours a baroness this very evening, and bring her with you. No words. I have business claiming my care, or I would stop and see the wedding. Here is a purse of

ducats. One of my secretaries will call with orders in the morning. Farewell.

Sta. O Peter! Peter!—I mean your majesty! your majesty!—I'm in such a bewilderment!

Mrs. S. Down on your knees, Michael!—I mean Baron Stanmitz! Down on your knees!

Sta. What! to my old friend, Peter—him that I used to wrestle with? Excuse me, your majesty—I mean, friend Peter—Czar Peter—I can't begin to realize it! 'Tis all so like things we dream of.

Pet. Ha! ha! Good-by, messmate! We shall meet again in the morning. Commend me to your sweetheart. [*Exit.*]

Sta. Mr. Officer, that court-martial you spoke of isn't likely to come off.

Officer. Baron, I am your very humble servant. I hope, Baron, you will speak a good word for me to his majesty when opportunity offers. I humbly take my leave of your excellency.

ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

Skulking.	Disguise.	Arrest.
Concealed.	Dispatch.	Release.
Occurred.	Instant.	Bewilderment.
Palace.	Interrupt.	Commend.

LESSON LXXV.

Spell and define—

2. CON-CEP'TION, knowledge.
5. CA-PRI'CES, whims, humors.
6. EX-CUR'SIONS, ramblings.
8. AS-PER'I-TIES, roughnesses.

THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

1. In that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, and the various fruits which cover the ground, the discol-

ored foliage of the trees, and all the sweet but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into a most perfect tranquillity; and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

2. I immediately found myself in a vast, extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain, higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forward with the liveliest expression of ardor in their countenance, though the way was, in many places, steep and difficult.

3. I observed those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view; and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds.

4. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, a friendly instructor suddenly appeared. "The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the Temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive."

5. After I had noticed a variety of objects, I turned my eyes toward the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and he left his companions gaz-

ing after him with envy and admiration; but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices.

6. When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride pointed toward the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths, and made so many excursions from the road that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face.

7. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress.

8. Indeed, there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, besides the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions, and Pleasures, whose importunity, when once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt; the hill appeared more steep and rugged; the fruits, which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill tasted; their sight grew dim, and their feet tripped at every little obstruction.

9. I saw, with some surprise, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions. They accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance or to the mansions of Misery.

10. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeaoring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of cience, there was one, so little formidable in her appearnce, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I hould scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains.

11. Indolence, (for so she was called,) far from proceedng to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet ut of the path, but contented herself with retarding their rogress; and the purpose she could not force them to bandon she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a ower like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength f those who came within its influence. Her unhappy capves still turned their faces toward the temple, and always oped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from eneath their feet, and they found themselves at the ottom before they suspected they had changed their lace.

12. The placid serenity which at first appeared in their ountenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, hich was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they lided down the stream of Insignificance—a dark and slugish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled pasngers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment uried in the gulf of Oblivion.

13. Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Scice none seemed less able to return than the followers of dolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion would ten seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or leep and escape from their enchantment; but the dominn of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom sisted till resistance was in vain.

14. After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes ward the top of the mountain, where the air was always re and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and ever-

greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of Science seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain. But while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardor, I saw, standing beside me, a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance.

15. "Happier," said she, "are they whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content." "What," said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?" "I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence, and to him who wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise thee to eminence, but I alone can guide thee to felicity."

16. While Virtue was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms toward her, with a vehemence which broke my slumber. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

AIKIN.

Spell and define—

1. Reveries.
4. Science.
Votaries.
6. Devious.
7. Eccentric.
Derided.
9. Enticed.
10. Seducers.
Imperceptibly.
12. Placid.
14. Exhilarating.
Effulgence.

LESSON LXXVI.

Spell and define—

4. BLEND'ING, mingling together.
5. CO-QUETTE', a vain, trifling girl.
6. KNIGHT'ED, promoted to the rank of knight.
7. MOULD'ER-ING, turning to dust, wasting away.
MUR'MUR-ING, making a low continued noise.

OCONEE.

1. Oconee! in my tranquil slumbers,
At the silent dead of night,
Oft I see thy golden waters
Flashing in the rosy light;
And flashing brightly, gushing river,
On the spirit of my dream,
As in moments fled for ever,
When I wandered by thy stream—

2. A forest lad, a careless rover,
Rising at the dawn of day—
With my dog and gun, a hunter
Shouting o'er the hills away;
And ever would my shoeless foot-prints,
Trace the shortest path to thee;
There the plumpest squirrel ever
Chuckled on the chestnut tree.

3. And when, at noon, the sun of summer
Flowed too fiercely from the sky,
On thy banks were bowers grateful
To a rover such as I—
Among the forest branches woven
By the richly-scented vine,
Yellow jasmine, honeysuckle,
And by creeping muscadine.

4. And there I lay in pleasant slumber,
And the rushing of thy stream
Ever made a gentle music,
Blending softly with my dream—
My dream of her, who near thy waters
Grew beneath my loving eye,
Fairest maid of Georgia's daughters—
Sweetest flower beneath the sky!

5. With snowy brow and golden ringlets,
Eyes that beggared heaven's blue,
Voice as soft as summer streamlets,
Lips as fresh as morning dew!
Although she played me oft the coquette,
Dealing frowns and glances sly,
These but made her smiles the dearer
To a rover such as I.

6. What if the earth by fairer river
Nurses more beauteous maid than she—
He had found a slow believer
Who had told that tale to me;
And sure I am no knighted lover
Truer faith to lady bore,
Than the little barefoot rover,
Dreaming on thy pleasant shore.

7. The happiest hours of life are vanished;
She has vanished with them, too!
Other bright-eyed Georgia damsels
Blossom where my lily grew;
And yet the proudest and the sweetest
To my heart can never seem
Lovely as the little Peri,
Mouldering by the murmuring stream!

GEN. H. R. JACKSO

LESSON LXXVII.

Spell and define—

1. PA'GEANT, show, spectacle.
AR-MA'DA, a fleet of armed ships.
3. AM-A-RAN'THINE, never-fading.
E-LY'SI-UM, a place assig
happy souls in mythol
9. LAM'BENT, gliding over,
ing lightly.

LA FAYETTE AND ROBERT RAIKES.

. It is but a few years since we beheld the most singular
l memorable pageant in the annals of time. It was a
eant more sublime and affecting than the progress of
zabeth through England after the defeat of the armada;
n the return of Francis I. from a Spanish prison to his
ı beautiful France; than the daring and rapid march
the conqueror of Austerlitz from Treguier to Paris. It
s a pageant indeed, rivalled only in the elements of the
nd and the pathetic by the journey of our own Wash-
ton through the different States. Need I say that I al-
e to the visit of La Fayette to America?

. But La Fayette returned to the land of the dead rather
ı of the living. How many who had fought with him
he war of '76 had died in arms, and lay buried in the
ve of the soldier or the sailor! How many who had
rived the perils of battle, on the land and the ocean,
expired on the death-bed of peace, in the arms of moth-
sister, daughter, wife! Those who survived to celebrate
ı him the jubilee of 1825, were stricken in years, and
ry-headed; many of them infirm in health; many the
ims of poverty, or misfortune, or affliction. And how
erable that patriotic company! how sublime their
ıering through all the land! how joyful their welcome!
affecting their farewell to that beloved stranger!

But the pageant has fled, and the very materials that
e it such depth of interest are rapidly perishing; and an
ble, perhaps a nameless grave shall hold the last soldier
ıe Revolution. And shall they ever meet again? Shall
patriots of '76—the immortal band, as history styles
ı—meet again in the amaranthine bowers of spotless
y, of perfect bliss, of eternal glory? Shall theirs be
Christian's heaven, the kingdom of the Redeemer? The
hen points to his fabulous elysium as the paradise of the

soldier and the sage. But the Christian bows down v
tears and sighs, for he knows that not many of the patr
and statesmen and warriors of Christian lands are the
ciples of Jesus.

4. But we turn from La Fayette, the favorite of the
and the new world, to the peaceful benevolence, the un
bitious achievements of Robert Raikes. Let us imag
him to have been still alive and to have visited our lan
celebrate this day with us. No national ships would h
been offered to bear him, a nation's guest, from the bri
shores of the rising to the brighter shores of the sett
sun. No cannon would have hailed him in the stern
guage of the battle-field, the fortunate champion of F
dom, in Europe and America. No martial music wo
have welcomed him in notes of rapture, as they rolled al
the Atlantic, and echoed through the valley of the Mis
sippi. No military procession would have heralded his v
through crowded streets, thick-set with the banner and
plume, the glittering sabre and the polished bayonet.
cities would have called forth beauty and fashion, wea
and rank, to honor him in the ball-room and theatre.
States would have escorted him from boundary to bounda
nor have sent their chief magistrate to do him homa
No national liberality would have allotted to him a no
man's domain and a princely treasure. No national gr
tude would have hailed him in the capitol itself, the nati
guest, because the nation's benefactor; and have consecra
a battle-ship in memory of his wounds and his gallantry

5. Not such would have been the reception of Rol
Raikes, in the land of the Pilgrims and of Penn, of
Catholic, the Cavalier, and the Huguenot. And who d
not rejoice, that it would be impossible thus to welco
this primitive Christian, the founder of Sunday-schoo
His heralds would be the preachers of the Gospel, and
eminent in piety, benevolence, and zeal. His process
would number in its ranks the messengers of the Cross a

disciples of the Saviour, Sunday-school teachers and te-robed scholars. The temples of the Most High would the scenes of his triumph. Homage and gratitude to would be anthems of praise and thanksgiving to God. Parents would honor him as more than a brother; dren would reverence him as more than a father. The ering words of age, the firm and sober voice of man- d, the silvery notes of youth, would bless him as a istian patron. The wise and the good would acknowl- e him everywhere as a national benefactor, as a patriot n to a land of strangers. He would have come a mes- ger of peace to a land of peace. No images of camps, sieges, and battles; no agonies of the dying and the nded; no shouts of victory, or processions of triumph, ld mingle with the recollections of the multitudes who comed him. They would mourn over no common dan- , trials, and calamities; for the road of duty has been hem the path of pleasantness, the way of peace. Their mory of the past would be rich in gratitude to God, and to man; their enjoyment of the present would be a ude to heavenly bliss; their prospects of the future ht and glorious as faith and hope.

Such was the reception of La Fayette, the warrior; would be that of Robert Raikes, the Howard of the stian Church. And which is the nobler benefactor, ot, and philanthropist? Mankind may admire and La Fayette more than the founder of Sunday-schools; religion, philanthropy, and enlightened common-sense ever esteem Robert Raikes the superior of La Fayette. are the virtues, the services, the sacrifices of a more ring and exalted order of being. His counsels and aphs belong less to time than to eternity.

The fame of La Fayette is of this world; the glory of rt Raikes is of the Redeemer's everlasting kingdom. ayette lived chiefly for his own age, and chiefly for his our country. But Robert Raikes has lived for all ages

and all countries. Perhaps the historian and biograph may never interweave his name in the tapestry of natio or individual renown. But the records of every sin church honor him as a patron; the records of the univ sal church, on earth and in heaven, bless him as a be factor.

9. The time may come when the name of La Fayette v be forgotten; or when the star of his fame, no longer g tering in the zenith, shall be seen pale and glimmering the verge of the horizon. But the name of Robert Rai shall never be forgotten; and the lambent flame of glory is that eternal fire which rushed down from hea to devour the sacrifice of Elijah. Let mortals then adm and imitate La Fayette more than Robert Raikes. But just made perfect, and the ministering spirits around throne of God, have welcomed him as a fellow-servant the same Lord; as a fellow-laborer in the same glori cause of man's redemption; as a co-heir of the same preci promises and eternal rewards. GRIMKI

Spell and define—

2. Survived.
3. Amaranthine.
4. Achievements.
   Champion.
   Domain.
5. Heralds.
   Anthems.
6. Faltering.
   Prelude.
7. Extol.
8. Tapestry.
9. Horizon.

LESSON LXXVIII.

Spell and define—

2. STARRED, set with stars.
   MARRED, defaced, injured.
   LE'THE, a fabled river, whose waters were said to cause forgetfulness.
2. RE-POSE', peaceful rest, qu
3. RE-SIGN', give up, yield.
4. RE-VEALED', made known.
   VISION, something imagin
   be seen.

I KNOW THOU ART GONE.

know thou art gone to the land of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?
know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;
Where Love hath put off, in the land of its birth,
The stain it had gathered in this;
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdens the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred
By the beauty that shone in thy soul;
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy spirit flung back from its goal.
know thou hast drunk of a Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget;
hat sheds over memory only repose,
And takes away only regret.

thy far-away country, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine,
nd the love that made all things a music to me
I have not yet learned to resign.
never look up with a vow to the sky,
But a light like thy presence is there,
nd I hear a low murmur like thine, in reply
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

nd though like a mourner who sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
t the grief of my spirit—oh! call it not gloom—
Is not the dark grief of despair;
sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far away a bright vision appears,

And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like a rainbow, in tears.

ANONYMOU

LESSON LXXIX.

Spell and define—

2. MA-JES'TI-CAL, grand, stately.
5. FRA'GRANT, sweet of smell.
CA'DENC-ES, tone, sound.
DIRGE, song or tune to ex
grief and mourning.
DOW'ER, endowment, gift.

LINES IN A CEMETERY.

1. Here are the houses of the dead. Here youth
And age, and manhood stricken in his strength,
Hold solemn state, and awful silence keep,
While Earth goes murmuring in her ancient path,
And troubled Ocean tosses to and fro
Upon his mountainous bed impatiently,
And many stars make worship musical
In the dim-aisled abyss, and over all
The Lord of Life in meditation sits
Beneath the large white dome of Immortality.

2. Made quiet by the awe, I pause and think
Among these walks lined with the frequent tombs:
For it is very wonderful. Afar
The populous city lifts its tall, bright spires,
And snowy sails are glancing on the bay,
As if in merriment: but here all sleep;
They sleep, these calm, pale people of the past.
Spring plants her rosy feet on their dim homes—
They sleep! Sweet Summer comes and calls and c
With all her passionate poetry of flowers,
Wed to the music of the soft south wind—
They sleep! The lonely Autumn sits and sobs

Between the cold white tombs, as if her heart
Would break—they sleep! Wild Winter comes and chants
Majestical the mournful sagas learned
Far in the melancholy North, where God
Walks forth alone upon the desolate seas—
They slumber still. Sleep on, O passionless dead:
Ye make our world sublime: ye have a power
And majesty the living never hold.

Here Avarice shall forget his den of gold!
Here Lust his beautiful victim, and hot Hate
His crouching foe. Ambition here shall lean
Against Death's shaft, veiling the stern bright eye
That, over-bold, would take the height of gods,
And know Fame's nothingness. The sire shall come,
The matron and the child, through many years,
To this fair spot: whether the plumed hearse
Moves slowly through the winding walks, or Death
For a brief moment pauses, all shall come
To feel the touching eloquence of graves.
And therefore it was well for us to clothe
The place with beauty. No dark terror here
Shall chill the generous tropic of the soul;
But Poetry and her starry comrade Art
Shall make the sacred country of the dead
Magnificent.

The fragrant flowers shall smile
Over the low, green graves; the trees shall shake
Their soul-like cadences upon the tombs;
The little lake, set in a paradise
Of wood, shall be a mirror to the moon,
What time she looks from her imperial tent
In long delight at all below; the sea
Shall lift some stately dirge he loves to breathe

Over dead nations, while calm sculptures stand
On every hill, and look like spirits there
That drink the harmony. Oh, it is well!
Why should a darkness scowl on any spot
Where man grasps immortality? Light, light,
And art, and poetry, and eloquence,
And all that we call glorious, are its dower.

6. Oh, ye whose mouldering frames were brought and pla
By pious hands within these flowery slopes
And gentle hills, where are ye dwelling now?
For man is more than element. The soul
Lives in the body as the sunbeam lives
In trees or flowers that were but clay without.
Then where are ye, lost sunbeams of the mind?
Are ye where great Orion towers and holds
Eternity on his stupendous front?
Or where pale Neptune in the distant space
Shows us how far, in His creative mood,
With pomp of silence, and concentred brows,
The Almighty walked? Or haply ye have gone
Where other matter roundeth into shapes
Of bright beatitude. Or do ye know
Aught of dull space or time, and its dark load
Of aching weariness?

7. They answer not.
But He whose love created them of old,
To cheer His solitary realm and reign,
With love will still remember them.

William R. Walla

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE.

Temperance.—Temperance promotes clearness and
of intellect. If the brain be not in a healthy and vig
state, equally unhealthy and inefficient must be the
also. History will bear us out in asserting, that the

est and most successful intellectual efforts have ever been associated with the practice of those general principles of temperance in diet for which we plead.

It is the mighty minds that have grappled most successfully with the demonstrations of mathematical, intellectual, and moral science, that stand highest on the scale of mental acumen and power; and it is such minds that have found strict temperance essential to success. In order to secure the highest intellectual culture, you must "be temperate in all things."

LESSON LXXX.

Spell and define—

1. BRILL'IAN-CY, splendor, glitter.
2. PRO-PUL'SION, urging forward.
6. SQUAT'TER, one who settles on new land without a title.

POR-TRAYED', painted or drawn to the life.

DESCENT OF THE OHIO.

1. It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine, mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape painter portrayed or poet imagined.

2. The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue, which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called the "Indian Summer." The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat.

3. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us. Na-

ture in her varied arrangements seems to have felt a partiality toward this portion of our continent. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin on one side is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface, while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen, as far as the eye can command the view.

4. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery.

5. As night came sinking in darkness on the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle that bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar.

6. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow. JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

Spell and define—

1. Festoons.
   Bronzed.
   Predominated.
2. Meridian.
3. Alternately.
   Margin.
4. Enhance.
5. Muffled.
6. Echoing.

LESSON LXXXI.

Spell and define—

. LET'TERS, learning, erudition.
. E-CLIPSED', obscured, disregarded.
LISTS, field of combat, or strife.
5. PHI-LIP'PICS, orations of Demosthenes against Philip of Macedon.

LIBERTY AND GREATNESS.

1. The name of Republic is inscribed upon the most imerishable monuments of the species, and it is probable that t will continue to be associated, as it has been in all past ges, with whatever is heroic in character, and sublime in enius, and elegant and brilliant in the cultivation of the rts and letters.

2. It would not have been difficult to prove that the base irelings, who in this age of legitimacy and downfall have o industriously inculcated a contrary doctrine, have been ompelled to falsify history and abuse reason.

3. I might have "called up antiquity from the old schools f Greece" to show that these apostles of despotism would ave passed at Athens for barbarians and slaves. I might ave asked triumphantly, what land had ever been visited ith the influences of liberty, that did not flourish like the pring? What people had ever worshipped at her altars, ithout kindling with a loftier spirit and putting forth more oble energies? Where had she ever acted, that her deeds ad not been heroic? Where had she ever spoken, that er eloquence had not been triumphant and sublime?

4. It might have been demonstrated that a state of society which nothing is obtained by patronage—nothing is yielded to the accidents of birth or fortune; where those who re already distinguished must exert themselves, lest they e speedily eclipsed by their inferiors, and those inferiors re by every motive stimulated to exert themselves that ey may become distinguished; and where, the lists being

open to the whole world, without any partiality or exclusion, the champion who bears off the prize, must have tasked his powers to the very utmost, and proved himself the first of a thousand competitors—is necessarily more favorable to a bold, and vigorous, and manly way of thinking and acting than any other.

5. I should have asked with Longinus—who but a republican could have uttered the Philippics of Demosthenes? and what has the patronage of despotism ever done to be compared with the spontaneous productions of the Attic, the Roman, and the Tuscan muse?

HUGH SWINTON LEGARE.

Spell and define—

1. Inscribed.
2. Legitimacy.
   Inculcated.
3. Antiquity.
   Energies.
4. Patronage.
   Accidents.
   Exclusion.
   Competitors.

LESSON LXXXII.

Spell and define—

1. IN-TEG'RI-TY, moral purity, uprightness.
   SPHERE, position in society.
   VIV'I-FY, animate, enliven.
2. SWERVE, deviate, depart.
3. IN-TRE-PID'I-TY, fearlessness, boldness.
4. BE-LIE', show to be false.

INTEGRITY THE MOST IMPORTANT ELEMENT OF CHARACTER.

1. The first great maxim of human conduct, that which it is all-important to impress on the understandings of young men, and recommend to their hearty adoption, is, above all things, in all circumstances, and under every emergency, to preserve a clean heart and an honest purpose. Integrity, firm, determined integrity, is that quality, which of all others raises man to the highest dignity of his nature, and

its him to adorn and bless the sphere in which he is appointed to move. Without it, neither genius nor learning, neither the gifts of God, nor human exertions, can avail ought for the accomplishment of the great objects of human exercise. Integrity is the crowning virtue—integrity is the pervading principle which ought to regulate, guide, control, and vivify every impulse, desire, and action.

2. Honesty is sometimes spoken of as a vulgar virtue; and perhaps that honesty which barely refrains from outraging the positive rules ordained by society for the protection of property, and which ordinarily pays its debts and performs its engagements, however useful and commendable a quality, is not to be numbered among the highest efforts of human virtue. But that integrity which, however tempting the opportunity, or however secure against detection, no selfishness nor resentment, no lust of power, place, favor, profit, or pleasure, can cause to swerve from the strict rule of right, is the perfection of man's moral nature. In this sense, the poet was right when he pronounced "an honest man the noblest work of God."

3. It is almost inconceivable what an erect and independent spirit this high endowment communicates to the man, and what a moral intrepidity and vivifying energy it imparts to his character. There is a family alliance between all the virtues, and perfect integrity is always followed by a train of goodly qualities, frankness, benevolence, humanity, patriotism, promptness to act, and patience to endure. In moments of public need, these indicate the man who is worthy of universal confidence. Erected on such a basis, and built up of such materials, fame is enduring.

4. Such is the fame of our Washington, of the man "inflexible to ill and obstinately just." While, therefore, other monuments, intended to perpetuate human greatness, are daily mouldering into dust, and belie the proud inscriptions which they bear, the solid granite pyramid of his glory lasts from age to age, imperishable, seen afar off, looming high

over the vast desert, a mark, a sign, and a wonder, for the wayfarers through this pilgrimage of life.

HON. WILLIAM GASTON.

Spell and define—

1. Emergency. Avail.
2. Refrains.
3. Detection. Endowment. Alliance.
4. Perpetuate. Looming. Wayfarers.

LESSON LXXXIII.

Spell and define—

2. PRE-TER-NAT'U-RAL, beyond or different from what is natural.
SHRIV'ELLED, shrunk into wrinkles.
3. PROG-NOS'TIC, showing something to come.
4. MYS'TIC, sacredly obscure, involving some secret meaning.
SYM'BOL, a sign or representation of something.
E-NUN-CI-A'TION, the act of uttering.
U'NI-SON, agreement, harmony.
5. DIS-TOR'TION, a twisting out of shape.
9. POR-TENT'OUS, foretelling evil.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

1. As I travelled through the county of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

2. Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under

the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

3. The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject was, of course, the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man, whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

4. As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manners, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion. I knew the whole history; but never until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

5. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

6. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know

not what they do," the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

7. It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of our own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of the subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of his fall. But, no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

8. The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!" I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery.

9. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few moments of portentous, death-like silence, which reigned throughout the house; the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet

wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which held it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher" — then, pausing, raising his other, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy, to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!"

10. This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau: a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his Bard. WIRT.

Spell and define—

1. Cluster.
2. Palsy.
3. Exhausted.
4. Distribute.
5. Description.
6. Utterance.
9. Grandeur.
10. Quotation.

Crucifixion.
Clinched.
Tremulous.
Introductory.

LESSON LXXXIV.

Spell and define—

1. NOTE, notice.
5. KNELL, the sound of the funeral bell.
9. VERGE, the brink, the edge.
14. AB'JECT, worthless, mean.
19. EX'QUI-SITE, nice, complete.
22. AB-SORPT', wasted, swallowed up.
39. FAN-TAS'TIC, fanciful, existing only in imagination.
44. AN'TIC, odd, fanciful.
46. SUB'TLER, more delicate.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

The bell strikes One. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch.
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss,
A dread eternity, how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder, He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh, what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!

Alternately transported and alarmed;
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof.
While o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields, or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods, or down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool
Or scaled the cliff, or danced on hollow winds
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain!
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfined,
Unfettered with her gross companion's fall.
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal,
Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal Heaven husbands all events:
Dull sleep instructs, nor sports vain dreams in vain.

YOUNG.

Spell and define—

7. Dispatch.
9. Alarmed.
10. Abyss.
13. Pensioner.
17. Centred.
18. Marvellously.
24. Miniature.
29. Aghast.
36. Legions.
41. Craggy.
44. Antic.
45. Devious.
47. Aërial.
48. Gross.
49. Proclaims.

LESSON LXXXV.

Spell and define—

1. VER'NAL, belonging to spring.
CLOS'ES, pauses, intermissions.
2. A'DENN, Eden, Paradise.
4. E-VAN'GELS, the gospels.

A PORTRAIT.

1. The laughing Hours before her feet,
Are strewing vernal roses,
And the voices in her soul are sweet,
As music's mellowed closes,
All hopes and passions heavenly-born,
In her have met together,
And joy diffuses round her morn
A mist of golden weather.

2. As o'er her cheek of delicate dyes
The blooms of childhood hover,
So do the tranced and sinless eyes
All childhood's heart discover,
Full of a dreamy happiness,
With rainbow fancies laden,
Whose arch of promise glows to bless
Her Spirit's beauteous Adenn.

3. She is a being born to raise
Those undefiled emotions,
That link us with our sunniest days
And most sincere devotions;
In her we see renewed, and bright,
That phase of earthly story,
Which glimmers in the morning light
Of God's exceeding glory.

4. Why, in a life of mortal cares,
Appear these heavenly faces,
Why on the verge of darkened years,
These amaranthine graces?
'Tis but to cheer the soul that faints,
With pure and blest evangels,
To prove if heaven is rich with saints,
That earth may have her angels.

5. Enough! 'tis not for me to pray
That on her life's sweet river,
The calmness of a virgin day
May rest, and rest for ever;
I know a guardian Genius stands
Beside those waters lowly,
And labors with immortal hands
To keep them pure and holy.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

Spell and define—

1. Diffuses.
2. Dyes.
3. Undefiled.
Phase.
5. Enough.
Virgin.

LESSON LXXXVI.

Spell and define—

2. O'RI-ENT, the east.
3. ERST, before, hitherto.
4. PORT'ALS, gates, doors.
6. GA'LA, festive, joyous.
10. QUIV'ER, tremble.
12. HELMS'MEN, pilots, steersmen.
SHIV'ER, break in pieces.
13. HER-AL'DIC, announcing.

THE STAR ABOVE THE MANGER.

1. One night, while lowly shepherd swains
Their fleecy charge attended,
A light burst o'er Judea's plains,
Unutterably splendid.

2. Far in the dusky orient,
A star unknown in story
Arose to flood the firmament
With more than morning glory.

3. The clustering constellations, erst
So gloriously gleaming,

Waned, when its sudden splendor burst
Upon their paler beaming.

4. And Heaven drew nearer Earth that night—
Flung wide its pearly portals—
Sent forth from all its realms of light
Its radiant immortals:

5. They hovered in the golden air,
Their golden censers swinging,
And woke the drowsy shepherds there
With their seraphic singing.

6. Yet Earth on this her gala night
No jubilee was keeping;
She lay, unconscious of the light,
In silent beauty sleeping.

7. No more shall brightest cherubim
And stateliest archangels
Symphonious sing such choral hymn—
Proclaim so sweet evangels:

8. No more appear that star at eve,
Though glimpses of its glory
Are seen by those who still believe
The shepherds' simple story:

9. In Faith's clear firmament afar—
To Unbelief a stranger—
For ever glows the golden star
That stood above the manger.

10. Age after age may roll away,
But on Time's rapid river
The light of its celestial ray
Shall never cease to quiver.

11. Frail barges on the swelling tide
Are drifting with the ages;
The skies grow dark—around each bark
A howling tempest rages!

12. Pale with affright, lost helmsmen steer,
While creaking timbers shiver;
The breakers roar—Grim Death is near—
Oh, who may now deliver!

13. Light—light from the Heraldic Star
Breaks brightly o'er the billow;
The storm, rebuked, is fled afar;
The pilgrim seeks his pillow.

14. Lost, lost indeed, his heart must be—
His way how dark with danger,
Whose hooded eye may never see
The Star above the manger!

THEO. H. HILL.

Spell and define—

1. Swains.
2. Firmament.
3. Constellations.
Waned.
5. Censers.
Seraphic.
6. Jubilee.
7. Symphonious.
Choral.
8. Glimpses.
9. Manger.
14. Hooded.

LESSON LXXXVII.

Spell and define—

COME'LI-NESS, that which is becoming or graceful.
PORT, manner of movement or walk.
AT-TIRE', dress, clothes.
RIFE, prevalent.
TAR'NISH, to soil, to dirty.
AV-A-LANCHE', a vast body of snow sliding down from a mountain.
FLEDG'LING, a young bird.
REC-OG-NI'TION, acknowledgment of acquaintance.
PRE-CON-CERT'ED, planned beforehand.
CAI'TIFF, a mean villain.
THRAL'DOM, bondage, slavery.
SCAN, to examine closely.
NETH'ER, lower, lying beneath.

WILLIAM TELL.

The events here referred to occurred 1307. Switzerland had been conquered by Austria; and Gesler, one of the basest and most tyrannical of men, was her governor, As a refinement of tyranny, he had his cap elevated on a pole, and commanded that every one should bow before it. William Tell proudly refused to submit to this degrading mark of slavery. He was arrested and carried before the governor. The day before, his son Albert, without the knowledge of his father, had fallen into the hands of Gesler.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in the Castle. Enter Gesler, Officers, and Sarnem, with Tell in chains and guarded.*

Sar. Down, slave! Behold the governor.
Down! down! and beg for mercy.
Ges. (*Seated.*) Does he hear?
Sar. He does, but braves thy power.
Officer. Why don't you smite him for that look?
Ges. Can I believe
My eyes? He smiles! Nay, grasps
His chains as he would make a weapon of them
To lay the smiter dead. (*To Tell.*)
Why speakest thou not?
Tell. For wonder.
Ges. Wonder?
Tell. Yes, that thou shouldest seem a man.
Ges. What should I seem?
Tell. A monster.
Ges. Ha! Beware! Think on thy chains.
Tell. Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down
Prostrate to earth, methinks I could rise up
Erect, with nothing but the honest pride
Of telling thee, usurper, to thy teeth,
Thou art a monster! Think upon my chains?
How came they on me?

Ges. Darest thou question me?
Tell. Darest thou not answer?
Ges. Do I hear?
Tell. Thou dost.
Ges. Beware my vengeance.
Tell. Can it more than kill?
Ges. Enough; it can do that.
Tell. No; not enough:
It cannot take away the grace of life;
Its comeliness of look that virtue gives;
Its port erect with consciousness of truth;
Its rich attire of honorable deeds;
Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues;
It cannot lay its hands on these, no more
Than it can pluck the brightness from the sun,
Or with polluted finger tarnish it.
Ges. But it can make thee writhe.
Tell. It may.
Ges. And groan.
Tell. It may; and I may cry,
Go on, though it should make me groan again.
Ges. Whence comest thou?
Tell. From the mountains. Wouldst thou learn
What news from them?
Ges. Canst tell me any?
Tell. Ay: they watch no more the avalanche.
Ges. Why so?
Tell. Because they look for thee. The hurricane
Comes unawares upon them; from its bed
The torrent breaks and finds them in its track.
Ges. What do they then?
Tell. Thank heaven, it is not thou!
Thou hast perverted nature in them.
There's not a blessing heaven vouchsafes them, but
The thought of thee—doth wither to a curse.
Ges. That's right! I'd have them like their hills,

That never smile, though wanton summer tempt
Them e'er so much.

Tell. But they do sometimes smile.

Ges. Ay! when is that?

Tell. When they do talk of vengeance.

Ges. Vengeance? Dare they talk of that?

Tell. Ay, and expect it too.

Ges. From whence?

Tell. From heaven!

Ges. From heaven?

Tell. And their true hands
Are lifted up to it on every hill
For justice on thee.

Ges. Where's thy abode?

Tell. I told thee on the mountains.

Ges. Art married?

Tell. Yes.

Ges. And hast a family?

Tell. A son.

Ges. A son? Sarnem!

Sar. My lord, the boy—(*Gesler signs to Sarnem to keep silence, and, whispering, sends him off.*)

Tell. The boy? What boy?
Is't mine? and have they netted my young fledgling? [me
Now heaven support me, if they have! He'll own
And share his father's ruin! But a look
Would put him on his guard; yet how to give it!
Now, heart, thy nerve; forget thou art flesh, be rock.
They come, they come!
That step—that step—that little step, so light
Upon the ground, how heavy does it fall
Upon my heart! I feel my child! (*Enter Sarnem with Albert, whose eyes are riveted on Tell's bow, which Sarnem carries.*)
'Tis he! We can but perish.

Sar. See!
Alb. What?
Sar. Look there!
Alb. I do, what would you have me see?
Sar. Thy father.
Alb. Who? That—that my father?
Tell. My boy! my boy! my own brave boy!
He's safe! (*Aside.*)
Sar. (*Aside to Gesler.*) They're like each other.
Ges. Yet I see no sign
Or recognition to betray the link
Unites a father and his child.
Sar. My lord,
I am sure it is his father. Look at them.
It may be
A preconcerted thing 'gainst such a chance.
That they survey each other coldly thus.
Ges. We shall try. Lead forth the caitiff.
Sar. To a dungeon?
Ges. No; into the court.
Sar. The court, my lord?
Ges. And send
To tell the headsman to make ready. Quick!
The slave shall die! You marked the boy?
Sar. I did. He started; 'tis his father.
Ges. We shall see. Away with him!
Tell. Stop! stop!
Ges. What would you?
Tell. Time! A little time to call my thoughts together.
Ges. Thou shalt not have a minute.
Tell. Some one, then, to speak with.
Ges. Hence with him!
Tell. A moment! Stop!
Let me speak to the boy.
Ges. Is he thy son?

Tell. And if
He were, art thou so lost to nature, as
To send me forth to die before his face?
Ges. Well! speak with him.
Now, Sarnem, mark them well.
Tell. Thou dost not know me, boy; and well for thee
Thou dost not. I'm the father of a son
About thy age. Thou,
I see, wast born, like him, upon the hills;
If thou should'st 'scape thy present thraldom, he
May chance to cross thee; if he should, I pray thee
Relate to him what has been passing here.
And say I laid my hand upon thy head,
And said to thee, if he were here, as thou art,
Thus would I bless him. Mayest thou live, my boy!
To see thy country free, or die for her,
As I do! (*Albert weeps.*)
Sar. Mark! he weeps.
Tell. Were he my son,
He would not shed a tear! He would remember
The cliff where he was bred, and learned to scan
A thousand fathoms' depth of nether air;
Where he was trained to hear the thunder talk,
And meet the lightning eye to eye; where last
We spoke together, when I told him death
Bestowed the brightest gem that graces life,
Embraced for virtue's sake. He shed a tear?
Now were he by, I'd talk to him, and his cheek
Should never blanch, nor moisture dim his eye—
I'd talk to him—
Sar. He falters!
Tell. 'Tis too much!
And yet it must be done! I'd talk to him—
Ges. Of what?
Tell. The mother, tyrant, thou dost make

A widow of! I'd talk to him of her.
I'd bid him tell her, next to liberty,
Her name was the last word my lips pronounced.
And I would charge him never to forget
To love and cherish her, as he would have
His father's dying blessing rest upon him!

Sar. You see, as he doth prompt, the other acts.

Tell. So well he bears it, he doth vanquish me.
My boy! my boy! Oh, for the hills, the hills,
To see him bound along their tops again,
With liberty!

Sar. Was there not all the father in that look?

Ges. Yet 'tis 'gainst nature.

Sar. Not if he believes
To own the son would be to make him share
The father's death.

Ges. I did not think of that! 'Tis well
The boy is not thy son. I've destined him
To die along with thee.

Tell. To die? For what?

Ges. For having braved my power, as thou hast. Lead
Them forth.

Tell. He's but a child.

Ges. Away with them!

Tell. Perhaps an only child.

Ges. No matter.

Tell. He may have a mother.

Ges. So the viper hath;
And yet, who spares it for the mother's sake?

Tell. I talk to stone! I talk to it as though
'Twere flesh; and know 'tis none. I'll talk to it
No more. Come, my boy,
I taught thee how to live, I'll show thee how to die.

Ges. He is thy child?

Tell. He is my child.

Ges. I've wrung a tear from him! Thy name?

Tell. My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee now;
My name is Tell.
Ges. Tell? William Tell?
Tell. The same.
Ges. What! he, so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
His arrows never miss! Indeed! I'll take
Exquisite vengeance! Mark! I'll spare thy life,
Thy boy's too; both of you are free; on one
Condition.
Tell. Name it.
Ges. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.
Tell. Name the trial you
Would have me make.
Ges. You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guessed it.
Tell. Look upon my boy? What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it? Guessed the trial
You'd have me make? Guessed it
Instinctively. You do not mean—no—no—
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.
Ges. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.
Tell. Is my boy to hold it?
Ges. No.
Tell. No? I'll send the arrow through the core!
Ges. It is to rest upon his head.
Tell. Great Heaven, you hear him!
Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give:

Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise
To be escaped.

Tell. O monster!

Ges. Wilt thou do it?

Alb. He will! he will!

Tell. Ferocious monster! Make
A father murder his own child?

Ges. Take off
His chains, if he consent.

Tell. With his own hand?

Ges. Does he consent?

Alb. He does. (*Gesler signs to his officers, who proceed to take off Tell's chains; Tell unconscious what they do.*)

Tell. With his own hand?
Murder his child with his own hand? This hand,
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by?
'Tis beyond horror! 'tis most horrible!
Amazement! (*His chains fall off.*) What's that
you've done to me?
Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's! Here! here!
I'll not
Murder my boy for Gesler.

Alb. Father! father!
You will not hit me, father!

Tell. Hit thee? Send
The arrow through thy brain? Or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye? Or, if thine eye escape,
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses? Hit thee? Hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart?

Ges. Dost thou consent?

Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.

Ges. For what?
Tell. To shoot my boy!
Alb. No, father, no!
To save me! You'll be sure to hit the apple.
Will you not save me, father?
Tell. Lead me forth,
I'll make the trial!
Alb. Thank you!
Tell. Thank me? Do
You know for what? I will not make the trial!
Take him to his mother in my arms,
And lay him down a corpse before her.
Ges. Then he dies this moment, and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.
Tell. Well, I'll do it; I'll make the trial.
Alb. Father!
Tell. Speak not to me:
Let me not hear thy voice; thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be. Earth should be dumb;
And heaven—unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver!
Ges. When all's ready.
Tell. Well, lead on!

Spell and define—

Prostrate.	Unawares.	Cherish.
Usurper.	Perverted.	Vanquish.
Vengeance.	Wanton.	Destined.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

Spell and define—

Is'sue, event, consequence.
Stanch, sound, strong.
Jag'ged, notched, uneven.
Shaft, the stem, the body.
Quiv'er, a case for arrows.
Peril, danger.

WILLIAM TELL.—(*Continued.*)

Scene II.—*Enter slowly, people in evident distress—Officers, Sarnem, Gesler, Tell, Albert, and soldiers—one bearing Tell's bow and quiver—another with a basket of apples.*

Ges. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.
Tell. Is the line a true one?
Ges. True or not, what is 't to thee?
Tell. What is 't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing; a yard or two
Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.
Ges. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.
Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler. Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun.
Ges. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?
Tell. I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I cannot see to shoot against the sun:
I will not shoot against the sun!
Ges. Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.
Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.
Ges. Stay! show me the basket! there!

Tell. You've picked the smallest one.
Ges. I know I have.
Tell. Oh, do you? But you see
The color of 't is dark; I'd have it light,
To see it better.
Ges. Take it as it is;
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.
Tell. True! true! I did not think of that; I wonder
I did not think of that! Give me some chance
To save my boy! (*Throws away the apple with all his force.*)
I will not murder him,
If I can help it; for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.
Ges. Well, choose thyself.
Tell. Have I a friend among the lookers on?
Verner. (*Rushing forward.*) Here, Tell!
Tell. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief.
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy! the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the courage
To stand it?
Ver. Yes.
Tell. Does he tremble?
Ver. No.
Tell. Art sure?
Ver. I am.
Tell. How looks he?
Ver. Clear and smilingly.
If you doubt it, look yourself.

Tell. No, no, my friend:
To hear it is enough.
Ver. He bears himself so much above his years——
Tell. I know! I know!
Ver. With constancy so modest——
Tell. I was sure he would——
Ver. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you——
Tell. Man! man! man!
No more! Already I'm too much the father
To act the man! Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint—flint—flint! Don't make me feel
I'm not—do not mind me! Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees, and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me—
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady; tell him
I'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.
Ver. Come, Albert! (*Leading him out.*)
Alb. May I not speak with him before I go!
Ver. No.
Alb. I would only kiss his hand.
Ver. You must not.
Alb. I must; I cannot go from him without.
Ver. It is his will you should.
Alb. His will, is it?
I am content then; come.
Tell. My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)
Alb. My father! (*Rushing into Tell's arms.*)
Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I? Go now,
My son; and keep in mind that I can shoot;
Go, boy; be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple. Go! God bless thee; go. My bow!
(*The bow is handed to him.*)

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant. No,
I'm sure of thee. I know thy honesty,
Thou art stanch, stanch. Let me see my quiver.

Ges. Give him a single arrow.

Tell. Do you shoot?

Soldier. I do.

Tell. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent; the feather, jagged.
That's all the use 'tis fit for. (*Breaks it.*)

Ges. Let him have another.

Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take. 'Tis heavy in the shaft;
I'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me see my quiver.
Bring it! 'Tis not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that.

Ges. It matters not.
Show him the quiver.

Tell. See if the boy is ready. (*Tell here hides an arrow under his vest.*)

Ver. He is.

Tell. I'm ready, too! Keep silent, for
Heaven's sake, and do not stir; and let me have
Your prayers, your prayers, and be my witness
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it. (*To the people.*)

Ges. Go on.

Tell. I will.
O friends, for mercy's sake keep motionless,
And silent. (*Tell shoots. A shout of exultation bursts from the crowd. Tell's head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself on his bow.*)

Ver. (*Rushing in with Albert.*) The boy is safe, no hair of him is touched.

Alb. Father, I'm safe. Your Albert's safe, dear father; Speak to me! Speak to me!

Ver. He cannot, boy!

Alb. You grant him life?

Ges. I do.

Alb. And we are free?

Ges. You are. (*Crossing angrily behind.*)

Ver. Open his vest,
And give him air. (*Albert opens his father's vest and the arrow drops. Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert, and clasps him to his breast.*)

Tell. My boy! My boy!

Ges. For what
Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

KNOWLES.

Spell and define—

Accords.	Courage.	Briefly.
Brief.	Constancy.	Witnesses.
Tyrant.	Reverence.	Motionless.

LESSON LXXXIX.

Spell and define—

1 HAZE, fog, mist
3. BEAK'ER, a drinking-glass.
4. CAN'VAS, *here, for* paintings.
5. RIME, the frost.

THE WINDOW-PANES AT BRANDON.

1. As within the old mansion the holiday throng reässembles in beauty and grace,
And some eye looking out of the window, by chance, these memorial records may trace—

How the past, like a swift-coming haze from the sea, in an instant surrounds us once more,
While the shadowy figures of those we have loved, all distinctly are seen on the shore!

2. Through the vista of years, stretching dimly away, we but look, and a vision behold—
Like some magical picture the sunset reveals with its colors of crimson and gold—
All suffused with the glow of the hearth's ruddy blaze, from beneath the gay "mistletoe bough,"
There are faces that break into smiles as divinely as any that beam on us now.

3. While the Old Year departing strides ghost-like along o'er the hills that are dark with the storm,
To the New the brave beaker is filled to the brim, and the play of affection is warm:
Look once more—as the garlanded Spring reäppears, in her footsteps we welcome a train
Of fair women, whose eyes are as bright as the gem that has cut their dear names on the pane.

4. From the canvas of Vandyke and Kneller that hangs on the old-fashioned wainscoted wall,
Stately ladies, the favored of poets, look down on the guests and the revel and all;
But their beauty, though wedded to eloquent verse, and though rendered immortal by Art,
Yet outshines not the beauty that breathing below, in a moment takes captive the heart.

5. Many winters have since frosted over these panes with the tracery-work of the rime,
Many Aprils have brought back the birds to the lawn from some far-away tropical clime—

But the guests of the season, alas! where are they?
Some the shores of the stranger have trod,
And some names have been long ago carved on the stone,
where they sweetly rest under the sod.

6. How uncertain the record! the hand of a child, in its
innocent sport, unawares,
May, at any time, lucklessly shatter the pane, and thus
cancel the story it bears:
Still a portion, at least, shall uninjured remain—unto
trustier tablets consigned—
The fond names that survive in the memory of friends
who yet linger a season behind.

7. Recollect, O young soul, with ambition inspired!—let
the moral be read as we pass—
Recollect the illusory tablets of fame have been ever as
brittle as glass:
Oh, then be not content with the name there inscribed
—for as well may you trace it in dust—
But resolve to record it where long it shall stand, in the
hearts of the good and the just!

JOHN THOMPSON.

Spell and define—

1. Memorial.
2. Vista.
Suffused.
Ruddy.
4. Wainscoted.
Revel.
5. Tracery.
6. Cancel.
7. Illusory.

LESSON XC.

Spell and define—

1. MEL'LOW, soft to the ear.
4. CA-REER'ING, running rapidly,
6. LAVE, bathe, wash.
LIM'PID, clear, pure, transparent.
7. CELT, one of the early inhabitants of the south of Europe.
SAX'ON, one of the nations of Northern Germany.

SWANNANOA.

1. Swannanoa, nymph of beauty,
I would woo thee in my rhyme,
Wildest, brightest, loveliest river
Of our sunny southern clime!
Swannanoa, well they named thee,
In the mellow Indian tongue;
Beautiful* thou art, most truly,
And right worthy to be sung.

2. I have stood by many a river,
Known to story and to song—
Ashley, Hudson, Susquehanna,
Fame to which may well belong;
I have camped by the Ohio,
Trod Scioto's fertile banks,
Followed far the Juniata,
In the wildest of her pranks.

3. But thou reignest queen for ever,
Child of Apalachian hills,
Winning tribute as thou flowest,
From a thousand mountain-rills.
Thine is beauty, strength-begotten,
'Mid the cloud-begirded peaks,
Where the patriarch of the mountains,†
Heavenward for thy waters seeks.

4. Through the laurels and the beeches,
Bright thy silvery current shines,
Sleeping now in granite basins,
Overhung by trailing vines,

* Swannanoa, in the Cherokee, signifies *beautiful.*
† Black Mountain.

And anon careering onward,
In the maddest frolic-mood,
Waking, with its sea-like voices,
Fairy echoes in the wood.

5. Peaceful sleep thy narrow valleys
In the shadow of the hills,
And thy flower-enameled border
All the air with fragrance fills.
Wild luxuriance, generous tillage,
Here alternate meet the view,
Every turn, through all thy windings,
Still revealing something new.

6. Where, O graceful Swannanoa,
Are the warriors who of old
Sought thee at thy mountain sources,
Where thy springs are icy cold—
Where the dark-browed Indian maidens,
Who their limbs were wont to lave
(Worthy bath for fairer beauty)
In thy cool and limpid wave?

7. Gone for ever from thy borders,
But immortal in thy name,
Are the red men of the forest!
Be thou keeper of their fame!
Paler races dwell beside thee;
Celt and Saxon till thy lands,
Wedding use unto thy beauty—
Linking over thee their hands.

ASHEVILLE NEWS.

Spell and define—

1. Nymph.
Clime.
2. Pranks.
3. Patriarch.
4. Trailing.
5. Tillage.
Fragrance.
Alternate.
Windings.

LESSON XCI.

Spell and define—

1. BUR'NISHED, polished, made glossy.
2. EX-PANSE', wide extent.
5. QUAYS, wharfs,
6. TEN'ANT-ED, inhabited.
7. SUL'LIED, soiled, stained.
8. CA-ROUS'AL, noisy festival.
9. RIFE, full of.
10. DIS-EN-TOMBED', taken from the grave.

POMPEII.

1. I looked down from the brink of the deep crater's mouth into the black and fiery bosom of Vesuvius, where the raging flames, old as time itself, have maddened into fury and awful storms of molten anger, burying fair cities deep beneath their glowing wrath. What a scene! I turned from it, and cast my eyes upon the fair blue waters, so sweetly spread at the mountain's base, like the smooth surface of a burnished shield.

2. It was a lovely day in spring, when the flowers were young and bursting into blossom, diffusing their perfume over the vine-clad hills. The bay of Naples reposed in beauty. There was no breeze to curl its surface, and the warm sun smiled gently upon it. Oh, how bright the prospect over its blue expanse! The city, too, was glorious in the thin, ethereal vapor, lightly tinging the swelling domes and lofty spires of sunny Naples.

3. I came down from the mountain, and entered the buried cities of the plains, Pompeii and Herculaneum. These once gay cities were long buried beneath the red crackling fires of the volcano's wrath. How little do we know of those beings who gayly trod the well-worn pavements of a city then thronged with inhabitants, but now silent and deserted! They have gone, and myriads before them, too, have stepped into the great crater of eternity.

4. Those cities have slept beneath the black cinders of Vesuvius's fires for many centuries, and now they open their

ponderous gates and sealed treasures to the world's astonished gaze. And lo! a voice from Italy! It comes like the stirring of the breeze upon the mountains; it floats in majesty like the echo of the thunder; it breathes solemnity like a sound from the tombs. Let the nations hearken! For the slumber of ages is broken, and the buried voice of antiquity speaks again from the gray ruins of Pompeii.

5. Roll back the tide of eighteen hundred years! At the foot of the vine-clad Vesuvius stands a royal city; the stately Roman walks its lordly streets, or banquets in the palaces of its splendor. The bustle of busied thousands is there; you may hear it along the thronged quays; it rises from the amphitheatre and the forum. It is the home of luxury, of gayety, and of joy. It is a careless, a dreaming, a devoted city. There is a blackness in the horizon, and the earthquake is rioting in the bowels of the mountain.

6. Hark! a roar, a crash; and the very foundations of the eternal hills are belched forth in a sea of fire. Woe to that fated city! The torrent comes surging like the mad ocean. It boils above wall and tower, palace and fountain, and Pompeii is a city of tombs. Ages roll on; silence, darkness, and desolation are in the halls of buried grandeur. The forum is voiceless, and the pompous mansions are tenanted by skeletons. Other generations live above the dust of long lost glory, and the slumber of the dreamless city is forgotten.

7. Pompeii beholds a resurrection! She hath shaken from her beauty the ashes of centuries, and once more looks forth upon the world, sullied and sombre, but interesting still. Again upon her arches, her courts and her colonnades, the sun lingers in splendor, but not as erst, when the reflected lustre of her marbles dazzled like the glory of his own true beam.

8. There, in their gloomy boldness, stand her palaces, but the song of carousal is hushed for ever. You may behold the places of her fountains, but you will hear no mur-

mur; they are as the water-courses of the desert. There, too, are her gardens, but the barrenness of long antiquity is theirs. You may stand in her amphitheatre and read utter desolation on her bare and dilapidated walls.

9. Pompeii! mouldering relic of a former world! Strange redemption from the sepulchre! How vivid are the classic memories that cluster around thee! Thy loneliness is rife with tongues, for the shadows of the mighty are thy sojourners Man walks thy desolated and forsaken streets, and is lost in the dreams of other days. He converses with the genius of the past, and the Roman stands as freshly recalled as before the billow of lava stiffened above him. A Pliny, a Sallust, a Trajan, are in his musings, and he visits their very homes.

10. Venerable and eternal city! The storied urn of a nation's memory! A disentombed and risen witness for the dead! Every stone of thee is consecrated and immortal. Rome was; Thebes was; Sparta was; thou wast and art still. No Goth nor Vandal thundered at thy gates, nor revelled in thy spoil. Man marred not thy magnificence. Thou wert scathed by the finger of Him who alone knew the depths of thy violence and crime. Babylon of Italy! thy doom was not revealed to thee. No prophet was there when thy towers were tottering, and the ashy darkness obscured thy horizon, to construe the warning. The wrath of God was upon thee heavily; in the volcano was the hiding of His power, and like the ancient cities of the plain, thy judgment was sealed in fire.

ANONYMOUS.

Spell and define—

1. Crater.
   Molten.
2. Ethereal.
3. Crackling.
   Myriads.
4. Ponderous.
   Antiquity.
5. Banquets.
   Amphitheatre.
   Forum.
6. Belched.
7. Colonnades.
8. Dilapidated.
9. Mouldering.
10. Construe.

LESSON XCII.

Spell and define—

2. SHAFT, the body of a column. AR'CHI TRAVE, that part which rests immediately upon the column.
4. VAULT, an arched roof.
13. SWAYED, moved, waved back and forth.
18. SANCT'U-A-RIES, places set apart for the worship of God.
34. SHRINE, a box for sacred relics, here a place for worshipping God.
38. FAN TAS'TIC, whimsical, odd.
52. WELLS, issues forth as water from the earth.
59. AN-NI'HI-LAT-ED, reduced to nothing.
62. COR'O-NAL, a crown, a wreath.
64. GLARE, a bright dazzling light.
68. EM-A-NA'TION, that which proceeds from any source.
87. ARCH, chief, principal.
116. EL'E MENTS, *in popular language*, fire, air, earth, and water

GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over them, and bowed
His spirit, with the thought of boundless Power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore

Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised! Let me, at least
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn; thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns. Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp, or pride; no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here; Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
That run along the summits of these trees
In music: Thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship; nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'mid its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale

Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated, not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.
My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me; the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
For ever. Written on Thy works, I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die: but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth passes, ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy, Death; yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulchre, and blooms and smiles;
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe

Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.
There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been holy men,
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in Thy presence, reässure
My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps, shrink,
And tremble, and are still. O God! when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent and overwhelms
Its cities; who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of Thy face
Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchained elements, to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

W. C. Bryant.

Spell and define—

8. Supplication.
16. Inaccessible.
25. Venerable.
35. Communion.
38. Encounter.
48. Tranquillity.
56. Perfections.
61. Loftily.
78. Faltering.
90. Nourishment.
112. Tremendous.
120. Conform.

LESSON XCIII.

Spell and define—

3. FLUS'TERED, agitated, confused.
PAL'SIED, deprived of the power of motion.
6. DRA'PER-Y, curtains, hangings.
PAR-A-PHER-NA'LI-A, appendages, ornaments.
BROOCH'ES, clasps.
8. ROUGE, red paint for the cheek.
9. OB-LIT'ER-ATE, to efface.
E-LAB'O-RATE, finished with great labor.
LEER'ING, looking obliquely.
TIN'SEL, something shining and gaudy.
12. DIS-TORT'ED, twisted out of natural shape.
UN-SIGHT'LY, disagreeable to the eye.

DEATH AT THE TOILET.

1. "What can Charlotte be doing all this while?" inquired her mother. She listened—"I have not heard her moving for the last three quarters of an hour! I will call the maid and ask." She rung the bell, and the servant appeared.

2. "Betty, Miss Jones is not gone yet, is she? Go up to her room, Betty, and see if she wants any thing, and tell her it is half-past nine o'clock," said Mrs. Jones. The servant accordingly went up-stairs, and knocked at the bedroom door, once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window. Could Miss Jones have fallen asleep? Oh, impossible!

3. She knocked again, but as unsuccessfully as before.

She became a little flustered; and, after a moment's pause, opened the door and entered. There was Miss Jones sitting at the glass. "Why, ma'am?" commenced Betty, in a petulant tone, walking up to her, "here have I been knocking for these five minutes, and ——" Betty staggered, horror-struck, to the bed, and uttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs. Jones, who instantly tottered up-stairs, almost palsied with fright. Miss Jones was dead!

4. I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than two streets distant. It was a stormy night in March; and the desolate aspect of things without; deserted streets, the dreary howling of the wind, and the incessant pattering of the rain, contributed to cast a gloom over my mind, when connected with the intelligence of the awful event that had summoned me out, which was deepened into horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness.

5. On reaching the house, I found Mrs. Jones in violent hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbors, who had been called to her assistance. I repaired to the scene of death, and beheld what I never shall forget.

6. The room was occupied by a white-curtained bed. There was but one window, and before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass, hung with a little white drapery; and various paraphernalia of the toilet lay scattered about; pins, brooches, curling-papers, ribbons, gloves, etc.

7. An arm-chair was drawn to this table, and in it sat Miss Jones, stone dead. Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table; while her left hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling-irons. Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet.

8. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blonde. Her face was turned toward the glass, which, by the light of the expiring candle, reflected, with frightful fidelity, the clammy, fixed features, daubed

with rouge and carmine, the fallen lower jaw, and the eyes directed full into the glass, with a cold stare, that was appalling.

9. On examining the countenance more narrowly, I thought I detected the traces of a smirk of conceit and self-complacency, which not even the palsying touch of death could wholly obliterate. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision; and the skinny, sallow neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of death thus leering through the tinsel of fashion, the "vain show" of artificial joy, was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life!

10. Indeed, it was a most humiliating and shocking spectacle. Poor creature! struck dead in the very act of sacrificing at the shrine of female vanity!

11. On examination of the body, we found that death had been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been protracted, possibly for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother.

12. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm composure of natural death as mangled and distorted by violence; but never have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive, unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle, as a corpse dressed for a ball!

DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.

Spell and define—

5. Hysterics.
6. Toilet.
7. Encircled.
8. Carmine.
9. Smirk.
12. Loathsome.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
All purely white, and tinged with crimson glow;
Long did I watch it calmly moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.

Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow;
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve, that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of Mercy made to roll
Right onward to the gates of heaven,
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

LESSON XCIV.

Spell and define—

1. FIS'SURE, a cleft in the rock.
   PICT-U-RESQUE', peculiarly attractive.
2. PAR'A-PET, a wall to prevent persons falling over.
4. IL-LU'SIVE, deceptive.
5. PRE-CIP'I-TOUS, steep.
7. DELL, a narrow valley.
   RE-CESS'ES, retired places.

NATURAL BRIDGE.—(VIRGINIA.)

1. This famous bridge is on the head of a fine limestone hill, which has the appearance of having been rent asunder by some terrible convulsion in nature. The fissure thus made is about ninety feet; and over it the bridge runs, so needful to the spot, and so unlikely to have survived the great fracture, as to seem the work of man; so simple, so grand, so great, as to assure you that it is only the work of God. The span of the arch runs from 45 to 60 feet wide; and its height, to the under line, is about 200 feet, and to the head about 240! The form of the arch approaches to the elliptical; and it is carried over on a diagonal line, the very line of all others so difficult to the architect to realize; and yet so calculated to enhance the picturesque beauty of the object.

2. There are chiefly three points of sight. You naturally make your way to the head of the bridge first; and as it is a continuation of the common road, with its sides covered with fine shrubs and trees, you may be on it before you are aware. But the moment you approach through the foliage to the side, you are filled with apprehension. It has, indeed, a natural parapet; but few persons can stand forward and look over. You instinctively seek to reduce your height, that you may gaze on what you admire with security. Even then it agitates you with dizzy sensations.

3. You then make your way some fifty feet down the bosom of the hill, and are supplied with some admirable standings on the projecting rockwork, to see the bridge and all its rich accompaniments. There is, 200 feet below you, the Cedar Creek, apparently motionless, except where it flashes with light as it cuts its way through the broken rocks. Mark the trees of every variety, but especially the fir, how they diminish as they stand on the margin of its bed; and how they ascend, step by step, on the noble rockwork, till they overshadow you; still preserving such delicacy of form and growth, as if they would not do an injury, while they lend a grace.

4. Observe those hills, gathering all around you in their fairest forms and richest verdure, as if to do honor to a scene of surpassing excellence. Now look at the bridge itself, springing from this bed of verdant loveliness, distinct, one, complete! It is before you in its most picturesque form. You just see through the arch, and the internal face of the further pier is perfectly revealed. Did you ever see such a pier—such an arch? Is it not most illusive! Look at that masonry. Is it not most like the perfection of art; and yet what art could never reach? Look at that coloring. Does it not appear like the painter's highest skill, and yet unspeakably transcend it?

5. This is exquisite. Still you have no just conception of this masterpiece until you get below. You go some little

distance for this purpose, as in the vicinity of the bridge the rocks are far too precipitous. A hot and brilliant day is, of all others, the time to enjoy this object. To escape from a sun which scorches you, into these verdant and cool bottoms, is a luxury of itself, which disposes you to relish every thing else. When down, I was very careful of the first impression, and I did not venture to look steadily on the objects about me till I had selected my station.

6. At length I placed myself about 100 feet from the bridge, on some masses of rock which were washed by the running waters, and ornamented by the slender trees which were springing from its fissures. At my feet was the soothing melody of the rippling, gushing waters. Behind me, and in the distance, the river and the hills were expanding themselves to the light and splendor of day. Before me, and all around, every thing was reposing in the most delightful shade, set off by the streaming rays of the sun, which shot across the head of the picture far above you, and sweetened the solitude below. On the right and left, the majestic rocks arose, with the decision of a wall, but without its uniformity, massive, broken, beautiful, and supplying a most admirable foreground; and, everywhere, the most delicate stems were planted in their crevices, and waving their heads in the soft breeze, which occasionally came over them.

7. The eye now ran through the bridge, and was gratified with a lovely vista. The blue mountains stood out in the background; beneath them, the hills and woods gathered together, so as to inclose the dell below; while the river, which was coursing away from them, seemed to have its well-head hidden in their recesses. Then there is the arch, distinct from every thing, and above every thing! Massive as it is, it is light and beautiful by its height, and the fine trees on its summit seem now only like a garland of evergreens; and, elevated as it is, its apparent elevation is wonderfully increased by the narrowness of its piers, and by its

outline being drawn on the blue sky, which appears beneath and above it!

8. Oh, it is sublime—so strong and yet so elegant—springing from earth, and bathing its head in heaven! But it is the sublime not allied to the terrific, as at Niagara; it is the sublime associated with the pleasing. I sat, and gazed in wonder and astonishment. That afternoon was the shortest I ever remembered. I had quickly, too quickly, to leave the spot for ever; but the music of those waters, the luxury of those shades, the form and colors of those rocks, and that arch—that arch—rising over all, and seeming to offer a passage to the skies—Oh, they will never leave me!

ENGLISH JOURNAL.

Spell and define—

1. Convulsion.
Survived.
Elliptical.
Diagonal.
Enhance.
2. Foliage.
4. Verdant.
Internal.
5. Exquisite.
6. Massive.
Foreground.
7. Background.

LESSON XCV.

Spell and define—

2. PLUMPED, fattened, made full.
3. WEE, very small.
5. FRANK, open, candid
8. WOOD, *here* Cross of Christ.

TO MY DAUGHTER LILLY.

1. Six changeful years are gone, Lilly,
Since you were born to be
A darling to your mother good,
A happiness to me;
A little shivering, feeble thing
You were to touch and view;
But we could see a promise in
Your baby eyes of blue.

2. You fastened on our hearts, Lilly,
As day by day wore by,
And beauty grew upon your cheeks,
And deepened in your eye;
A year made dimples in your hands,
And plumped your little feet,
And you had learned some merry ways
Which we thought very sweet.

3. And when the first sweet word, Lilly,
Your wee mouth learned to say,
Your mother kissed it fifty times,
And marked the famous day;
I know not even now, my dear,
If it were quite a word;
But your proud mother surely knew,
For she the sound had heard.

4. When you were four years old, Lilly,
You were my little friend,
And we had walks and nightly plays,
And talks without an end.
You little ones are sometimes wise,
For you are undefiled;
A grave grown man will start to hear
The strange words of a child.

5. When care pressed on our house, Lilly,
Pressed with an iron hand,
I hated mankind for the wrong
Which festered in the land.
But when I read your young, frank face,
Its meanings sweet and good,
My charities grew clear again,
I felt my brotherhood.

6. And sometimes it would be, Lilly,
My faith in God grew cold,
For I saw virtue go in rags,
And vice in cloth of gold;
But in your innocence, my child,
And in your mother's love,
I learned those lessons of the heart
Which fasten it above.

7. At last our cares are gone, Lilly,
And peace is back again,
As you have seen the sun shine out
After the gloomy rain;
In the good land where we were born,
We may be happy still,
A life of love will bless our home—
The house upon the hill.

8. Thanks to your gentle face, Lilly,
Its innocence was strong
To keep me constant to the right,
When tempted by the wrong;
The little ones were dear to Him
Who died upon the wood,
I ask His gentle care for you,
And for your mother good.

PHILIP P. COOKE.

Spell and define—

1. Darling.
Shivering.
2. Dimples.
4. Undefiled.
Start.
5. Festered.
Charities.
6. Innocence.
8. Constant.

LESSON XCVI.

Spell and define—

1. TINGE, a slight degree of color.
3. RAB'BI, a title given to learned men among the Jews.
19. RE-PAST', a meal.
26. OR'I-SONS, prayers.
28. PON-TIF'I-CAL, belonging to the high-priest.
30. CYM'BAL, an instrument of music.
PSAL'TER-Y, an instrument of music.
33. HAL-LE-LU'JAHS, praises to God.
36. IN'CENSE, the odors of spices burned in religious worship.
RE-LUC'TANT, unwilling.
44. SAP'PHIRE, a precious stone of a blue color.
48. LUS'TRE, splendor, brightness.
58. SPOU'SAL, relating to marriage.
83. CHAST'ENED, afflicted for correction.
84. HOM'AGE, reverential worship.

A HEBREW TALE.

Twilight was deepening with a tinge of eve,
As toward his home in Israel's sheltered vales
A stately Rabbi drew. His camels spied
Afar the palm-trees' lofty heads, that decked
The dear, domestic fountain, and in speed
Pressed with broad foot the smooth and dewy glade.
The holy man his peaceful threshold passed
With hasting step. The evening meal was spread,
And she who from life's morn his heart had shared
Breathed her fond welcome. Bowing o'er the board,
The blessing of his fathers' God he sought;
Ruler of earth and sea. Then raising high
The sparkling wine-cup, "Call my sons," he bade,
"And let me bless them ere their hour of rest."
The observant mother spake with gentle voice
Somewhat of soft excuse, that they were wont
To linger long amid the Prophets' school,
Learning the holy law their father loved.
——His sweet repast with sweet discourse was blent,

Of journeying and return. "Would thou hadst seen
With me, the golden morning bring to light
Yon mountain summits, whose blue, waving line
Scarce meets thine eye, where chirp of joyous birds,
A breath of fragrant herbs and spicy gales,
And sigh of waving boughs, stirred in the soul
Warm orisons. Yet most I wished thee near
Amid the temple's pomp, when the high-priest,
Clad in his robe pontifical, invoked
The God of Abraham, while on the lute and harp,
Cymbal, and trump, and psaltery, and glad breath
Of tuneful Levite, and the mighty shout
Of all our people, like the swelling sea,
Loud hallelujahs burst. When next I seek
Blest Zion's glorious hill, our beauteous boys
Must bear me company. Their early prayers
Will rise as incense. Thy reluctant love
No longer must withhold them: the new toil
Will give them sweeter sleep, and touch their cheek
With brighter crimson. 'Mid their raven curls
My hand I'll lay, and dedicate them there,
Even in those courts, to Israel's God,
Two spotless lambs, well pleasing in His sight.
But yet, methinks, thou'rt paler grown, my love?
And the pure sapphire of thine eye looks dim,
As though 'twere washed with tears.

——Faintly she smiled,
"One doubt, my lord, I fain would have thee solve.
Gems of rich lustre and of countless cost
Were to my keeping trusted. Now, alas!
They are demanded. Must they be restored?
Or may I not a little longer gaze
Upon their dazzling hues?" His eyes grew stern
And on his lip there lurked a sudden curl
Of indignation.——"Doth my wife propose

Such doubt? as if a master might not claim
His own again?" "Nay, Rabbi, come, behold
These priceless jewels ere I yield them back."
So to their spousal chamber, with soft hand
Her lord she led. There, on a snow-white couch
Lay his two sons, pale, pale, and motionless,
Like fair twin lilies, which some grazing kid
In wantonness had cropped. "My sons! my sons!
Light of my eyes!" the astonished father cried;
"My teachers in the law! whose guileless hearts
And prompt obedience warned me oft to be
More perfect with my God!"
To earth he fell,
Like Lebanon's rent cedar; while his breast
Heaved with such groans as when the laboring soul
Breaks from its clay companion's close embrace.
The mourning mother turned away and wept,
Till the first storm of passionate grief was still;
Then, pressing to his ear her faded lip,
She sighed in tone of tremulous tenderness,
"Thou didst instruct me, Rabbi, how to yield
The summoned jewels. See! the Lord did give—
The Lord hath taken away."
"Yea!" said the sire,
"And blessed be His name. Even for thy sake
Thrice blessed be Jehovah." Long he pressed
On those cold, beautiful brows his quivering lip,
While from his eye the burning anguish rolled;
Then, kneeling low, those chastened spirits poured
Their mighty homage forth to God.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Spell and define—

1. Twilight.
5. Domestic.
6. Glade.
31. Tuneful.
40. Dedicate.
52. Hues.
61. Grazing.
62. Wantonness.
64. Guileless.

LESSON XCVII.

Spell and define—

1. PAR'LEYS, discusses, holds consultation.
3. U'PAS, a tree which is said to poison the atmosphere around it.
FA-LER'NI-AN, an Italian wine.
5. PRO-SCRIP'TIVE, condemning as unworthy of reception.
6. LETH'AR-GY, morbid drowsiness.
CAS-TIL'I-AN, Spanish.
9. MO-KAN'NA, a Moslem impostor of the 8th century. He wore a mask to conceal his face, and pretended to be the embodiment of God.

PARTY SPIRIT.

1. Party spirit is more to be shunned than any other vice, not only for its disastrous consequences, but because of the proneness of nature to run into it. We are all more or less, at times, secretly tinctured with the feeling, and have to rise superior to it by force of reason and virtue; he will not be able to do it who parleys for a single moment with his duty. The vice is a deceitful one. It often wears the mask of patriotism; and under this flattering disguise, it wins the undiscerning.

2. The vicious woo it, enamored of its prostitutions, whilst many worthy citizens and public men are seduced to its embraces from its outward similitude to virtue; but no matter into what bosom it finds its way; or in what assembly it may prevail, wherever it strikes its poisonous roots, it never fails, sooner or later, to extirpate every virtuous sentiment and generous impulse.

3. It is a baneful Upas, that permits no moral flower to flourish in its shade. The individual who bows to its dominion can never generate a noble purpose; the politician who consults its authority is recreant to liberty; and the nation that shall become drunk with its infernal fires will most assuredly forfeit the favor of heaven, and become the self-inflictor of a righteous punishment. Its march is from

folly to madness, from madness to crime, from crime to death. Its votaries may change their livery, but to be a violent partisan once is to be a partisan for life; he is a spellbound being, whose infatuations may drive him, as occasions require, from turpitude to turpitude, until the very blood of infancy becomes the Falernian of his revels.

4. It is useless to confirm these truths by historical examples; for what is all history but a record of the bloody march of faction? Every page is burdened with wars, not for the sacred liberties of man, but for the unhallowed exaltation of contending aspirants. Do you turn to the ancient mistress of the world?—where is the patriot that doth not sigh at the civil strifes that seated Sylla upon bleeding Rome, and his rival upon the ruins of Carthage? Do you look to that sea-encircled nation, whose resentful Roses would not bloom together?—who doth not mark in the broils of York and Lancaster a melancholy monument of the folly and madness of party?

5. Or will you turn for a moment to that lovely region of the olive and the vine, where the valleys are all smiling, and the people are all cheerful?—who that hath a spark of nature in his soul doth not weep at the horrid atrocities perpetrated under the name of liberty, by Robespierre and his bloody coädjutors, during the reign of the Jacobin faction in revolutionary France? These examples by way of melancholy warning, may serve to show the unnatural lengths into which deluded and infatuated man will hurry, when once enlisted under the proscriptive banner of party.

6. If any other exhibition of the direful effects of party spirit be wanting, it is furnished in the history of a people whose career is familiar to us all. Look at Mexico. A few years ago she awoke from a lethargy of centuries, and in the majesty of eight millions of people, shook Castilian bondage from her, like "dew-drops from the lion's mane." But see her now—the miserable victim of self-oppression and debasement; torn to pieces by civil discord; bleeding

at every pore by party rage; her resources exhausted, her strength defied, and her very name despised. These are the bitter fruits of that dreadful mania which makes a whole people offer up, at the shrine of demagogues, that devotion and sacrifice which is due alone to their country.

7. Mexico had the chivalry to conquer, without the virtue to profit by it. Her patriots achieved independence, and demagogues ruined her hopes. Enemy as she is to us, I am not a foe to her freedom; for next to the safety and welfare of my own land, I should rejoice to see our free principles and liberal institutions ingrafted into her government, so that they might finally spread their benign influence over the whole continent of America.

8. Once we had the promise of this in the opening career of a bold champion of freedom, who, sick of the woes of his distracted country, called upon the virtuous of all parties to unite with him in the expulsion of faction, and in the chastisement of a bloated priesthood. He published to his countrymen a system of government which promised order, stability, and safety. It was received with acclamation. Thousands gathered around his standard. They came with high hopes and devoted hearts. The cannon soon spoke upon the mountains and the enemies of order trembled. Foes fled before him—Rebellion hid his head, and even audacious Bigotry quailed in the glance of his eye. He was born to command; and all voices hailed him the saviour of his country.

9. But mark the sequel. No sooner was he firmly planted in power, the idol of the people with every obstacle removed to the introduction of this new order of things, all eyes expecting and all hearts desiring it, when, lo! the veil —the silver veil—was drawn aside, and instead of the mild features of the patriot the foul visage of Mokanna, with its terrific deformity, burst upon the astonished nation.

10. And do you ask the moral of this tale? The discerning mind will read it in the awful truth—that party is as

cruel as the grave; that its bonds are as strong as death; that there is no receding from its unhallowed infatuations, and that he who enrols his name under its bloody flag, divorces himself from humanity, and for ever sells his soul to the powers of darkness. M. B. LAMAR.

Spell and define—

1. Disastrous.
   Proneness.
   Tinctured.
2. Similitude.
   Extirpate.
3. Baneful.
   Infatuation.
   Turpitude.
4. Aspirants.
5. Atrocities.
   Coädjutors.
6. Mania.
7. Ingrafted.
8. Audacious.
   Quailed.

LESSON XCVIII.

Spell and define—

2. AP-PRE'CI-AT-ED, properly valued.
3. HEC'A-TOMBS, immense numbers.
6. UN-TAR'NISHED, not stained, unblemished.
   CHAP'LET, a wreath for the head.

THE EXPLOITS OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

1. SIR: This whole country was thrown into one general burst of joy, our towns were illuminated, when the little army on the Rio Grande repulsed, beat on two fields, a Mexican army three times their number, advantageously posted, and fighting with obstinacy proportionate to their numerical superiority. But why recount it? It was an army, according to the senator's dictum, which could have been held in check by two hundred and fifty Texan rangers.

2. Is it true, sir, that those soldiers who had spent their lives in acquiring their profession, with an army of two thousand men, than which none was ever more favorably composed for desperate service, old soldiers and young leaders, performed what two hundred and fifty Texan rangers could have done so much more effectually? Shades

f Ringgold, McIntosh, Barbour, Ridgely, and Duncan, and hou the hero of the Mexican war, let not your ashes be listurbed. The star of your glory shall never be obscured by such fogs and fleeting clouds as that. It will continue o shine brighter and brighter as long as professional skill s appreciated, or bravery is admired, or patriotism has a hrine in the American heart.

3. But, sir, it was not alone in the United States that the nilitary movements and achievements on the Rio Grande were viewed with admiration. The greatest captain of the age, the Duke of Wellington, the moment he saw the positions taken and the combinations made upon the Rio Grande —the moment he saw the communication opened between the depot at Point Isabel and the garrison at Fort Brown, by that masterly movement of which the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were a part—exclaimed, that General Taylor is a general indeed. And yet sir, all history is to be rewritten, all the rapture and pride of the country at the achievements upon those bloody fields are to disappear, and the light of science to pale before the criticism of that senator by whom we are told that a little band of mounted riflemen could have done that which cost so many American lives and hecatombs of Mexicans.

4. I have spoken thus as a simple duty, not from any unkindness to the senator, but that I might do justice to many of my comrades, whose dust now mingles with the earth upon which they fought—that I might not leave unredressed the wrongs of the buried dead. I have endeavored to suppress personal feeling, though the character of the attack upon my friend and general might have pardoned its indulgence. It is true that sorrow sharpens memory, and that many deeds of noblest self-sacrifice, many tender associations, rise now vividly before me. I remember the purity of his character, his vast and varied resources; and I remember how the good and great qualities of his heart were equally and jointly exhibited. when he took the immense

responsibility under which he acted at the battle of Buena Vista, fought after he had been recommended by his senior general to retire to Monterey.

5. Around him stood those whose lives were in his charge, whose mothers, fathers, wives, and children would look to him for their return; those were there who had shared his fortunes on other fields; some who, never having seen a battle, were eager for the combat, without knowing how direful it would be; immediately about him were those loving and beloved, and reposing such confidence in their commander, that they but waited his beck to do and dare.

6. On him, and on him alone, rested the responsibility. It was in his power to avoid it by retiring to Monterey, there to be invested and captured, and then justify himself under his instructions. He would not do it, but cast all upon the die, resolved to maintain his country's honor, and save his country's flag from trailing in the dust of the enemy he had so often beaten, or close the conqueror's career as became the soldier. His purpose never wavered, his determination never faltered; his country's honor to be untarnished, his country's flag to triumph, or for himself to find an honorable grave, was the only alternative he considered. Under these circumstances, on the morning of the 23d of February, that glorious but bloody conflict commenced. It won for him a chaplet that it would be a disgrace for any American to mutilate, and which it were an idle attempt to adorn. I leave it to a grateful country, which is conscious of his services, and possesses a discrimination which is not to be confounded by the assertions of any, however high their position.

HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

LESSON XCIX.

Spell and define—

1. HAM'MOCK, a hanging bed used on board ships.
4. LAMB'KINS, young lambs.
5. SCRIP, a small bag or satchel.
9. AB-SCOND', run away.
PE NU'RI-OUS-LY, in poverty.
13. AF'FLU-ENT, wealthy, abundant.
15. RE-COUNT'ED, related.

THE REWARD OF HOSPITALITY.

1. Dark was the night, and dreadful was the storm when James Corbett was roused from his hammock by the cry of "A leak! all hands to the pumps!" Without a moment's delay, he hurried on his clothes, and flew to the assistance of his shipmates; but alas! their exertions were unavailing. The lightning which glared through the profound darkness only served to reveal the rocks on which they had already struck; and the terrific thunder which rolled over their heads added fresh terror to the lamentations of those who considered that, in a few moments, they might be for ever swallowed up in the bosom of the ocean.

2. After laboring at the pumps till his strength was completely exhausted, James went upon deck in the hope of recovering his breath and strength. Here, however, he had the misfortune to behold his beloved father perish before his eyes; and, in a few moments, he himself was swept into the sea by a tremendous wave, which broke over the ship with irresistible violence. Providentially, however, the vessel was at a very short distance from the coast; and, as the tide was strongly setting in toward the shore, our young sailor was thrown upon the beach before he was completely deprived of his senses.

3. After resting till daybreak, he looked around and perceived a church at a short distance. This suggested the propriety of his returning thanks to the Almighty for his miraculous preservation; and this duty he performed in the best manner he could, before he attempted to set for-

ward; and then committing himself to the protection of Heaven, he wandered he knew not whither, having neither a hat upon his head nor shoes on his feet, destitute of a single penny, and dependent upon the bounty of strangers for the means of subsistence.

4. After walking several hours, our young mariner arrived at a pleasant spot, between Dover and Sandgate, where Ralph Martin was accustomed to keep his father's sheep. In this place Ralph had passed the greater part of his life, a stranger to the gratifications of luxury, and the wants of ambition. He was alike exposed to the scorching heats of summer and the pinching frosts of winter, yet, if his sheep were healthy and his lambkins numerous, he was always perfectly contented. He thought it no toil to lead them up and down the hills, if by the change they obtained better pasture.

5. The weather on the preceding night having been extremely tempestuous, and the coast being spread with wrecks, Ralph felt the tear of sympathetic tenderness start into his eyes, as he gazed around, when the shipwrecked sailor approached him, and earnestly solicited a morsel of bread. Ralph's scrip was not very well replenished, but what he had he freely gave, and sincerely wished it had been more. The poor boy whom he relieved, thanked him with unaffected gratitude, and informed him of the particulars of his shipwreck. His father, he said, was captain of a vessel which traded from one of the Italian cities to London.

6. They were returning from a prosperous voyage, when they were overtaken in the channel by a gale of wind. It continued three days, and they were at length wrecked on the coast of Kent. He saw his father, in endeavoring to catch hold of a rope, miss his aim, and fall overboard. He himself was then carried into the sea by an overwhelming wave, and only escaped death by being thrown upon the beach. The youth wept as he gave this recital; and Ralph,

whose heart felt for every one, wept also. He had two shillings and a few half-pence in his pocket, and these constituted his only possessions: but he gave them willingly to relieve a fellow-creature in distress.

7. As the youth had travelled a long way without shoes, he very thankfully accepted Ralph's offer of remaining with him till next day. Accordingly, they continued with the sheep till it was time for them to be taken home, and then Ralph led his guest to his father's cottage. He introduced him to his mother, and she, with great good nature, prepared to broil them a slice of bacon. This was a most delicious treat to the sailor; and Ralph who had given away his dinner, thought it more than usually good. After supper, they retired to rest; and the next morning, when Ralph led out his flock, the poor traveller, being offered a pair of old shoes, and a hat, took his leave with many thanks, and recommenced his weary journey.

8. Several years passed away, and Ralph had almost forgotten the circumstance. He had indeed had sufficient on his mind to make him forget occurrences even more important, having for a long time led a life of sorrow. His father, who had always been fond of drinking and bad company, had at length indulged himself in these propensities till every thing was sacrificed for their gratification. It was in vain that Ralph endeavored to stem the torrent; in vain he exerted his industry; all was of no avail. His father's extravagance knew no bounds, whilst any thing remained which could be sold.

9. The flock, by degrees, was parted with, then the furniture of the little cottage, and at length the cottage itself. Nor was this all; debts accumulated, which there were no means of defraying. The man was obliged to abscond, and his wife and her son found themselves in the midst of a severe winter, without shelter or the means of subsistence. Ralph, however, being well known, and generally respected, soon engaged himself as shepherd to a neighboring farmer,

and hired a small hovel which stood at the foot of a hill adjoining the common. Here he lived, penuriously indeed, but contentedly; thankful that he could procure for his mother even this shed.

10. The poor woman, smitten by misfortune and borne down by advancing years, was incapable of doing any thing for herself, and Ralph not only had to support but to nurse her. He often found this task very difficult: but in proportion to his necessities, he increased his exertions; and Heaven, which rewards filial piety and industry, gave a blessing to all his efforts. He was enabled to pay the rent of his cottage, and to discharge some of the debts his father had left; which being due to some of the poorest of the cottagers, they were ill able to lose. For this he was obliged to toil very hard, and almost to starve himself; but he cheerfully endured all privations whilst he saw his mother surrounded by a few comforts, and felt that he was discharging an important duty.

11. One evening he was sitting reading to his aged parent, when he heard the rattling of the wheels of a carriage. Such a sound was so unusual in that spot, that, after expressing his surprise at it, he arose to see whither it was going. It stopped at the cottage, and from it alighted a man about thirty years of age. Ralph made a respectful bow, and asked, whom he was pleased to want? "Yourself," replied the stranger with much affability, "if, as I suppose, you are Ralph Martin." Ralph said that he was. "And do you indeed not recollect me?" asked the stranger.

12. "Do you not remember the poor sailor-boy whom you sheltered and relieved? I am he; and if you will give me another night's lodging and a slice of bacon, I will stay with you, and give you an account of the circumstances which have wrought such a change in my appearance." Ralph, who in the change which more than sixteen years had made, no longer recognized his shipwrecked acquaintance, was, however, extremely glad to see him in so much

happier circumstances. He assured him of a hearty welcome, but added, he had only a mattress of straw and a blanket to offer him. "So much the better," replied Mr. Corbett, "it will remind me of former times. But now for my history. Give me that box, it will make an excellent chair; and we shall be more at our ease, sitting.

13. "When I left you I determined, if possible, to travel to London, and, by the kindness of a wagoner, who seemed to feel deeply for my misfortunes, I arrived there on the third day. I found my mother in the greatest possible affliction; she had just been informed of the melancholy fate of my father, and was almost inconsolable. The sight of me, however, whom she had also believed dead, in some degree revived her spirits. I was happy to find she was left in comfortable though not affluent circumstances; and as there was a small provision for each of the children, I took my share, and embarked with it for the East-Indies, where I had a cousin, who had long wished me to assist him in his business.

14. "I was received by him with the utmost kindness; and my little property turned to the best account. Twelve years of successful industry made me a rich man: and as soon as I could settle my affairs, I returned to England. I found my mother married, and my brothers and sisters fixed in different situations. I have paid every debt I might have contracted with them, and my only account which remains unbalanced is that I have to settle with you." "With me, sir?" said Ralph; "you have nothing to settle with me! The trifling assistance you received from me was not worth remembering; it was only what I should gladly have given to any one in your circumstances. Times have altered a good deal since, and I often feel the greatest grief in witnessing distress which I have not the power to relieve."

15. "But you shall have the power," answered the gentleman; "independence could never be better placed than

in your hands. But we will talk of these things to-morrow. Now give me my supper, as you promised, for I have travelled a good way to-day, and am rather tired." Ralph prepared his simple fare, and then showed his guest to his humble bed. Next morning, the little story of the misfortunes with which Ralph had had to struggle was recounted.

16. The stranger, eager to place him in a happier lot, purchased a neat cottage; and having stocked it with every necessary, and added fifty sheep, the happy Ralph was made owner of it, and lived many years in that prosperity which usually follows industry and integrity. His benefactor generally called once or twice in a year to see him; and the peasantry for miles around often amused their children with repeating the good fortune which proved the reward of hospitality. IDLE HOURS.

LESSON C.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.—Ps. cx. 1.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.—Is. ix. 6.

In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely: and this is his name whereby he shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.—Jer. xxiii. 6.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.—John i. 1–2.

And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.—John xx. 28.

Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to

feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.—Acts xx. 28.

Whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.—Rom. ix. 5.

And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.—1 Tim. iii. 16.

But hath in due time manifested his word through preaching, which is committed unto me according to the commandment of God our Saviour.—Titus i. 3.

But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom.—Heb. i. 8.

And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life.—1 John v. 20.

The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.—Mark i. 1.

And there was a cloud that overshadowed them: and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.—Mark ix. 7.

Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God.—1 John iv. 15.

For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.—Col. ii. 9.

Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am.—John xiii. 13.

The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ: (he is Lord of all.)—Acts x. 36.

And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.—Philip. ii. 11.

These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them: for he is Lord of lords, and King of kings: and they that are with him are called and chosen, and faithful.—Rev. xvii. 14.

And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. —Rev. xix. 16.

For by him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him.—Col. i. 16.

And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation;

And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth.

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands;

Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.—Rev. v. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peo-

ple, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.—Rev. vii. 9, 10. BIBLE.

LESSON CI.

FAITH IN CHRIST.

Then said they unto him, What shall we do that we might work the works of God?

Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.—John vi. 28, 29.

Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all longsuffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting.—1 Tim. i. 16.

And this is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment.—1 John iii. 23.

Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God: and every one that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him.

These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.—1 John v. 1, 13.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John iii. 16.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.—John v. 24.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.—John vi. 47.

To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.—Acts x. 43.

Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.—1 Peter i. 8.

He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God.

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.—John iii. 18, 36.

And many more believed because of his own word;

And said unto the woman, Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.—John iv. 41, 42. BIBLE.

LESSON CII.

PSALM CIV.

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty. Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain: who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind: who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

2. Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever. Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away. They go up by the mountains; they go

down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth. He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

3. He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

4. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted; where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir-trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies.

5. He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down. Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

6. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. Thou

sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

7. The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord. Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more. Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.

BIBLE.

LESSON CIII.

REVELATION, CHAP. XXI.

1. And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

2. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful. And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and

murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.

3. And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife. And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; and had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel: on the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

4. And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof. And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal. And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.

5. And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and

the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

6. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life. BIBLE.

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